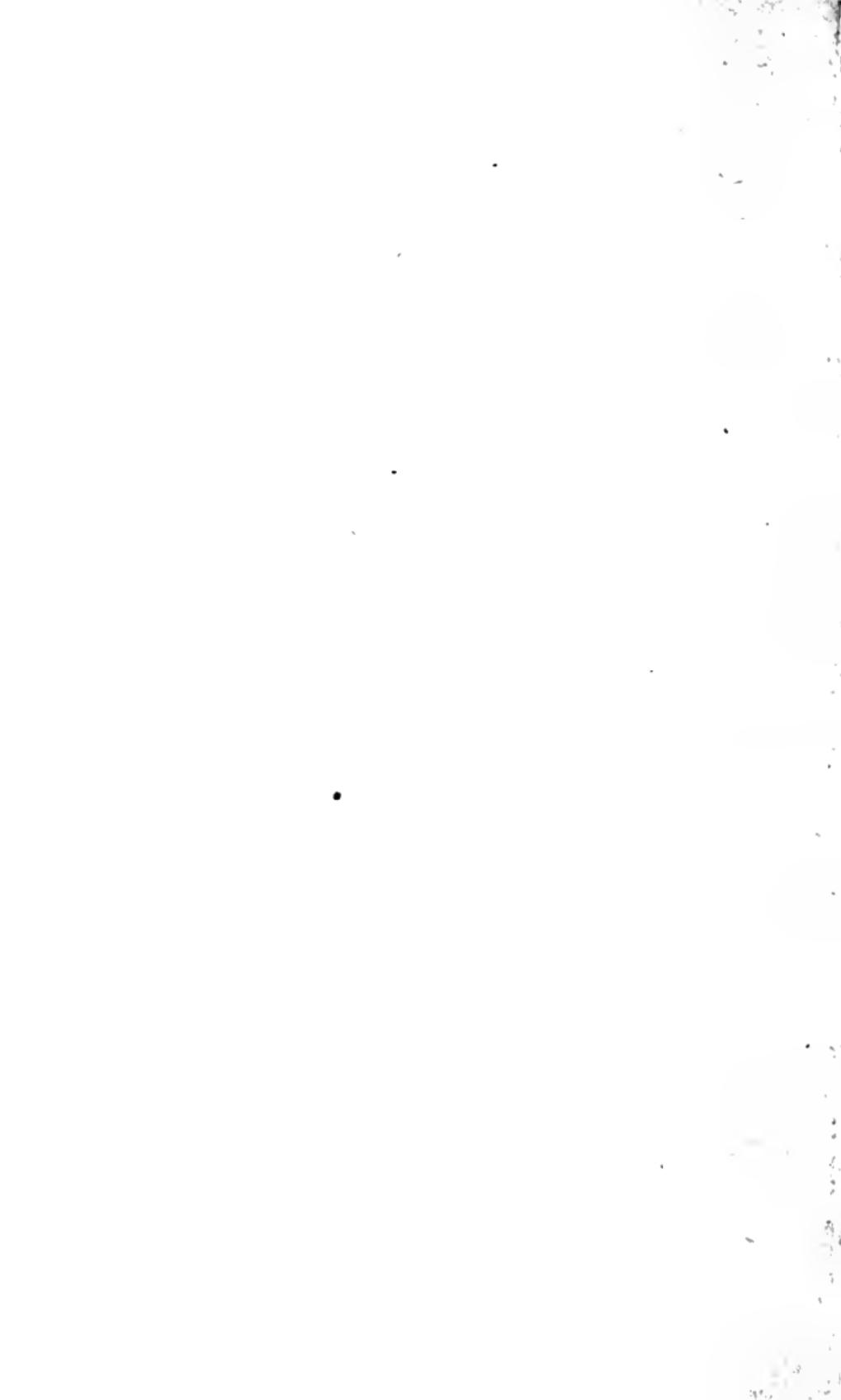


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# LETTERS

FROM

*SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.*

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# LETTERS

written during

A JOURNEY IN SPAIN,

AND A

SHORT RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL.

BY

*ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED AND AMENDED.

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1808.



## PREFACE.

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IN the following letters I have related what I have seen. Of the anecdotes with which they abound, there are none of which I myself doubt the authenticity. There are no disquisitions on commerce and politics; I have given facts, and the Reader may comment for himself. The book is written with scrupulous veracity; I have never in the slightest instance enlivened the narrative by deviating from plain truth.

I have represented things as they appeared to me. If any one better informed than I am should find me erroneous, I shall beg him to apply this story:

A friend of mine landed at Falmouth with a Russian who had never before been in England. They travelled together to Exeter ; on way the Russian saw a directing-post, of which the inscription was effaced. “ I did not think till now (said he) that you erected Crucifixes in England.” His companion rectified the error, and seeing close by it the waggon direction, “ take off here,” he added—“ had you returned home with this mistake, you would have said not only that the English erected Crosses by the way-side, but that stones were placed telling the passenger where to take off his hat, and where it was permitted him to put it on again.”

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LETTERS  
FROM  
SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

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LETTER I.

---

*Voyage to Coruña. Appearance of the Galician Coast. Custom house. Accommodations. Carts at Coruña.*

CORUNA, Sunday, Dec. 13, 1795.

WHEN first I went on board the Spanish Packet, the mate was employed in cutting a cross upon the side of his birth, and the sailors were feasting upon a mess of biscuit, onions, liver, and horse beans, boiled into a brown pap, which they were all pawing out of a bucket. The same taste and cleanliness of cookery

were displayed in the only dinner they afforded us on the passage; and the same spirit of devotion made them, when the wind blew hard, turn in to bed and to prayers. Our voyage was rough and unpleasant; on the fifth morning, however, the wind became favourable, and we arrived in sight of Cape Finisterre.

The coast of Galicia presented a wild and desolate prospect; a long tract of stone mountains, one rising above another, not a tree or bush upon their barren sides; and the waves breaking at their base with such prodigious violence as to be visible many leagues distant. The sun shone over the land, and half hiding it by the morning mists, gave a transitory beauty. If the eye cannot be filled by an object of vaster sublimity than the boundless ocean, when beheld from shore, neither can it ever dwell on a more delightful prospect than that of land, dimly discovered from the sea and gradually growing distinct. We passed

by a little island, seven leagues from Coruña, and one of our fellow passengers who knew the country observed, on pointing it out to us, that it was only inhabited by *hares* and *rabbits*. A Swede, (who had a little before obliged me with a lecture on the pronunciation of the English language) made a curious blunder in his reply, confounding the vowels *a* and *o*; “As for de vimmin,” said he, “dey may be very good—but de robbers “I should not like at all.”

We dropt anchor in the harbour at one o’clock, as hungry as Englishmen may be supposed to be after five days imprisonment in a Spanish Packet, and with that eagerness to be on shore, which no one can imagine who has never been at sea. We were not, however, permitted to land, till we had received a visit from the Custom-house Officers. To receive these men in office, it was necessary that Señor Don Raimundo Aruspini should pulchrify his person: after this

metamorphosis took place, we were obliged to wait, while these unmerciful visitors drank the Captain's porter, bottle after bottle, as fast as he could supply them; and though their official business did not occupy five minutes, it was five o'clock in the evning before we were suffered to depart, and even then we were obliged to leave our baggage behind us.

Other places attract the eye of a traveller, but Coruña takes his attention by the nose. My head, still giddy from the motion of the ship, is confused by the multiplicity of novel objects . . . the dress of the people . . . the projecting roofs and balconies of the houses . . . the filth of the streets, so strange and so disgusting to an Englishman: but, what is most strange, is to hear a language which conveys to me only the melancholy reflection, that I am in a land of strangers.

We are at the Navio (*the Ship*) a

POSADA, kept by an Italian. Forgive me for using the Spanish name, that I may not commit blasphemy against all English pot-houses. Our dinner was a fowl fried in oil, and served up in an attitude not unlike that of a frog, taken suddenly with a fit of the cramp. With this we had an omelet of eggs and garlic, fried in the same execrable oil; for execrable it is in this land of olives, as the fruit is suffered to grow rancid before the juice is expressed. Our only drink was wine, not the *vino generoso* with which Spain supplies us in England, but the meagre beverage which the labourers in the vineyard reserve for themselves.

You must perceive that I write at such opportunities as are to be caught, for the room we sit in serves likewise for the bed-chamber. It is now Monday morning. Oh, the misery of the night! I have been so *flead*, that a painter would find me an excellent subject for the mar-

tyrdom of St. Bartholomew. Jacob's pillow of stone was a down cushion, compared to that which bruised my head last night ; and my bed had all possible varieties of hill and vale, in whose recesses the fleas lay safe ; for otherwise, it was so hard that I should inevitably have broken their bones by rolling over them. Our apartment is indeed furnished with windows ; and he who takes the trouble to examine, may convince himself that they have once been glazed. The night air is very cold, and I have only one solitary blanket, but it is a very pretty one, with red and yellow stripes. Add to this catalogue of comforts, that the cats were saying soft things in most vile Spanish : and you may judge what refreshment I have received from sleep.

At breakfast they brought us our tea on a plate by way of cannister, and some butter of the country, which did little credit to the dairies of Galicia. This however was followed by some excellent

chocolate, and I soon established a plenum in my system.

The monuments of Spanish jealousy still remain in the old houses; and the balconies of them are fronted with a lattice more thickly barred than ever was bencoop in England. But jealousy is out of fashion at present; and they tell me, an almost universal depravity of manners has succeeded. The men appear at first like a Jew-looking race; the little boys wear the monkey appendage of a tail; and I see infants with more feathers than a fantastic fine lady would wear at a ball. The women soon look old, and then every feature settles into symmetry of ugliness. If ever Opie paints another witch, he ought to visit Coruña. All ideas that you can form by the help of blear eyes, mahogany complexion, and shrivelled parchment, must fall infinitely short of the life.

The custom house officers were very troublesome. They kept one of our

companions five hours, unrolled every shirt, and handed a new coat round the room, that every body might look at the buttons ! We brought with us a round of salted beef undressed, a cheese, and a pot of butter for our journey ; and they entered these in their books, and made us pay duty for them, as though we were merchants arrived with a cargo of provisions. I had been obliged to call on the Consul in my sea dress. If we had either of us regarded forms, this would have been very unpleasant : but I, as you well know, care little for these extraneous things, and Major Jardine is a man who attended more to the nature of my opinions, than the quality of my coat.

The carts here remind me of the ancient war-chariots, and the men stand in them as they drive. They are drawn by two oxen, and the wheels make a most melancholy and detestable discord. The Governor of this town once ordered

that they should be kept well oiled to prevent this ; but the drivers presented a petition against it, stating that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without it ; and therefore the order was revoked. These carts are small, and I often see two oxen drawing what might be conveyed in an English wheel-barrow.

A low wall is built all along the water-side, to prevent smuggling, and a number of little forts are erected about the adjoining coast for the same purpose. This town is admirably paved ; but its filth is astonishing, when, with so little trouble, it might be kept clean. In order to keep the balconies dry, the water spouts project very far ; there are no vents left in the wall, and the water and the filth lie in the middle of the streets till the sun dries, and the wind sweeps them. The market place is very good, and its fountain ornamented with a squab faced figure of Fame. The Fountains

are well contrived ; the spouts are placed so high that no person can either dirt or deface them, and they therefore fill their vessels by the medium of a long tube, shaped like a tobacco-pipe. Some of the houses in one of the back streets here have little gardens, which I am told is very unusual in Spain. Cabbages, turnips, and brocoli thrive here, but horticulture is almost entirely neglected, and the want of vegetable food is one of the privations which an Englishman has to suffer when travelling in this country.

I apply to the language; it is very easy, and with a little assistance I can understand their poetry. This, you will say, is beginning at the wrong end: but remember, that I am obliged to attend to prose in conversation, and that “the cat will always after kind.” Or if you like a more classical allusion, you know by what artifice Achilles was discovered at the court of Lycomedes.

## LETTER II.

*Theatre. Dress. Maragatos. Jealousy of the Government. Walk among the Mountains. Monumental Crosses. Tower of Hercules.*

Tuesday night.

I AM just returned from the Spanish Comedy. The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season : and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a pesetta \*

\* 4 maravedis make 1 quarto.

8½ quartos — 1 real.

4 reales — 1 pesetta.

5 pesetas — 1 dollar, or peso duro, value 4s. 6d.

In small sums they reckon by reales, in large ones, by dollars or doubloons. The doubloon is an imaginary coin, value three dollars.

each. In the pit are the men, each seated as in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women, for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid for intruding into the female places. The boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one; "*Silencio y no fumar.*" "Silence and no smoaking." The comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me was, "Ah!" said in a loud voice by one man, and "Oh!" replied equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a comic opera. The characters were represented by the most ill-looking man and woman

I ever saw. My Swedish friend's island of *hares and rabbits* could not have a fitter king and queen. The man's dress was a thread-bare brown coat lined with silk which had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty... but his face! Jack-ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velveret breeches, with a pair of gaiters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith's old leatheren apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed, that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half way above it, before a

little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance to the opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors. The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-show at an English fair; on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole œconomy of the state by kicking it to pieces.

Between the hills lay a city ; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes ; a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps ; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing, is their mode of drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down ; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb to part it, the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the

front of a small bonnet\*. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean and without powder, or even appeared decent with it. I must now to supper. When a man must diet on what is disagreeable, it is some consolation to reflect that it is wholesome; and this is the case with the wine; but the bread here is half gravel, owing to the soft nature of their grind-stones. Instead of tea, a man ought to drink Adams's solvent with his breakfast.

Wednesday.

I met one of the actors this morning, equipped as though he had just made his descent in full dress from the gibbet. The common apparel of the women is a black stuff cloak, that covers the head, and reaches about half way down the back: some wear it of white muslin; but black is the most common colour, and to me a very disagreeable one, as

\* We have since seen this fashion in our own country.

connecting the idea of dirt. The men dress in different ways ; and where there is this variety, no person is remarked as singular. I walked about in my sea-suit without being taken notice of. There is, however, a very extraordinary race of men, distinguished by a leathern jacket, in its form not unlike the ancient cuirass, the Maragatos, or carriers. These people never intermarry with the other Spaniards, but form a separate race : they cut their hair close to the head, and sometimes leave it in tufts like flowers. Their countenances express honesty, and their character corresponds to their physiognomy ; for a Maragato was never known to defraud, or even to lose any thing committed to his care.

The churches here exhibit some curious specimens of Moorish architecture : but as this is a fortified town, it is not safe to be seen with a pencil. A poor emigrant priest last year, walking just without the town gates, turned round to

look at the prospect. He was observed, taken up on suspicion of a design to take plans of the fortifications, and actually sent away !

I had a delightful walk this morning with the Consul, among the rude scenery of Galicia :—little green lanes, between stony banks, and wild and rocky mountains ; and although I saw neither meadows, or hedges, or trees, I was too much occupied with the new and the sublime, to regret the beautiful. There were four stone crosses in one of the lanes. I had heard of these monuments of murder, and therefore suspected what they were. Yet I felt a sudden gloom, at reading upon one of them, “Here died Lorenzo of Betanzos.”

About a mile from the town, I observed a stone building on an eminence, of a singular construction. “Do you not know what it is?” said Major J. I hesitated. “If I were not in Spain, I should have thought it a windmill, on

the plan of that at Battersea." " You are right," replied he " this is the only one that has yet been attempted on the peninsula, and it does not succeed. Eri-jaldi, who owns it, is an ingenious, enterprising man ; but, instead of improving by his failure, his countrymen will be deterred by it from attempting to succeed. Marco, another inhabitant of this town, has ventured on a bolder undertaking, and hitherto with better fortune ; he has established a linen manufactory, unpatronized and unassisted."

Our walk extended to the highest point of the hills, about a league from Coruña. The view from hence commands the town, now seen situated on a peninsula ; the harbour, the water winding into the country, and the opposite shore of Ferrol, with the hills towards Cape Ortegal ; to the right, the same barren and rocky ridge of hills continues ; to the left, the Bay of Biscay, and the lighthouse, or Tower of Hercules. The in-

scription near this building is roofed, to preserve it from the weather; but they take the opportunity of sheltering cattle under the same roof, and their filth renders the inscription illegible. The tradition\* is, that Hercules built the tower,

\* The whole tale is in the *Troy Boke*, Book II. Chap. 22, entitled "How Hercules founded the city of Corogne upon the tomb of Gerion."

—“When it was day, Hercules issued out of his galley, and beholding the Port, it seemed to him that a city would stand well there; and then he said, that forthwith he would make one there, and concluded to begin it. He sent to all places, where he knew any people were thereabouts, and gave to each man knowledge that he was minded to make a City there, and the first person that would come to put hand thereto, should have the government thereof. This thing was known in Galicia. Many came thither, but a woman named Corogne was the first that came; and therefore Hercules gave unto her the ruling thereof, and named it Corogne, in remembrance of the victory that he had there. Upon the body of Gerion he founded a tower, and by his art composed a lamp, burning continually day and night, without putting of any thing thereto, which burned afterwards the space of three hundred years. Moreover, upon the pinnacle or top of the tower, he

and placed in it a mirror, so constructed by his art magic, that all vessels in that

made an image of copper, looking into the sea, and gave him in his hand a looking-glass having such virtue, that if it happened that any man of war on the sea came to harm the city suddenly, their army and their coming should appear in the said looking-glass; and that dured unto the time of Nebuchadonozar, who being advertised of the property of the glass, filled his galleys with white things and grcen boughs and leaves, that in the looking-glass they appeared no other but a wood; whereby the Corognians, not knowing of any other thing than their glass shewed to them, did not furnish them with men of arms, as they had been a customed to when their enemies came, and thus Nebuchadonozar took the city in a morning, destroyed the looking glass and the lamp. When the tower was made, Hercules caused to come thither all the Maids of the country, and willed them to make a solemn feast in the remembrance of the death of Gerion."

This is originally an oriental fiction, as a similar tale is told of the Pharos at Alexandria.

*Le Geographe Persien au climat 3e. parlant d'Alexandrie ou ce climat commence, dit que dans cette ville qu'Alexandre fit batir sur le bord de la mer Méditerranée, ce grand Prince fit construire un Phare qui passe pour être une des merveilles au monde; dont la hauteur étoit de 180 coudées, au plus haut duquel il fit placer un miroir fait*

sea, at whatever distance, might be beheld in it\*.

*par l'art talismanique, par le moyen duquel la Ville d'Alexandrie devoit toujours conserver sa grandeur et sa puissance, tant que cet ouvrage merveilleux subsisteroit.*

*Quelques-uns ont écrit que les vaisseaux qui arrivoient dans ce port, se voyoient de fort loin dans ce miroir. Quoi qu'il en soit, il est fort célèbre parmi les Orientaux. Les Persans appellent ce Phare, Le Miroir d'Alexandrie. Ils disent que la fortune de la Ville y étoit attachée, parceque c'étoit un Talisman.* D'Herbelot.

They who are not versed in the black letter classics, will be surprised to find Hercules metamorphosed into a Necromancer. I subjoin one more specimen of his art magic. " After this Hercules went to the city Salamanque, and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a study, and he set therein the seven liberal sciences, with many other books. Then he made them of the country to come thither to study : but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprise any cunning of science. Then forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage, and would that his study were maintained, he made an image of gold unto his likeness, which he did set up on high in the midst of his study, upon a pillar: and made so by his art, that all they that came before this image, to have declarations of any science, to all pur-

This lighthouse has probably given name to the town. Bullet derives it

poses and all sciences the image answered, instructed and taught the scholars with students, as if it had been Hercules in his proper person. The renown of this study was great in all the country, and this study dured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Christian faith."

It may be doubted whether there has ever been so good a head of a College at Salamanca, since it became a "seminary for the promulgation of sound and orthodox learning."

\* Don Joseph Cornide, a member of the Royal Academy of History, has published his investigations concerning the watch tower. He gives the inscription thus :

MARTI  
AVG. SACR.  
G. SEVIVS.  
LVPVS  
AR \*\*\* TECTVS  
AF\*\*\*\*\* SIS  
LVSITANVS EX V<sup>o</sup>.

He fills up the second blank by Aflaviensis, and inferring from thence that the tower could not have been built before Vespasian, because no towns were called

from the Keltic *Coryn*, a tongue of land, which is pronounced *Corun*; . . in which

after the Flavian name, before the Flavian family obtained the empire, conjectures it to have been the work of Trajan. In after ages it was used as a fortress; and thus the winding ascent on the outside, which was wide enough for a carriage, was destroyed. In this ruinous state it remained till towards the close of the last century, when the English and Dutch Consuls, resident in Coruna, presented a memorial to the Duque de Uceda, then Captain General of the kingdom, stating the benefit that would result to the port if this tower was converted into a light-house, and proposing to raise a fund for repaying the expences, by a duty on all their ships entering the harbour. In consequence of this a wooden stair-case was erected within the building, and two turrets for the fires added to the summit. Cornde supposes the following inscription, which is in his possession, to have been placed on this occasion.

LVPVS CONSTRVXIT EMV  
 LANS MIRAEVLA MEMPHIS  
 GRADIBVS STRAVIT YLAM  
 LVSTRANS CACVMINE NAVES

A more complete repair was begun in the reign of Carlos III. Under the present King it has been completed, and these inscriptions placed one over each entrance,

of the Keltic dialects it has this signification is not stated. The Welsh *coryn* is

CAROLI III. P. AVG. P. P.  
 PROVIDENTIA  
 COLLEGIVM MERCATORVM  
 GALLAECIAE  
 NAVIGANTIVM INCOLVMITATI  
 REPARATIONEM  
 VETVSTISSIMAE ADBRIGANTIAM PHARI  
 D. S.  
 INCHOAVIT  
 CAROLI III OPT. MAX.  
 ANNO II.  
 ABSOLVIT.

The other is in Spanish.

REINANDO CARLOS IV.  
 EL CONSULADO MARITIMO  
 DE GALICIA  
 PARA SEGURIDAD DE LOS NAVEGANTES  
 CONCLUYO A SUS EXPENSAS  
 EN EL AÑO DE 1791.  
 LA REPARACION  
 DEL MUY ANTIGUO FARO  
 DE LA CORUNA  
 COMENZADA EN EL REINADO  
 Y  
 DE ORDEN DE  
 CARLOS III.

evidently from the Latin *corona*, and means the *crown* of the head, .. the summit of any thing, .. the *corona* or tonsure of the clergy. But Coruña was the Brigantium of the Romans, and its present name being later, cannot be of Keltic derivation. It is first called *Vila da Cruna* by Fernando II. about the close of the 12th century, and according to Florez, Cruna in the Galician and Coruna in the Castillian dialects, are the same as *ad Columnam* in Latin.

We waited on the General of Galicia, to produce our passports, and obtain permission to travel with arms; for, without permission, no man is in this country allowed to carry the means of self-defence. I expected dignity and *hauteur* in a Spanish Grandee, but found neither the one nor the other. His palace is a paltry place; and the portraits of the King and Queen in his state room, would be thought indifferent sign-posts in England.

I have been introduced to a poet and philosopher. The face of Akenside was not distinguished by more genius, or the dress of Diogenes by more dirt, than characterised my new acquaintance. We met at the Consul's this evening, and conversed a little in Latin; not without difficulty, so very different was our pronunciation. We talked of the literature of France and England, and their consequent intellectual progress. We too should have done something in literature, said he; but, crossing his hands, we are so fettered "*istâ terribili inquisitione!*" by that terrible inquisition. This man had been a friar; but little liking a monastic life, he went on foot to Rome; and, by means of money, procured a dispensation from the Pope. He spends his time now in philosophizing, and writing verses. I found him a physiognomist, and our agreement in more important points was as exact as in these.

One peculiarity of this country is, that in good houses no person inhabits the ground floor. A warehouse, a shop, or more generally a stable, is under every private dwelling-house. When you ring the bell, the door is opened by a long string from above; like the "Open Sesame," in the Arabian Tales. We sat round a brazier, filled with wood embers, and occasionally revived the fire by a fan, made of thin chips, while one of the company played on the guitar; an instrument less disagreeable than most others to one who is no lover of music, because it is not loud enough to force his attention, when he is not disposed to give it. The clocks here strike a single stroke at the half hour.

There are German shops here, where almost any thing may be procured. I could not, however, buy a silver spoon without a silver fork. There is a curiosity in the yard of our Posada, which, I am told, is unique in Spain, the ruins

of a temple of Cloacina ; a goddess, whose offerings are thrown into the street by this barbarous people, to the great scandal of all who are accustomed to the sacred secrecy of her mysteries.

Lope de Vega must have had strange ideas of fertility and beauty to speak as he has done in his *Hermosura de Angelica of Coruña*. He calls it

puerto alegre, y playa  
**Que al hijo peregrino de Laerte,**  
 Pudiera detener mejor quel Lothos  
 En otros campos fertiles y sotos.

*Canto x. st. 17.*

A pleasant harbour, where the wandering son  
 Of old Laertes had from wandering ceas'd,  
 More firmly in these fertile fields detain'd  
 Than by the Lotos-spell.

My own opinion is, that if Ulysses had put up at the Navio he would have been glad to get out of the town as soon as possible.

LETTER III.

---

*Departure from Coruña. Road to Betanzos. Travelling accommodations. Scenery of Galicia. Griteru. Bamonde.*

Thursday night.

**A**BOUT two o'clock this afternoon, we left Coruña in *a coach and six*, which is to convey us to Madrid for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. As we sit in the carriage, our eyes are *above* the windows; which must, of course, be admirably adapted for seeing the country. Our six mules are harnessed only with ropes: the leaders and the middle pair are without reins, and the nearest reined only with ropes. The two muleteers, or more properly, the Mayoral and Zagal, either ride on a low kind of box, or walk. The mules know their names, and obey the voice of their driver with astonishing de-

cility. Their heads are most gaily bedizened with tufts and hanging strings of blue, yellow, and purple worsted: each mule has sixteen bells; so that we travel more musically, and almost as fast, as a flying waggon. There are four reasons why these bells are worn: they may be necessary in a dark night; and, where the roads are narrow, they give timely warning to other travellers: these reasons hold good in all countries: the two remaining ones may perhaps be peculiar to this. The Spaniards say that the mules like the music; and that, as all the bells are marked with a cross\*, the Devil cannot

\* This has been a common superstition. "The passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes: one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot; and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell, for Durandus informs us evil spirits are much afraid of bells: they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence, perhaps, exclusive of the additional labour, was occa-

come within hearing of the consecrated peal.

The road is excellent. It is one of those works in which despotism applied sioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest bell of the church ; for that being louder, the evil spirits must go further off to be clear of the sound.

*Encyclopædia Britannica*

I have seen the following lines upon this idea.

In ancient days when Superstition's sway  
 Bound blinded Europe in her powerful spell,  
 The wizard Priest enjoin'd the parting knell  
 Whose hallow'd sound should drive the fiend away.  
 Then if a poor man died who could not pay,  
 Still slept the Priest and silent hung the bell,  
 And if a yeoman died his children paid  
 Our church to save his parting soul from hell;  
 And if a bishop death's dread call obey'd  
 Thro' all the diocese was heard the toll,  
 For much the pious brethren were afraid,  
 Lest Satan should receive the good man's soul.  
 But when Death's levelling hand lays low the King,  
 For by the law of Nature Kings may die,  
 Then every church its needful aid must bring,  
 And every bell must toll both loud and long,  
 For Satan holds that Monarchs may do wrong.

Bells, says old Thomas Fuller, are no effectual charm against lightning. 'The frequent firing of Abbey churches

its giant force to purposes of public utility. The villages we passed through were

by lightning confuteth the proud motto commonly written on the bells in their steeples, wherein each bell entitled to itself a sixfold efficacy.

*Funera plango, fulgura fulmina frango, sabbata pango  
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, pacio cruentos.*

Mens deaths I tell  
By doleful knell.  
Lightning and thunder  
I break asunder.  
On sabbath all  
To church I call.  
The sleepy head  
I raise from bed.  
The winds so fierce  
I doe disperse.  
Men's cruel rage  
I doe assuage.

Whereas it plainly appears that these Abbey steeples though quilted with bells almost cap-a-pee, were not of proof against the sword of God's lightning. Yea, generally, when the heavens in tempests did strike fire, the steeples of Abbeys proved often their tynder, whose frequent burnings portended their final destruction.

*Fuller's Church History of Britain.*

Formerly "before bells were hung they were washed,

mean and dirty, and the houses are in that style of building, with which the pencil of Gaspar Poussin had taught me to associate more ideas of comfort than I found realized. I was delighted with the wild and novel prospect: hills beyond hills, far as the eye could extend, part involved in shadow, and the more distant

crossed, blessed, and named by the bishop. Whatever occasion some Catholics may have given for the reproach, that they attribute to bells the power of driving away demons and dispelling storms, and so on, it is certain the ancient canons of the church only ascribe this power very remotely to bells. Their meaning seems to be this. Satan fears and flees from the bells, because he knows bells summoned good people to church to pray, and he dreads their prayers. It was then to prayer occasioned by the ringing of bells, and not to the bells that such good effects were at first ascribed."

*History of Baptism.*

It were ungrateful to quote from this author and not mention him with respect and applause. Few men have possessed such learning, and still fewer such liberality. I have seldom derived more pleasure from any biographical work than from George Dyer's Life of Robert Robinson.

illumined by the westering sun ; but no object ever struck me as more picturesque, than where a few branchless pines on the distant eminences, crested the light with their dark-foliaged heads. The water winds into the country, forming innumerable islets of sand, and, as we advanced, of mud, sometimes covered with such vegetation as the tide would suffer. We saw fig-trees and chesnuts, and passed one little coppice of oaks, scanty trees, and evidently struggling with an ungrateful soil. By the way-side were many crucifixes for adoration, and I counted six monumental crosses. About half a mile before we reached Betanzos, our abode for the night, the road lies by the side of the river Mandeo. It is a terrace with frequent low arches, through which many small currents pass, wind under the hills, and intersect the pasture into little islands. On the other side, the river spreads into a fine expanse of water ; we beheld the scene dimly by twilight, but

perhaps this obscurity heightened the beauty of the landscape, by throwing a veil over its nakedness.

Betanzos has been supposed to be the Flavium Brigantium of Ptolemy: it is however shown by Florez to be the Flavia Lambris, and the river Lambre in the neighbourhood is good proof of this.

We are in a room with two beds, of which I have the choice, for both my companions carry their own. It was a custom among the ancients to commit themselves to the protection of some appropriate deity, when about to undertake any difficult enterprize, or undergo any danger. Were I but a Pagan now, I would implore the aid of ΖΕΤΣ ΜΤΙΟΚΟΡΟΣ, or Jupiter Muscarius, and sleep without fear of muskitoes. But as this is the eighteenth century, there are but two spiritual beings, whose peculiar patronage could be of service: Beelzebub, or the Lord of Flies, is one; whom I must renounce, with all his works, even that of fly-flap.

ping: the other power I cannot escape, and must resign myself to SCRATCH for the night. A man came up into the room to beg alms for the souls in Purgatory.—I am going to be in Purgatory myself, and have no compassion to spare.

The walls exhibit saints in profusion, a sculptured crucifix, and a print perhaps worth describing. The Virgin Mary forms the mast of one ship, and Christ of another, standing upon the Chapel of Loretto, which probably serves for the cabin. The Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, flies behind the filling sails, while a gentleman in a bag-wig climbs up the side of one of the vessels.

We are going to sup on our English beef. They have brought us a vinegar vessel, about the size of a porter pot; excellently contrived for these two reasons...on account of the narrowness of its neck, it is impossible ever to clean it; and being of lead, it makes the vinegar sweet, and of course poisonous.

On entering the room, we desired the boy to remove a vessel which did not scent it agreeably. So little idea had he that it was offensive, that he removed it from under the bed, only to place it in the closet.

The monastery of S. Salvador de Cinis, which stands a league from Betanzos, by the river Mero, was the scene of a miracle which Yepes received from such unexceptionable authority that he would not pass it over in silence. A Prior of this convent was accustomed always to rise at midnight to matins, and an old monk who was especially devoted to our Lady used to bear him company in this act of devotion. The monk died, and when the Prior rose as usual the following midnight, passing through the cloister on his way to the choir, there he saw him sitting in the moonlight. The Prior said nothing, but returned in fear and trembling to his cell. The next night, there he saw him again in the same place and

posture; upon which he informed the monks what he had seen, besought them to pray for the dead, and sent off to the neighbouring priories, requesting their prayers also. Masses accordingly were celebrated for him, and on the third night the prior passed through the cloister without seeing him; but when he entered the chapel he saw the monk come out of his grave, and proceed slowly on the way to heaven till he disappeared.

Friday evening.

At midnight we heard the arrival of a post from Madrid, who awoke the people of the house by cracking his whip. I cannot say he awoke me, for I, like Polonius, was at supper, not where I eat, but where I was eaten. The ingenious gentleman who communicated his discovery to the public, in the Encyclopœdia, that ninety millions of mites eggs amount exactly to the size of one pigeon's egg, may, if he please, calculate what quantity

of blood was extracted from my body in the course of seven hours; the bed being six feet two and a half, by four feet five, and as populous as possible in that given space.

I have always associated very unpleasant ideas with that of breakfasting by candle light. We were up before five this morning. The two beds were to be packed up, and all our baggage to be replaced in the coach. Our allowance was a small and single cup of chocolate, swallowed standing and in haste. This meal is perhaps in England the most social of the day; and I could not help remembering the time, when I was sure to meet a cheerful face, a good fire, and the Courier at breakfast. Our expences here were a dollar and half. At day-break I quitted the coach. The country was more wild and more beautiful than what we had passed yesterday. In the dingle below us on the right, at the foot of a dark and barren hill, a church stood, on the banks

of a winding rivulet. The furze, even at this season, is in blossom. Before us, a little to the left, was a bold and abrupt mountain; in parts, naked precipices of rock; in parts, richly varied with pines, leafless chesnut trees, and oaks that still retained their withered foliage. A stream, foaming along its rocky channel, wound at the base, intercepted from our view where the hill extended its gradual descent, and visible again beyond: a tuft of fir-trees, green even from their roots, grew on the bank. On the summit of the mountain stands a church, through whose tower the light was visible. Santa Aya de Espelunca it is called. Aya is the Galician corruption of Eulalia. There was once a priory there, but only the church remains, which is visible from the coast. Around us were mountains, their sides covered with dark heath, and their fantastic tops richly varied with light and shade. The country is rude and rocky; the houses all without chimnies: and the appearance of

the smoke issuing through their roofs, very singular and very beautiful, as it rose slowly, tinged by the rising sun. In about three hours we began the winding ascent of Monte Salgueiro, whose summit had closed the morning prospect. By ascending directly I reached the top long before the mules. There I rested, and looked back on the watch-tower of Coruña, six leagues distant, and the Bay of Biscay. I was not, however, idle while I rested : as a proof, take these lines.

Fatigu'd and faint, with many a step and slow,  
 This lofty mountain's pathless side I climb,  
 Whose head, high towering o'er the waste sublime,  
 Bounded my distant vision. Far below  
 Yon docile beasts plod patient on their way,  
 Circling the long ascent. I pause 'and now  
 Here on the rock my languid limbs I lay,  
 And taste the grateful breeze, and from my brow  
 Wipe the big dews of toil. Oh—what a sweep  
 Of landscape lies beneath me ! hills on hills,  
 And rock-pil'd plains, and vallies bosom'd deep,  
 And Ocean's dim immensity, that fills

The ample gaze. Yonder the giddy height  
 Crested with that old convent ; and below  
 Lies the fair glen, whose broken waters flow,  
 Making such pleasant murmur as delight  
 The lingering traveller's ear. Thus on my road  
 How sweet it is to rest me, and survey  
 The goodly prospect of the journey'd way,  
 And think of all the pleasures it bestowed ;  
 Not sorrowing that the pleasant scenes are past,  
 But looking joyful on to that abode  
 Where PEACE and LOVE await me. Thus at last,  
 Beloved ! when the wintry hour is near  
 May we look back on many a well-spent year,  
 Not grieving at the irrevocable doom  
 Of man, nor dreading the expectant tomb ;  
 But with a faith which overcometh fear,  
 In holy hope of our eternal home.

We proceeded two leagues further  
 to Griteru, over a country of rocks,  
 mountains, and swamps. The Venta\*  
 there exceeded all my conceptions of

\* I know not the exact difference between the Posadas and the Ventas, unless it be that at the former you always find beds. We sometimes slept at a Venta, but in general they had only accommodations for the day.

possible wretchedness. The kitchen had no light but what came through the apertures of the roof or the adjoining stable. A wood fire was in the middle, and the smoke found its way out how it could ; of course the rafters and walls were covered with soot. The furniture consisted of two benches and a bed, I forbear to say how clean. The inhabitants of the stable were a mule and a cow ; of the kitchen, a miserable meagre cat, a woman, and two pigs, who were as familiar as a young lady's lap dog. I never saw a human being disfigured by such filth and squalidness as the woman ; but she was anxious to accomodate us, and we were pleased by her attempt to please us. We had brought an undrest rump of beef from Coruña, and fried some steaks ourselves ; and as you may suppose, after having travelled twenty miles, at the rate of three miles an hour, almost breakfastless, we found the dinner excellent. I even begin to like the wine,

so soon does habit reconcile us to any thing. A dollar discharged our reckoning here. Florida Blanca has erected a very good house at this place, designed for a posada, but nobody will tenant it. The people here live in the same stye with their swine, and seem to have learnt their obstinacy as well as their filth.

After dinner we went to look at an arch which had caught our notice as we entered the village. The lane that leads to it, seems to have been paved with stones from the ruins. We were told that the place belonged to the Conde Amiranti, and that the arch had led into the court yard in the time of the Moors. Evidently, however, it was not Moorish. The few fences they have are very unpleasant to the eye ; they are made with slate stones about three feet high, placed upright.

The distance from Griteru to Bamonde is two leagues. Half the distance we

went by a wretchedly rugged way, for the new road is not completed. It is a great undertaking; a raised terrace with innumerable bridges. We saw many birch trees, and a few hedges of broom. The rocky summit of a distant ridge of mountains which rose before us to the left, was strongly illuminated by the sun, and made more distinct by a mass of dark clouds which had settled behind. I was reminded of the old personification of *Œconomy*, by seeing two boys walk by the carriage barefooted, and carry their shoes. Near Bamonde is some of the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld. There is an old bridge, of four arches, almost covered with ivy, over a broad but shallow stream, that within a few yards makes a little fall, and circles a number of islets covered with heath and broom. Near it was a small coppice of birch, and a fine single birch tree hung over the bridge, waving its light branches. The hill on the opposite shore rises

abruptly, a mass of rock and heath. About two hundred yards behind, on a gentler ascent, stands a church. The churches are simple and striking; they have no tower, but in its place a single wall, ending in a point with a crucifix; in this two bells are hung, each in a little arch, and through these openings the light is seen far off. The sheep on the hills were, as they generally are in this country, black, and therefore did not enliven the landscape, as in England; but this was well supplied by a herd of goats. It was evening when we reached the posada.

I should think Griteru the worst place in Europe, if we were not now at Bamonde. Judge how bad that place must be, where I do not wish you were with me! At none of these houses have they any windows, and if you would exclude the air, you must likewise exclude the light. There are two beds in the room, their high heads sanctified with a crucifix,

which M. observed must certainly be a monumental cross to the memory of the last traveller devoured by the bugs.

The master of the posada here is a crazy old priest, very inquisitive, and equally communicative, who looked into all our books, and brought us his breviary, and showed us that he could still read it. The woman was very anxious to know if they were at war with England. She said how sorry she should be if such a war should take place, because so many good things came from England, and particularly such beautiful muslin. And this woman, so interested lest muslin should be scarce, had scarcely rags enough to cover her.

We have warmed ourselves by dressing our own supper. The kitchen, as usual receives its light through the stable, and is without a chimney\*; so you may

\* A part of Gongora's satire upon Galicia, is applicable at this day.

easily guess the complexion of the timbers and the bacon-faced inhabitants. We were assembled round one of the largest fires you ever saw, with some of the men of the village in wooden shoes, three or four children, the Mayoral and Zagal, the mad Priest, the hostess, and the pigs, who are always admitted to the fire-side in this country. So totally regardless are they of danger, that there was a large heap of dry furze within

Arcas de Noe, adonde  
 Si llamo al Huesped, responde  
 Un Buey, y sale una Fiera ;  
 Entrome, (que non deviera)  
 El cansacio, y al momento  
 Lagrimas de ciento en ciento  
 A derramallas me obliga,  
 No se qual primero diga  
 Humo, o arrepentimiento.

*O wooden posadas. Noah's arks, where if I call the host an ox answers, and out comes a wild-beast; fatigue made me enter (which I ought not to have done) and in a moment tears by the hundred were forced out. I know not by which first, smoke or repentance.*

six feet of the fire, and when one of the men wanted a little light without, he seized a handful of straw, and carried it blazing through the stable. We supped again on beef-steaks, and manufactured the remainder into soup, to carry on with us. They raise good potatoes and turnips here, and have even promised us milk in the morning. They boiled some wine for us in an iron ladle. Bread is almost as dear as in England.

## LETTER IV.

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*Lugo. Roman Baths. Bishop's Palace.*

Saturday Evening, Dec. 19.

WE were serenaded all night by the muskitoes and mules. The muskitoes always sound their trumpets when they make an attack. The bells are never taken from the mules, and the stable is always under the bed room. These muleteers are a most unaccommodating race of beings; they made us unload the coach, and load it again, at the distance of fifty yards from the posada, through the mire; and when we set off this morning, they drove up to the door. According to their promise they provided us with goats milk: milk is seldom to be procured,

and there is nothing for which a traveller who is accustomed to it, feels so great a craving. The charge here was only 14 *reales*, less than half the charge at Betanzos. We left some beef intentionally behind us at Bamonde. The people thought it had been forgotten, and followed us to restore it. We crossed the Minio at Ravade, by a bridge of ten arches, four of which are new. The river here is a clear, deep, tranquil stream, about sixty yards wide. The road is unfinished, and the scenery except at this spot uninteresting. We reached the city of Lugo at noon, the *Lucus\* Augusti* of the Romans : here we are detained, for the old coach already wants repairing. The table on which I write is a large stone inlaid with Mosaic work, and set in a frame. They offered us a bed with curtains in the English stile, .. but this we prudently declined.

\* This is satisfactorily shown by Risco. *Esp. Sagrada.* T. 40. Cap. 2.

Lugo is surrounded by a wall, with circular towers projecting at equal distances. There is a walk on the top, without any fence on either side, in width ten feet, and where the towers project, twenty. Time has destroyed the cement. The ruins are in many parts covered with ivy, and the periwinkle is in blossom round the wall. I saw doors leading from the city *into* the walls, and many wretched hovels are built under them without, mere shells of habitations, made with stones from the ruins, and to which the wall itself serves as the back. One of the round towers projects into the passage of our posada, which winds round it. These walls were the work of the Romans, and like all their works, seem to have been built for eternity. They form an irregular circle. The towers and turrets were eighty six in number; one has disappeared, it is not known when or where, having probably been taken down to make room and sup-

ply materials for a dwelling house; one fell down last winter, (1794) and others will probably soon come to the ground in like manner, unless speedy care be taken to repair them. They are at unequal distances, in some places only half a cross-bow shot apart; and what is remarkable, they are built on the wall, not in it, so that the strength of the wall is every where the same. Each tower was raised two stories, that is, had three habitable rooms, one on a level with the wall, two above it; the marks of the chimnies may still be seen; the windows are arched, and fragments of the thick white glass with which they were glazed are often discovered. Some have conjectured that the city was called *Lucus* either from the dazzling reflection of the sun upon these windows, or from the illumination which all these towers presented at night, when they were inhabited; but this is a groundless etymology, for the name existed long before the glass

windows. All the towers are round except a few which are of later date; some of these were built in the reign of Alonso XI. by the Infante Don Felipe, and are inferior to the Roman ones. The height of the walls is not in all places alike, in some places it is more than five and thirty feet. The moat is choaked up. Notwithstanding the want of a parapet, this is the favourite walk of the inhabitants; the circuit is half an hour's walk at a good pace. They are proud of it, and say that two carriages abreast may drive round: two of the Galician carts might perhaps: but even if there were a coach road to the top, I think few charioteers would be adventurous enough to use it.

Many curious antiquities have been destroyed here, especially by the masons. A statue is remembered of an armed Nymph, holding the shield on one arm, and in the other hand a few spikes of corn, the manner in which Spain is re-

presented on a coin of Galba\*. One remarkable inscription† is still preserved.

CÆLESTI

AVG

PATERNI

QVIET

CONSTANTII

VV. ss.

The Goddess Cœlestis was worshipped in the African provinces, and especially at Carthage, where according to Herodian, her Image is said to have been brought by Dido. Ulpian enumerates her among the Deities to whom property might lawfully be bequeathed.

The baths which the Romans made

\* Florez has engraved it. *Medallas de Espana.* T. 1. Tab. 1. N. 4.

† Muratori has given it from an erroneous copy. It is here copied from Risco.

here are used at this day as medicinal, and the works which they formed to protect them against the Minho in its floods, may still be traced. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur. Morales noticed a singular circumstance here. There is a spring of very cold and clear water near these baths, at which other birds drink and wash themselves, but the pigeons all go to the warm sulphureous stream. In 995 Istofredo and his wife Egilo were accused of having committed theft in the house of the Priest Ederigo. The crime was investigated before the Bishop of Lugo, and the accused were ordered to clear themselves by the hot ordeal, *Caldaria*. *Et fecerunt inde pena de rio in Mineo ad illas Kaldas.* These baths are certainly meant, but whether the ordeal was in them, or only at them, seems uncertain. The result was not satisfactory, and another trial was enjoined, in which a *Sayon*, or Executioner, assisted. This also is called *Caldaria*, and

it ended in Istofredo's conviction ; *in peccato nostro exivit ipsa pæna ustulata super nos.* They were fined in three hundred *modios*, half of which went to the Bishop; fifty were remitted, and for the remaining hundred they surrendered Villa de Peduleos in pledge\*.

Lugo is the first place out of Asturias which was recovered by the Spaniards. Alonso el Católico reconquered it and restored its bishoprick † within twenty years after the Moorish conquest. At present it is what we should call a wretched place. Its massy walls, whose ruinous state is not visible at a little distance, and the towers of the Cathedral, led me as I approached, to expect something more correspondent to the English idea of a city. The streets are narrow, dirty, and dark ; the houses high and gloomy ;

\* *Espana Segrada.* T. 40. C. 9.

† *Morales. Relacion del Viage.* P. 148.

they lessen the little light which the narrowness of the streets allows, by the old wooden lattices of the balconies. The prison is a very singular building.

M. went to visit a canon of the Cathedral, with whom he had once travelled to Madrid. He resides in the Bishop's palace, a place not unlike a college with a quadrangle, round which the priests have their apartments. So little are the ecclesiastics acquainted with the nature of the foreign heresies they detest, that the canon seriously enquired, if we had such a thing as a church in England.

The cathedral \* presents little that

\* A great bell was consecrated here, and called Our Lady's, in 1796, upon which occasion Don Joaquin del Camino, one of the Canons, composed the following inscription.

SIGNUM VIRGIN. MARIE SACRUM EX  
AERE FUS. DOMINICO PALACIO OPIFICE  
CONFL: AB ILLUST. D. D. PHILIPPO PELAEZ  
CAVNEDO LVC. PONTIFICE SAC. CHRIS.  
DELIB: D. JOSEPHIO SILVA OSSORIO PRO CA-

is remarkable. The two towers in the front seem to have been intended to be carried higher; but they are now roofed with slates in an execrable taste which seems to be common here, and which I have seen exhibited upon old pigeon-houses in England. The Chapel of the Virgin displayed much elegance. Some of the pillars are Saxons. The front has been modernized in a bad and inappropriate taste.

This Church enjoys a remarkable privilege, and in the opinion of Catholicks a highly important one. The wafer is always exposed, that is, the doors of the *Sagrario* in which it is kept, are glazed, so that the Pix is seen. Many reasons have been assigned for this; among others that it was granted because the doctrine of the Real Presence was established in a Council which was held here,

NONIC. COLLEG. TEMPLI ÆDIT. CVRANTE  
TE IN EIVS CVLMINE SVSPEN. ANNO  
D. MDCCXCVI.

in opposition to a heresy then prevalent in Galicia. The same privilege exists in the Royal Convent of St. Isidro at Leon, but no traces of its origin are to be found among the archives of either church\*.

While we were in the cathedral, I observed a woman at confession. Much of the depravity of this people may be attributed to the nature of their religion :

\* Risco therefore concludes by quoting what Molina has said upon the subject *con gran acierto*, in his *Descripcion del Reyno de Galicia*;

*En esta Ciudad tampoco no callo  
 Estar descubierto en la Iglesia mayor  
 El Sacramento, sin mas cobertor ;  
 Que en otras Iglesias tal cosa no hallo.  
 La causa y secreto queriendo alcanzallo,  
 De estar asi puesto tan gran Sacramento,  
 Algunas se dicen, mas lo que yo siento  
 Es lo mejor continuo adorarlo.*

The meaning of which is, that he enquired the cause and heard several assigned ; but his own opinion was, that it was best to continue adoring it.

they confess their crimes, wipe off the old score by absolution, and set off with light hearts and clear consciences, to begin a new one. A Catholic had robbed his confessor. "Father," said he at confession, "I have stolen some money; will you have it?" "Certainly not," replied the priest: "you must return it to the owner." "But," said he, "I have offered it to the owner, Father, and he will not receive it." "In that case," said the priest, "the money is lawfully yours;" and he gave him absolution. An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate. "And what did you do with it?" asked the confessor. "Father," said he, "I made tea of it."

It is urged, in favour of this practice, that weak minds may be saved by it from that despair of salvation, which makes them abandon themselves to the prospect of an eternity of wretchedness. Yet, surely, it is a bad way to remedy one superstitious opinion by establishing

another ; and if reason cannot eradicate this belief, neither can superstition ; for weak minds always most easily believe what they fear. The evil introduced, too, is worse than that which it is intended to supplant. This belief of reprobation must necessarily be confined to those of gloomy tenets ; and among those, to the few who are pre-disposed to it by an habitual gloom of character. But, the opinion of this forgiving power vested in the church, will, among the mob of mankind, destroy the motives to virtue, by eradicating all dread of the consequences of vice. It subjects every individual to that worst slavery of the mind, and establishes an inquisitorial power in the ecclesiastics : who, in proportion as they are esteemed for the supposed sanctity of their profession, will be found less anxious to obtain esteem by deserving it. Beyond all doubt, the frequency of assassination in all Catholic countries is greatly to be attributed to this belief in the absolving power of the church.

But absolution is always granted conditionally, on the performance of certain *duties of atonement*. And what are these *duties of atonement*? A Spaniard of whom I enquired told me, “*many Ave Marias, many Fasts, and many Alms.*” Remember, that those alms usually go to the mendicant friars, or to purchase masses for the souls in purgatory; and you will see of what service penance is in correcting vicious habits. You will hardly believe, that the absolving power of the church was maintained, not four years ago, from the pulpit of St. Mary’s\*, at Oxford.

\* I well remember noticing this with wonder; some of the leading members in the University noticed it with praise. But a Preacher who had gone so far could not, if he were a man of thorough integrity, stop there; this was the case, and he is now a convert to the Church of Rome. Gibbon became so from the same College before him. I hope that like Gibbon he will be reasoned out of a degrading system of mythology, and that unlike him, he will find a safe resting place in pure and undefiled Christianity.

LETTER V.

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*St. Juan de Corbo. Marillas. Puente del Corzul. Lugares. Familiarity of the Spanish poor. Castro. Road to Villa Franca. Palace of the Duke of Alva. Melancholy history of a widow.*

Monday, Dec. 21.

WHATEVER may be the state of the human mind, the human body has certainly degenerated. We should sink under the weight of the armour our ancestors fought in, and out of one of their large and lofty rooms, I have seen a suite of apartments even spacious for their pigmy descendants. The “sons of little men,” have taken possession of

the world! I find no chair that has been made since the Restoration high enough for an evening nap: when I sit down to dinner, nine times out of ten I hurt my knees against the table; and I am obliged to contract myself, like one of the long victims of Procrustes, in almost every bed I sleep in!.. Such were the melancholy reflections of a tall man in a short bed.

I saw a fellow in the stable sleeping in a thing like a washing-tub. Our expences here were 72 reales; but this includes Malaga wine, a couple of fowls which we have laid in for the road, and bread for the next two days, which they advised us to take with us. The charge for each bed is three reales.

The city of Mondoñedo, which is a day's journey N. E. of Lugo, was nearly destroyed in 1761 by a storm of rain. On the evening of the 9th of September heavy clouds gathered in the north, and collected upon the mountains which bend

round the city from east to west. In the night the thunder and lightning began, the rain fell in torrents, which carried away every thing before it, and rolled the wreck of the mountains down upon the town,—the streets were choaked in many places up to the first floors of the houses, and some were thrown down. Six lives only were lost. A grant was made them from the royal Treasury, of 145,000 reales (7,250 dollars).

The road from Lugo is very bad : in many places it is part of an old Spanish paved road with a stone ridge in the middle. The country is better peopled and better wooded than what we have past, and we frequently saw the Minho winding beautifully below us. We past a miserable hovel with a projecting roof: it was worse than an old barn ; but upon looking in, it proved to be a chapel. At St. Juan de Corbo we stopped to eat. The church-yard wall there is covered with crosses, and there are some consi-

derable ruins adjoining. Here is the only house I have yet seen that reminded me of an English country seat. It belongs to Don Juan de Balcasas, an Hidalgo. I was sitting very comfortably at my meal, on a sunny bank, when two pigs came up to me, shaking their tails like spaniels, and licked up the crumbs, and getting between my legs, put up their snouts for more; such familiarity have they learned from education. In about two hours afterwards we reached the mountains, from whence we looked back on Lugo, four leagues distant, and the hills as far again beyond. It was noon, and the sun very hot; the beetles were flying about as in the evening in England. The country grew more beautiful as we advanced; I have never seen scenes more lovely. We passed one of those mills, common in this country, with a horizontal wheel. I thought its effect finer than that of a perpendicular one, perhaps from not being accustomed

to it; perhaps from the simplicity of the building, and its situation. It stood in a glen below the road, a low and little hut, upon a clear mountain stream; the hill rose steep and immediately behind.

We reached Marillas to dinner; a wretched venta, where they would light no fire to dress our fowls. The room we were in was at once a hay loft, a carpenter's shop, a tailor's shop, and a saw-pit, besides serving to accommodate travellers. We had bread from Lugo, so that with our English beef and our English cheese, and procuring good water and excellent wine, our fare was very good; but, like true Trojans, we were obliged to eat our tables.

Immediately after dinner we entered upon the new road which wound upon the side of the mountains. As our day's journey was longer than usual, eight leagues and a half, owing to our halt of yesterday, we went the greater part of this stage by moonlight. A mountainous

track is well adapted for moonlight by the boundedness of its scenery. We past the Puente del Corgul, a bridge over a glen connecting two mountains. It was now a scene of tranquil sublimity; but in the wet season, or after the snows dissolve, the little stream of the glen must swell into a rough and rapid torrent. I do not know the height of the bridge, but it was very great. The road is continually on the edge of a precipitous descent, and yet no wall is erected. We were five hours going the three leagues to Lugares. There is a monumental cross by the door of the posada, and the women begged us to take all the things out of the coach, lest they should be stolen.

Our room there was of an ancient and bnggy appearance, with true alehouse pictures of St. Michael and the Virgin. I like the familiarity of the people at these places. They address us with cheerfulness, and without any of that awkward silent submission which ought never to

be paid by one human being to another. How often in England have I heard a tavern waiter cursed by some fellow who would never have dared to insult him, if his situation had permitted him to resent the insult. I have observed nothing of this in Spain. The people show civility, and expect to receive it. It has been said that no man was ever a hero to his valet; but great minds are conspicuous in little actions, and these fall more under the inspection of domestics than of the world.

The Spanish women are certainly great admirers of muslin. They were very earnest here with M. to sell them his neckcloth. Buy, however, they could not, to beg they were ashamed, and so the next morning they stole my uncle's. Josepha took hold of my hair, asked me how I wore it in England, and advised me never to tie it or wear powder. I tell you this for two reasons ; as an example that such whose tastes are not vitiated, dislike

the absurd custom of plastering the head with grease, and then covering it with dust ; and to shew you the familiar manners of the people.

There is an entrenchment near Lugo, and another by St. Juan de Corbo. The fences in that part are walls of granite, and the stones so large that immense labour must have been necessary to pile them. The granite rocks, in the fields, were frequently surrounded by trees, and ornamental to the landscape. I saw some shrubs growing on one, where the soil must probably have been placed by art, for I know not how it could have accumulated.

Manuel Ximencs, our Mayoral, awoke us at three this morning, to know what o'clock it was. We set off as usual soon after five. Not far from Lugares, half way down the mountain, opposite the road, is a natural bridge of rock. The rocks here are of schist. We were three hours ascending from Lugares, and that

place lies high. You know I never ride when I can walk. The clouds wepted me as they passed along. I was fatigued, and when the body is wearied, the mind is seldom cheerful.

Another mountain yet! I thought this brow  
 Had surely been the summit; but they rise  
 Hill above hill, amid the incumbent skies,  
 And mock my labour. What a giddy height!  
 The roar of yonder stream that foams below,  
 Meets but at fits mine ear: ah me! my sight  
 Shrinks from this upward toil, and sore opprest,  
 Sad I bethink me of my home of rest.  
 Such is the lot of man. Up Life's steep road  
 Painful he drags, beguiling the long way  
 With many a vain thought on the future day,  
 With PEACE to sojourn in her calm abode.  
 Poor Fool of Hope! that hour will never come  
 Till TIME and CARE have led thee to the tomb.

The inhabitants of this peninsula are far advanced towards that period when all created beings shall fraternize. The muleteer sleeps by the side of his mule, the brotherly love of Sancho and Dapple may be seen in every hovel; and

the horses, and the cows, and the cats, and the dogs, and the poultry, and the people, and the pigs, all inhabit the same apartment, not to mention three certain tribes of insects, for preserving of whom all travellers in Spain are but little obliged to Noah. The houses here are exactly like the representations I have seen of the huts in Kamschatka. The thatch reaches to the ground, and there is a hole left in it which serves for the inhabitants to go in and the smoke to go out. The thatch is blackened with smoke, and consequently no moss can grow there. We stopt at the village of Castro\*, our only halt for the day, and procured dried pork and dried beef, neither of which were good. There is only a venta here, while one of Florida Blanca's new posadas stands uninhabited the very next door. We were descending from half-past nine to half-past five in the evening.

\* Probably this place is the Castro de la Ventosa, mentioned hereafter:—the *Bergidum Flavium* of Ptolomy.

We left a ruined castle to our right, small indeed, but from its situation very striking; and soon after the iron works of Herrerias. The mountains are in parts cultivated, even to their summits; at this season there is plenty of water, and there are trenches cut in the cultivated lands to preserve it. Oaks, alders, poplars, and chesnut trees, are numerous in the valleys; and we saw the first vineyards. A lovely country, a paradise of nature; but the inhabitants are kept in ignorance and poverty, by the double despotism of their Church and State. I saw a woman carrying a heavy burthen of wood on her head, which she had cut herself, and spinning as she walked along; a melancholy picture of industrious wretchedness.

The churches here have little balconies on the outside, with sculls in them. It is well that we should be familiarized to the idea of death; but instead of being presented to us ghastly and terrible, it should

be rendered pleasant; instead of dwelling on the decay of the body, we should be taught to contemplate the progression of the spirit.

Three people passed us with wens, and I puzzled myself in vainly attempting to account for the connection between wens and mountains. I saw a calf walk into one of the houses, pushing by a woman at the door with a coolness that marked him for one of the family. The bee-hives here are made of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed, about three feet high, and covered with a slate.

*Sit mihi fas audita loqui.* An Englishman told me that going behind a posada by moonlight he saw one of these hollow pieces of wood with its stone cover, and mistook it for a sort of necessary convenience, the want of which is the greatest inconvenience our countrymen feel either in Spain or in Edinburgh. A caricature of the Englishman's mistake upon the occasion, would amuse the Spaniards, for

he was in the worst trim possible for making a speedy retreat, when he took off the cover, and out came the bees upon him.

We are now at Villafranca\*, a name not unfrequent in this peninsula, and often to be found in the title page of prohibited books. The history of this place is distinctly known: it is upon the high road to Compostella, once so much frequented by pilgrims from France as to

\* A Genealogical History of the Marqueses de Villafranca was published at Naples, 1676, by Fr. Geronimo de Sosa. The book has this singular piece of folly at the end.

A Y L M A A B R A I D A O  
 s S A E N A T E I L s S  
 i A M N A T c I o S n I c M  
 E O B S i A d C A R s A i M  
 n E c N v T L O P D A E o  
 E R L i A G L i T n A A R L.

Reading the larger letters first, and then the smaller ones, they make the following sentence *Alabado sea el Santisimo Sacramento de el Altar, y Maria Santisima concebida sin culpa original.*

be called *el Camino Francés*, the French Road. In the reign of Alfonso VI, some Monks of Cluni took up their abode here, to administer the sacraments to a few French settlers, and to travellers of that nation. They built a church which they called Nuestra Señora de Cluniaeо, now corrupted into *Cruñgo*, and erected into a collegiate church. A little town had grown up in the days of the Queen Proprietress Urraca: it is named in old writings *Villa Francorum*, and that name was easily naturalized in its present form. It is now what may be called the Capital of this district, is inhabited by some good families, gives title to a Marquis, and has three nunneries, a convent of Franciscan Friars, and formerly had one of Jesuits.

When Morales went upon his literary mission through this part of Spain (1572), there were six and twenty Greek manuscripts in the Franciscan monastery here, being part of the library of Don Pedro de

Toledo, the Viceroy of Naples, which he had presented to the convent. Some were parts of the Bible, others parts of Chrysostome's works; what the remainder were he does not state, except that one of them was written wholly in capitals: he added that it would be easy to get them from the Friars in exchange for printed books, if the consent of the Toledo family were obtained. It was this Don Pedro who prevailed upon the Pope to erect Santa Maria de Cluniaco into a collegiate church, to be his burial place: and he was the Viceroy to whom this was applied as an epitaph, ' wickedly,' says Camden, ' detorted out of the scripture.' *Hic est, Qui propter nos et nostram salutem descendit ad inferos.* ' This is he, who for us and our salvation descended into hell.'

Never did I see a town so beautiful as we approached; but when we entered... Oh the elegant cleanliness of Drury Lane! There is an old palace opposite the po-

sada, of the Duke of Alva, old and ruinous, and mean and melancholy as a parish workhouse in England. I stood for some time at the balcony, gazing at this place, where the most celebrated and most detestable of its possessors may perhaps have listened to the songs of Lope de Vega, perhaps have meditated massacres in Holland. The mournful degradation of the Dutch, as well as of the Spanish character, forcibly occurred to me, and I looked on with, I trust, the prophetic eye of Hope, to the promised Brotherhood of Mankind, when Oppression and Commerce shall no longer render them miserable by making them vicious.

I have just heard from one of my fellow travelliers, who has passed the road frequently, a melancholy tale of the daughter of the host here. She married a young man above her own rank; he died, all that he possessed died with him, and the widow left destitute with two

very young children, is returned again to the miserable poverty and labour of a posada. Very soon after her husband's death an Irishman offered to take her into keeping. Her only reply was, " You say you love me, Sir, and yet you can insult me by this wicked offer!"

Tuesday, before day-light.

I have seen this widow. She cannot be more than two-and-twenty. Her two children were by her; the one an infant, the other about two years old, deaf and dumb; they are beautiful children, though disfigured by dirt, and in rags. Her dress was black, and bad enough for her present situation; but the manners of one accustomed to better scenes were evident. She had white stockings, and shoes whose make discovered that shaping of the foot and ankle which peculiarly distinguishes the higher class from those who work for them. There is a liquid lustre in the full black eye of the Spanish women, of which

you can have no idea : her face expressed a meek resignation to wretchedness. What must that man's heart have been made of, who could have insulted this woman ?

Tuesday evening.

We have advanced only four leagues to-day, for the old coach is laid up again. I have been thinking of the poor widow.

And does there then, TEREZA, live a man  
 Whose tongue unfaltering could to such foul thoughts  
 Yield utterance ? Tempt thee to the hireling bed !  
 Buy thee, TEREZA, to another's arms !  
 Thee, sufferer ! thee, forlorn and wretched one !  
 Ere yet upon thy husband's grave the grass  
 Was green ! Oh ! is there one whose monstrous heart  
 Could with insulted modesty's hot blush  
 Make crimson the poor widow's woe pale cheek !  
 Was this thing of my species ? shaped in the mould  
 Of man ? and fashioned to the outward show  
 All human ? Did he move aloft and sit  
 On high his lordly face ? and formed of flesh  
 And blood like mine, meandering thro' his veins ?  
 I blush for human nature ! and would fain  
 Prove kindred with the brutes. She rais'd to Heaven  
 Her dark eyes with a meek upbraiding look,  
 And felt more keen her loss, and dropt a tear

Of aggravated anguish. I almost  
Could murmur at my lot assign'd by fate,  
And covet wealth, that from the bitter ills  
Of want I might secure thee, and provide  
Some safe asylum for thy little ones,  
And from the blasting wind of Poverty  
Shield their young opening reason. I would be  
Even as a brother to thee, sit by thee,  
And hear thee talk of days of happiness,  
How fast they fled, and of the joys of Youth  
And Hope, now buried in the grave of Love!  
Oh I would listen to thy tale, and weep,  
And pour upon Affliction's bleeding wounds  
The balm of Pity. Sufferer, fare thee well!  
God be thy comforter, and from a world  
Of woe, release thee soon! I on my way  
Journeying remember thee, and think of one  
In distant England, grateful to that Power  
Who from the dark and tempest-roaring deep  
Preserved a life she renders doubly dear.

LETTER VI.

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*Carcabelos. Ponferrada. Manners of the Muleteers. Travelling accidents. Hospitality of the Barber at St. Miguel de las Duenas. His library. Christmas Day. Manzanar. The Bierzo.*

Wednesday, Dec. 23.

A YOUNG barber of Oviedo, travelling to Madrid to seek his fortune, has joined our party, and a very valuable acquisition he is. He waits on us, markets for us, assists us in cooking, shaves, bleeds, draws teeth, understands my Spanish, and has moreover one of the best physiognomies in Spain.

We found English plates every where till we reached Villafranca. Our chocolate cups there were brought on a pewter plate, with a pewter cup fixed in the middle, to hold the earthen one. In this country we can get only white wine. The poor wear wooden shoes turned up at the toe like skaites, and with soles raised like the Devonshire clogs.

We left the new road at Carcabalos, a league from Villafranca. Here, for the first time, I saw the mark of manorial boundaries, which would be no unmeaning emblem in France; it is a gibbet. We now entered upon a sandy, stony plain; a little herbage grew on it, but M. tells me it is bare in summer, and swarming with immense grasshoppers. The plain is about three leagues in diameter, surrounded by high mountains, at the foot of which, over a grove of evergreen oaks, we saw the town of Ponferrada. Had I only seen Villafranca and Ponferrada as we approached, without see-

ing or smelling either the streets or the inhabitants, I should have thought Spain a Paradise.

This town, which is situated at the confluence of the Sil and the Bueza, owes its origin, like Villafranca, to the great resort of pilgrims to Compostella in old times. Osmundo, who was Bishop of Astorga from 1082 to 1096, built a bridge over the Sil for their accommodation. The Puente de Quintanilla it was originally called; how it obtained the name of Ponsferrata, I know not; but thence that of the town which grew up there. It belonged to the Templars, and they fortified it: after their extinction the Condes de Lemos possessed it, till in 1486 it was purchased by the Crown. Here are three Parish Churches, a Convent of Augustinians, a Convent of Nuns of the Conception, and a Hospital of the Barefoot Carmelites. *N. Señora de la Encina* is the patroness of the town, so called because her image was found in a

hollow oak ; . . it is *sumamente milagrosa*, miraculous in the highest degree.

We found the posada pre-occupied by a Marquis and his retinue. A pleasant incident, for the axle-tree was damaged, and to proceed of course impossible. Luckily the Marquis departed, and here we are still detained. Opposite to our balcony is the house of some Hidalgo, with whom five ladies are just arrived to dine in an open cart, drawn by oxen\*.

\* “I observed in this town (Piacenza) a notable piece of thriftiness used by the gentlewomen, who make no scruple to be carried to their country-houses near the town, in coaches drawn by two cows yoked together; these will carry the Signora a pretty round trot unto her villa; they afford her also a dish of their milk, and after collation bring her home again at night without spending a penny.”

*The Voyage of Italy by Richard Lassels, Gent. who travelled through Italy five times, as tutor to several of the English Nobility and Gentry. Paris, 1670.*

When Pope visited Walsh at Abberley in Worcester-shire, they went to Church in a coach which was drawn over the side of the hill by oxen,

They wear their hair combed straight, parted on the forehead, and tied loosely in the middle behind. The simplicity of their dress and their equipage pleased me, and we looked at each other with mutual curiosity. Opposite our other balcony is a convent, and curiosity has crowded all its windows.

Day and night are we annoyed by the incessant noise of the mules; by night they are under us; we are only separated from the stable by planks laid across the beams,

“ And sounds and stinks come mingled from below.”

By day the Mayoral is continually calling out to his mules: he gallops over the two first syllables of their name, and dwells upon the two last with a sound as slow and as wearying as the motion of his own carriage. “ *Aquileia, Capitana, Gall-ega, malditas mulas!* ” Then he consigns them to three hundred devils, the exact number they always swear by; calls them

thieves, pickpockets, and concludes the climax of vituperation by “alma de muerda,” which is, being interpreted, the Soul of what the Laputan philosopher could never transmute again into bread and cheese. Sometimes he beats them furiously, and frequently flings a great stone at their heads.

They make the most beautiful counterpanes at Ponferrada that I ever saw; the threads are so disposed that the whole seems covered with fringe, or rather resembles the fleece of a Spanish sheep\*. The people appear very averse to a war with England. We had a good deal of conversation with a tradesman here, an

\* Perhaps they were invented to imitate the skin of the *Bicerra*, an animal which inhabited the rocks of Asturias. Coverlets were formerly made of its skin, which, Morales says, could scarcely be borne in the coldest winter weather. He supposes it to be the Ibex of the Vulgate, the Wild Goat of our Bible: it is more probably the Chamois, from this circumstance. I know not if it is still to be found there. The civet (*almisclera*) is also an inhabitant of these provinces.

intelligent man, who felt how the internal state of the country injured commerce.

There are many specimens of Moorish architecture on the houses here. Many of the spouts that project below the roof to throw off the water, are shaped like cannon. The Castle is a fine object ; it is great and grotesque, and gives me a good idea of the Giants Castles of Romance. A very remarkable pillar stands without the town, . . it is the place of execution.

Beef is ten quartos (about three pence) the pound. Bread five quartos. Brown bread, made of Indian corn, three quartos. Twelve eggs for twenty quartos. The price of labour from four to six reales.

Thursday, Dec. 24.

We left Ponferrada this morning, and our newly mended axle-tree lasted us almost three miles. The descent was steep, the road bad, and the coach crazy.

Luckily we were all walking when it broke down. The Mayoral invoked the Virgin Mary to help him, and three hundred devils to carry off the coach ; he however soon found it more useful to go for human assistance, while we amused ourselves by walking backward and forward on a cold, bleak, desolate heath, with only one object in view, and that a monumental cross. In about two hours we advanced a mile to the village of St. Miguel de las Duenas. Here there is no posada, and we are therefore at the house of the *Barbero* ; to call him a Barber would be to derogate from his dignity ; for though a village barber is always a great man, here he is particularly so, being tooth-drawer, bleeder, bonesetter, and surgeon.

I have been looking over our host's library ; it contains a little about physic, and a great deal about the Virgin Mary. Of his medical books, I believe the only one ever heard of in England,

is Dioscorides, in an old Spanish translation! However if our friendly host be not a good surgeon, he is certainly a good Catholic. Over his books is a print called Our Lady of Seven Sorrows; it represents the Virgin Mary pierced through by seven swords, while Christ is lying dead in her lap. To such a print you will naturally think nothing could be affixed more suitable than the song of her Seven Good Joys. There is however under it a representation of the linen in which Joseph of Arimathea wrapped up our Saviour's body, and which retaining a miraculous likeness, is highly reverenced in these countries; not without cause, for through the merits of this Holy Napkin, or Santo Sudario, every time a certain prayer is repeated, a soul is released from Purgatory, by permission of Clement VIII. If the Pope should be in the right, you will do good by reading it; if not, you may at least gratify your curiosity.

*Oracion del Santo Sudario, para llevar  
una Alma del Purgatorio.*

*Senor, haviendo nos dexado senales de su dolorosa passion sobre el santo Sudario, en el qual sacratissimo cuerpo fue sepultado por Joseph, concede nos por su miserecordia y los merecimientos de su muerte y sepultura, podemos alcansar la gloria de su triumphante Resurreccion. Pues vive y regna con el Padre en la unidad del Espírito santo por todos los siglos de los siglos. Amen.*

The Prayer of the Holy Napkin to deliver a Soul from Purgatory.

Lord, who hast left us the marks of thy dolorous passion upon the Holy Napkin, in which thy most sacred body was buried by Joseph, grant that through thy mercy and the merits of thy death and burial, we may partake of the glory

of thy triumphant Resurrection. Thou who livest with the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen.

Of the nature of our Host's theological library, you may judge by this chance specimen. A holy man, reading the Song of Solomon, came to the seventh verse of the fourth chapter .. " My beloved is pure and without spot." Musing on these words he fell into a deep sleep, and beheld the Virgin Mary, in a vision, with all her retinue of Cherubim and Seraphim. They repeated the verse, " My beloved is pure and without spot," and a more divine voice immediately added, "*etiam in conceptione,*" even in conception. This, says the author, is an irrefragable proof of the immaculate conception of the Mother of God !

I ought to observe that this has nothing to do with the Orthodox and

Arian tenet of the Immaculate Conception. It is only to prove the Franciscan dogma, that the Virgin Mary herself was born without the stain of Original Sin.

In England the red petticoat only peeps through a covering of lawn ; but here the Babylonian walks the street in full dress scarlet. In England, where O'Leary is a Popish Priest, and Geddes chuses to call himself a Catholic, I have felt myself inclined to think that the absurdities of Popery may have been exaggerated : but here, “ the serious folly of Superstition stares every man of sense in the face\*.”

At the entrance of this village stands a tree†, two of whose branches had the misfortune to grow somewhat in the shape of a cross. The top and the limbs were there-

\* Mary Wolstonecraft.

† A famous natural crucifix of this kind was found in Chili, 1636. Oalle gives a print of it. It was burnt in 1729, but another was made as like it as possible, and the fragment which was left, set in it like a relick. There is a fac-simile of this crucifix at Madrid.

fore lopt off, and a face carved on it, similar to what I have seen boys cut upon a turnip; this done, it is an object of devotion.

Our host has been just catechising my uncle: .. Do you believe in God? To be sure I do... And do you believe in Jesus Christ? Certainly, replied my uncle. .. But ask him, said his son-in-law, in a whisper loud enough to be heard, ask him if he believes in the Virgin Mary?

There is a large Nunnery\* near us,

\* The Infanta D. Sancha, sister of Alfonso VII. founded this Cistercian monastery 1152. In 1530, the Nuns of S. Guillermo de Villabuena, three leagues off, upon the Cua, being washed out by the floods, were incorporated with this Convent. Villabuena was also a royal foundation. It had been a palace of the kings of Leon. Bermudo II. resided and was buried there. Alfonso IX. gave it to his first wife, Queen S. Teresa, daughter of Sancho I. of Portugal, and she erected it into a Cistercian monastery, in which two of her daughters professed. Both endowments being thus incorporated, S. Miguel de las Duenas is a wealthy convent, and in high estimation.

where we have heard the Nuns sing  
The chapel grating is by no means close,  
and when the service was over they came  
close to it, probably to gratify their own  
curiosity as well as ours. Some of them  
were handsome, and I saw none who either  
by their size or their countenance indi-  
cated austerity. This is a beautiful spot.  
The room I am in commands a tranquil  
and pleasing view: a little stream, the  
Bueza, flows near the house; the convent  
lies to the right, and we look over a rich  
valley to the high mountains near us.  
Where we are to sleep I know not, for  
our host's daughter and her husband  
sleep in the kitchen, and in this, the only  
other room, the barber, his wife, and  
child!

The only face for which I have con-  
ceived any affection in Spain, is a dried  
pig's, in the kitchen below; and, alas!  
this is a hopeless passion!

Christmas Day, six o'clock in the evening.

In the cold and comfortless room of a posada, having had no dinner but what we made in the coach, fatigued, and out of spirits, ...a pleasant situation! I have been walking above three hours up this immense mountain; very agreeable, no doubt, for the goats who browze in the vallies, and the lizards and wolves who inhabit the rest of it! We slept last night in the room with the barber, his wife, and child. At midnight they all went to Cock-mass. At day-break I had the pleasure of wishing my fellow-travellers a merry Christmas. Our prospect of a Christmas dinner made us laugh, for you must know that in the downfall of the coach we sustained a grievous loss. Our travelling soup had come all the way from Bamonde, slung under the carriage in a pitcher; and at every stage we had a new edition, with additions and improvements. You may smile at our loss, but when

Faint and wearily  
The way-worn traveller  
Treads the mazes to the mountain's top,

a warm dish of soup in a cold day, was a serious thing to lose. Homer says, “A good dinner is no bad thing.” Our road lay through a fertile valley, till we had passed the town of Benvibre, where we passed by one of the best posadas on the road. We stopped at the village of Torre, a wild and delightful spot, where the wine was not unlike Burgundy. From thence we ascended the mountain to Manzanar. You can scarcely picture to yourself a scene more wild; descents sloping to the mountain, glens covered with shrubs and furze, little streams crossing the road, and rocks on which the grey lizards were basking in great numbers: sometimes we looked over the hills we had ascended to the fertile vale where St. Miguel de las Duenas stands, and the heights beyond by Ponferrada; more frequently the windings of the

mountains bounded our view; it was pleasant, just at the close of evening, to see the louely posada of Manzanar; a herd of goats were feeding on a green spot near the house, and I cannot tell you what comfortable feelings their sounds excited. We heard the report of a gun near the posada, and were told that the master of the house had fired it at a wolf. We have seen none of these animals, but I have observed a piece of wolf's skin laid on the neck of all the oxen in their carts, since we entered Leon. The loneliness of the road, and the recollections the day excited, suggested the following lines. You will like them, because they simply express natural feelings.

How many a heart is happy at this hour  
In England! brightly o'er the cheerful hall  
Flares the heap'd hearth, and friends and kindred meet,  
And the glad Mother round her festive board  
Beholds her children, separated long  
Amid the world's wide way, assembled now,  
And at the sight Affection lightens up

With smiles, the eye that Age has long bedimm'd.  
 I do remember when I was a child,  
 How my young heart, a stranger then to Care,  
 With transport leap'd upon this holy day,  
 As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,  
 From friend to friend with eager speed I ran,  
 Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.

Those years are past: their pleasures and their pains  
 Are now like yonder convent-crested hill,  
 Which bounds the distant prospect, dimly seen,  
 Yet pictur'd upon Memory's mystic glass,  
 In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now  
 I journey o'er the desert mountain track  
 Of Leon: wilds all drear and comfortless,  
 Where the grey lizards, in the noon-tide sun,  
 Sport on their rocks, and where the goatherd starts,  
 Roused from his midnight sleep, and shakes to hear  
 The wolf's loud yell, and falters as he calls  
 On Saints to save. Hence of the friends I think,  
 Who now perchance remember me, and pour  
 The glass of votive friendship. At the name  
 Will not thy cheek, Beloved! wear the hue  
 Of Love? and in mine EDITH's eye the tear  
 Tremble? I will not wish thee not to weep ; .  
 There is strange pleasure in Affection's tears . . .  
 And he who knows not what it is to wake  
 And weep at midnight, is an instrument  
 Of Nature's common work. Yes . . . think of me,  
 My EDITH! think . . . that travelling far away  
 I do beguile the long and lonely hours

With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair,  
 Of peace, and comfort, and domestic joys,  
 As ever to the youthful poet's eye  
 Creative Fancy fashion'd. Think of me,  
 My EDITH ! absent from thee, in a land  
 Of strangers ! and remember, when thy heart  
 Heaves with the sigh of sorrow wha delight  
 Awaits the moment when the eager voice  
 Of weleome shall that sorrow overpay.

Being a Bristol man, and of course not the worse for a little smoking, I have ventured into the kitchen to warm myself among the muleteers and Maragatos, and prepare our supper. By the bye, the barber's wife sold us the old cock by way of a delicate chicken. We have found that the people will over-reach us if they can, and it is not to be wondered at. He who starves his dog makes a thief of him. Poverty is the mother of crimes. Yet we have experienced much attention and hospitality. My uncle gave a few reales among the carpenter's children, who was making our new axle-tree ; and when we departed

this morning, their mother brought us a pig's face, and a lap full of pears.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE BIERZO.

August, 1805.

Few things would give me so much delight as to revisit and travel at leisure over this part of the country, the exceeding beauty of which has left upon my mind impressions never to be effaced. I shall perhaps render some service to future travellers who may have more time and better opportunities at command, if I tell them what there is in this neighbourhood which we left unseen, because we knew not what we lost by the omission.

To the West of Astorga the Asturian mountains send off two great branches, trending from North to South; those in the Eastern range are the Puerto del

Rabanal, the Cruz de Ferro, and Foncebadon ; those in the Western, Puerto del Cebrero, Puerto del Courel, and Puerto del Aguiar ; on the South they meet with the Sierra de Sancavia, the Sierra de Cabrera and the Montes Aquilianos, or Aguianas, as they are now called. The tract which is thus surrounded with mountains is called the Bierzo, a word corrupted from the *Bergidum Flavium* of Ptolomy. The city which bore that name was at Castro de la Ventosa ; it is a tradition in the country that there was a city there formerly ; traces of the walls may still be discovered there, and the situation agrees with the Itinerary of Antoninus. It is precisely the spot which would be chosen to command the Bierzo, and for this reason Fernando II. and after him his son Alfonso IX. would have re-peopled it, but the domain belonged to the Royal Monastery of Carracedo, and they desisted in consequence of a representation from that quarter.

This Bierzo is the Thebais of Spain. “The multitude of its Sanctuaries, the holiness of its Hermitages, the number of its Anchorites, and of its monks who distinguished themselves by their victories over the world, he only can relate who can count the stars of Heaven;”.. so Florez expresses himself, betrayed by zeal out of his usual sobriety of language. I would go far to see any place which devotion has sanctified, especially if it had been so sanctified because of its natural tendency to excite devotional feelings.

This amphitheatre is from North to South (computing from summit to summit) about sixteen leagues, and about fourteen from East to West. All its waters, collected into the river Sil, pass into the Val de Orras in Galicia, through a narrow gorge; if that opening were closed, the whole Bierzo would be formed into a prodigious lake. The centre is a plain of about four square leagues, comprised

between the rivers Sil, Cua, and Burbia, and fertile and lovely vallies wind up into the heights beyond. Wine, corn, pulse, flax, pasture, and fruits, are produced here in abundance, though the inhabitants of this delightful region live in a state of contented and idle poverty. The hazel, the chesnut, the pear, the apple, the cherry, the mulberry, and even the olive, grow wild upon the hills. The streams supply plenty of fish; and gold, silver, lead, and iron, are to be found in the mountains.

It is said that these wilds were inhabited by anchorites in the earliest ages of Christianity; but Christianity was not so soon polluted by the philosophy and folly of the East. The certain history of the Bierzo begins with Fructuoso, a saint of royal extraction, who was born about the year 600. His father is called in some Breviaries, Duke of the Bierzo. S. Valerio, the contemporary biographer of his son, says that he was *Dux exercitus*

*Hispaniae*, and this, as he had extensive pastures in that part of the country, explains the title. Fructuoso in his childhood sometimes accompanied his father here when he came to inspect his flocks and herds; the beauty and the sublimity of these vales and mountains deeply impressed him, and in the silence of his heart he devoted himself to a religious life. This resolution he executed as soon as the death of his parents left him master of himself. He then founded the monastery of Compludo\* as it is now called, by the source

\* Probably because it is dedicated to the Saints Justus and Pastor, the young martyrs of *Complutum*.—Alcala. There exists a charter purporting to be granted by Chindasvindo to this Monastery, which if it be authentic, is the oldest existing deed in that country. It is preserved in the Cathedral at Astorga, to which the Monastery has been united, and Yepes has printed it in the 2d volume of his very valuable work (*Appendix. Escrit. 13*). But its authenticity has been called in question, and Florez seems to give it up, by saying that certainly it is not written in the Latin of that age.

of the Molina, which rises in the Puerto del Rabanal, and falls into the Sil a little above Ponferrada. His sister's husband applied to the king to prevent him from thus disposing of his property ; .. Fructuoso upon this stript the altars, covered them with sackcloth, and betook himself to prayer and fasting : and the speedy death of his brother-in-law was imputed to these means. After this he founded another Monastery, now called S. Pedro de Montes, near the source of the Oza, which rises in the Montes Aguianas, and falls into the Sil below Ponferrada. His next foundation was S. Felix de Visonia, on the river of that name, which rises in the Montes de Aguiar, and falls into the Sil below Friera ; but this was afterwards deserted, and its lands are now a Grange belonging to the Royal Monastery of Carracedo.

Meantime his delight was to wander about the mountains, barefooted, and

in a dress of goat-skin. A hunter one day saw him prostrate upon a crag\*, bent his bow at him, and was on the point of loosing the string, when luckily the saint held up his hands in the act of prayer. The fame of his piety soon spread abroad, and those who were in need of spiritual consolation flocked to him: but he having founded his monasteries, established his monks, and disposed of his property, retired into the wilds. Here however he could not be concealed. There were tame daws in one of the convents, which he had probably amused himself by feeding, and these birds used to hover about him, and their clamours indicated where he was to be found. A doe fled to him for shelter from the hunters; in reverence to him they called the dogs off and spared her, and from that time she never forsook

\* His biographer Valerio gives a reason why such places were preferred for devotion,—*juxta duritiam nequitiæ cordis mei reperi saxeum locum.*

her protector, but lay at his feet, and if at any time he left her, tracked his footsteps and moaned till she had found him. A wicked boy killed this poor animal, and when Fructuoso heard it he was so affected that he threw himself upon the ground, and sought for comfort in prayer. The offender was seized with a fever, very possibly the effect of fear; and Fructuoso has the credit, and probably the merit, of having healed him body and soul.

The system which he established in his monasteries was not thoroughly understood, till Yepes, in the course of his researches for his great work, found at S. Pedro de Allanza, the Institutions, or Rule of the Saint, in a great manuscript entitled, *Regulae Patrum*, written by Hereneo, a Priest, in the reign of King Don Ordoño; the date was obliterated, but the only three Ordoños reigned within little more than a century of each other, from the year 850 to 955; it can therefore be little less than nine centuries old,

Fructuoso's Rule is in the main an abstract of S. Benedict's, as might be supposed; but he has made some additions to it under thirteen heads; and these are exceedingly curious. They show that the societies which he organized in some respects resemble those which were afterwards instituted by S. Romualdo as a separate order, and they throw great light upon the monastic history of Spain.

In the Council of Lerida, which was held in 546, mention is made of certain establishments which the Devil had invented, and which were called Monasteries, though in reality they were not so; and the secular clergy are prohibited from giving them this sophistical title, which was only intended to screen them from the jurisdiction of the Bishop. These sophistical Monasteries were not understood till this Rule of S. Fructuoso was discovered, and there they are explained. It appears that they were of two kinds. A parochial priest, when he

wished to secure the whole tythes to himself, and to make his church independent, got it made a Monastery: but these were less mischievous in their consequences than the Domestic Convents, which were formed in this manner. . . The father of a family, either from real devotion, or because he could not provide for his children in the world in a manner answerable to his rank or his wishes, would turn his house into a Monastery, and make a church in it; he and the male part of the family took orders, and the women put on the veil. These houses were subject to no superior, and followed any Rule they pleased, . . or rather lived without one. But when the head of the family died then they were broken up, and the property became a subject of litigation. Old writings speak of halves and quarters of monasteries, terms which never could be explained till this manuscript came to light.

Fructuoso made no distinction of per-

sons in his institutions : the emancipated slave was received as well as the freeman. Whoever applied for admission was to remain three days and nights at the gate of the convent, expecting his answer ; their patience was to be tried by harsh language, and it was an indispensable preliminary that they must have disposed of all their property. He admitted men and women, young and old, whole families together, . . even infants in the cradle. The children were under the care of the *Cellerarius*, and were to be permitted to see their parents whenever they pleased, lest the parents should pine for them. There was more trouble with old men than with children ; seventy years of sin it was thought required a penitence active in proportion as it was likely to be short ; the deeper the mortification had penetrated, the deeper must the surgeon cut for it. They were not therefore to spend day and night in idle garrulity, but be kept

rigorously to their work of repentance; and if after having been seven times admonished they continued incorrigible, they were then to be removed *ad conventus malorum*, which are supposed to be the prisons\* of the Monastery, where they who did not chuse to punish themselves, would have the work effectually performed for them.

The main support of these Convents consisted in their flocks and herds: the *Mayoral* therefore, or Chief Herdsman, was a person on whom much depended; and one chapter is allotted to him, explaining to the brother on whom this office devolved that it was essentially a work of piety, and reminding him that

\* S. Valerio complains that he was unjustly confined in one of these prisons for three years, where the Devil tormented him with a plague of fleas,—*insuper replevit furens ipsum cellulam inimicus intolerabile et insigne atrociter voratrice pulicum peste; quæ ebibens cruorem, efficeret corpus meum pene totius exangue.*—The Devil continues to keep up his stock in that country.

the Patriarchs of old pursued the same occupation. The Abbots of every district were to meet once a month, join in prayer, and consult together; . . . a proof that there were many of these institutions, and that they could not be far apart from each other. They were to eat at the table with the guests of the Monastery, that is, with all travellers. There was a *Præpositus* or Prior, who presided over the temporal concerns of the house, that the Abbot's whole attention might be directed towards spiritual affairs. On Sundays all the brethren were to meet at their respective Convents, for the cœnobite and cremite modes of life were both practised, and thus as it were reconciled. Woe to the unhappy brother who was excommunicated! he was to be confined in a solitary cell, without light, and to have a scanty meal of bread and water once a day only; . . . if the excommunication was to continue in force for only two or three

days, he was then to have no food during the whole time.

Followers have never been, and never will be wanting for any new system of religious discipline, however rigorous. It is said that the Bierzo could not hold the disciples who flocked to Fructuoso, and that he was obliged to establish Convents and Reclusions, as they were called, in other parts. . . Such was the effect which he produced on his preaching expeditions, that the governors of Andalusia called upon the King to interfere, or he would soon have no men for his armies, and the whole business of the province would be at a stand. His zeal would inflame the enthusiastic ; the free quarters which he offered would tempt the idle, and his authority might be sufficient to keep this motley society in order. But S. Valerio has luckily written some account of himself as well as of his master, and this account shows what a set of wretches were collected there. Valerio represents them as

hypocrites, drunkards, intriguers, thieves, and assassins : he himself was a rogue \*

\* It is a rule with Morales, that the miracles which one Saint relates of another are to be implicitly believed. It is a rule with me, that when a Saint relates them of himself, he is to be set down for a rogue, . . . provided they are such as cannot be accounted for by the effect of imagination, but are positive miracles, . . . bone-setting, for instance, by word of mouth.

There are some fine specimens of monkish imagination in S. Valerio's works. One Bonellus was in a vision precipitated into the abyss. Thrice he was plunged down a fathomless profound, each resting place serving only to increase his fear, and make the next plunge more terrible. The third brought him to the depths of Hell, *et sic perduxerunt me ante conspectum impiissimi Diaboli.* *Erat autem terribilis et metuendus, fortissimis vinctus catenis.* *Et in hujus capitis avis ferrea in similitudinem corvi sedebat ; in qua summitas illius catenarum hærebat.* ‘ And so theyrought me, he says, before the presence of the most impious Devil. He was terrible and greatly to be feared ; he was bound in strong chains, and on his head there sate an iron bird, in the likeness of a raven, holding the top of his chains.’ The description of Hell is tremendous.—*Ardebat autem immensus et inenarrabilis ignis, velut pinguisima ardens tæda.* *Et super ignem illum vicinum erat et non satis altum tegimen in similitudinem cruentis,*

of a higher class, . . and though not cunning enough to pass his life comfortably

*in quo exundans flamma impingebat. Ex illo namque igne, exibat inundans piceus maris, qui immensum occupabat pagum. Quod ebulliens crudeli ac dirissimo fereore fluctuabat.* There is some resemblance in this to these powerful lines in Gebir :

Above his head  
 Phlegethon form'd a fiery firmament ;  
 Part were sulphureous clouds involving, part  
 Shining like solid ribs of moulten brass ;  
 For the fierce element which else aspires  
 Higher and higher, and lessens to the sky,  
 Below, Earth's adamantine arch rebuffed.

Thus in the Latin Poem—

*At superà Phlegethon sinuaverat ignibus arcum.  
 Sulphureis nebulis pars nigrescebat operta,  
 Pars, solidis tanquam costis ardescerit æris,  
 Fulsit et infremuit ; nam quæ solet altior usque  
 Surgere flamma alibi, atque apices attollere cœlo,  
 Inferi's pœxo tellus adamante coeret.*

Monkish legends would supply a fine commentary upon Dante.

Never did human imagination create a more whimsical and heterogeneous being than the Devil of the Monks. Valerio suffered a most odd sort of persecu-

in such company while he was among them, contrived to become Abbot of S. Pedro de Montes, and to be made a Saint. Fructuoso is a clearer character : he was a man of enthusiastic piety, who devoted his property and himself to what he believed the best method of benefiting mankind ; and that Europe has been in the highest degree benefited by the Benedictines it would be absurd and ungrateful to deny.

How long his institutions subsisted cannot now be ascertained. Situated in this part of the country, they were more likely to be dissolved by internal misconduct, than by the Moorish conquest. At the close of the ninth century S. Genadio

*tion from him; . . nam cum ingenti furoris ingressus strepitu multas contra me temptationum adhibuit artes pessimas et incessantes. Denique oranti mihi, aut decumbeni, sedens ad caput, et ex infimis intrancis suis putidissimum indesinenter calidumque naribus meis insufflans fætorem intolerabilem et horrendum;* Martin Luther beat the Devil at these weapons.

retired to the solitudes which Fructuoso and Valerio had sanctified ; . . every thing had long been deserted ; . . he found S. Pedro de Montes overgrown with thorns, and hidden beneath old trees. He had brought a colony of good Monks with him, and they cleared the woods, restored the building, and planted vineyards and orchards. By the instigation of the Devil, as Genadio believed, he was called away from this retirement to be made Bishop of Astorga ; but after some time he resigned his Bishoprick and returned to the Bierzo. His works and those of Fortis, his successor in the Diocese, still remain : and one of them, the Monastery of Santiago de Peñalva, which Fortis built over the grave of Genadio, is one of those places in the Bierzo which would as richly repay the picturesque traveller, and probably the antiquarian, as it would the pilgrim.

Peñalva is, as its name denotes, a white cliff, so lofty as to give its appellation

to that part of the sierra: . . . in winter it is still whiter, being covered with snow. A little river called the River of Silence wells out at its foot. On its bank stands the Monastery, upon a shelf of the mountain, made, says Florez, like a table, by the hand of God. Opposite, in a high rock, are the *Cuevas del Silencio*, the Caves of Silence, . . . five natural caverns; they front the east, and all the light they receive is through the entrance, which in each of them is not higher than half the stature of a man; but they are spacious within, sufficiently lofty, and have seats in the rock all round. Here the devout and elder Monks, veterans in their Catholic warfare, retire at Advent and at Lent. The way to them is but a goat's path, . . . hands and knees must be exerted in climbing it, and it is perilous to look back upon the giddy descent: . . . it is as tremendous to look up, for immediately above them is a cliff thirty *estados* high. The natives

of these mountains, says Sandoval, believe that great treasures are hidden in these caves,.. but there is no other treasure than the holiness which so many saints have imparted by their acts of penitence. The Monastery is an edifice of great magnificence, with marble columns and a profusion of Mosaic\* work.

Many extraordinary objects occur upon the Sil. This river passes by Mount

\* Genadio's Testament or deed of gift to his different foundations is printed in Yepes. I do not know the names of two of his books. the *Psalterium comicum*, and the *liber Apryngi*. The imprecation with which he concludes upon all who should break his bequest, goes beyond the ordinary form of imprecations, and is worthy of Ernulphus himself. *Si quis præruptor Princeps, vel Judex, Pontifex, Abbas, Presbyter, Monachus, Clericus, seu Laicus, hoc votum meum infringere, aut immutare voluerit, aut secus quam hæc scriptura continet agere disposuerit, in primis orbatus hac careat luce, ulcere pessimo divinitus ultus à planta pedis usque ad verticem capitis rivos vulnerum percurrentes madefactus, scaturiens vermis, terror et horror fiat omnibus risibus, et in futuro cum impiis et sceleratis obrutus tradatur flammis ultricibus.*

Medulio, the place where the remains of a great native force destroyed themselves in sight of a Roman army, rather than submit to bondage: . . . a noble spirit, of which more instances are to be found in the ancient history of Spain than in that of any other country, and which is not yet extinct in that noble nation. Upon one part of this mountain there are round and lofty fragments of red earth standing up like huge towers, twenty-nine in number. *Las Medulas*, they are called; . . . old writings spell the word *Metalas*, and thus explain the wonder. The Romans had mines here; and the earth has fallen in, in those parts only which were excavated. Gold is still found in the sands of this river, which Florez will have to be the *Minius* of classical geography, because here, and not upon the Minho, *minium* is found.

Still more remarkable is the *Montefurado*, or perforated mountain, where the Sil passes for three hundred paces

through an arch in the rock, . . and this passage is so broad and lofty, that fishing boats pass through. Marks of the chisel, it is said, may be traced at both entrances. Florez thinks that if it be a work of art, it was designed for a mine ; but far more probably, that the arch is natural, and man has done nothing more than perhaps in some places to heighten or widen it, or remove a projection of the rock, for the easier passage of boats. A Roman road of prodigious labour is cut in the rock in the opposite mountain, for a league in length, and in some places ten *estados* in depth. From the frequent bends and angles which it makes, it is called *los Codos de Ladoco*, the elbows of Ladoco. There is an inscription upon the rock “*Jovi LADICO*,” and hence the name of the mountain. Another inscription to *Jupiter Ladicus* was found in Galicia. . . The *Mons Sacer* of Justin is supposed to be the *Puerto del Rabanal*, near Ponferrada, and upon this river Sil. It

was forbidden to violate this mountain by digging in it; .. but if a thunder-bolt struck it, and exposed any of the gold which it contained, that might be collected as a gift of the Gods.

There are lakes also in this country. The *Lago de Carracedo*, which belongs to a famous Monastery of that name, is a league in circumference, and of exceeding depth. Many streams fall into it, but it has no outlet, till in the rainy season, when it discharges its waters into the Sil, the Receiver General of all in the district. But probably the finest scenery is to be found upon the Tera, which flows into the district of Sanabria, on the borders of the Bierzo. This river rises near the Portillo de Puertas, upon the mountains which divide Sanabria and the kingdom of Leon from Galicia. Its course is to the South. Two leagues from its source it waters the Vega de Tera, a rich track of pasture upon the mountain, where the merino sheep are

driven; and from thence it falls precipitately into a delightful vale, called *la Cueba*, the Cave. This vale, says Florez, is a little garden, .. a little Paradise, .. walled round on all sides with lofty precipices; the river winds slowly through, and then makes a second fall, and forms the Lake of Sanabria, which is a league in length, about half as wide, and of unfathomable depth, .. that is, of depth which has not yet been fathomed. The Conde de Benavente had a fine house upon a rock in the midst of it, which probably may still exist. The storms to which this Lake is exposed are sometimes dangerous. It belongs to the neighbouring Monastery of S. Martin de Castañeda, which has two other lakes in its domain.

The traveller who has leisure and curiosity will do well to halt at Villafranca and at Ponferrada, and from thence explore this interesting country. This account of it is collected from Morales, Yépes, and Florez.

LETTER VII.

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*Situation of Gil Blas' Cavern. Astorga.  
Bañera. Puente de Bisana. Bene-  
vente. Castle of the Duke of Ossuna.*

Saturday, Dec. 26.

WE have passed over a bleak and desolate track of barrenness this morning, near the Cavern of Gil Blas. Never was there a more convenient place to be murdered in, and eleven monumental crosses, which I counted within three leagues, justified my opinion of its physiognomy. Here they were evidently erected, where travellers had been murdered by banditti ; but it is probable that most of these monuments are for people who have fallen in private quarrels. I infer this from

observing them more frequent in villages than lonely places, and from the furious passions of the Southern Europeans. The dispute that would provoke a blow from an Englishman would instigate an Italian or a Spaniard to murder.

This is the county of the Maragatos\*. A ridge of mountains in Asturias lay to our left, a dreary ridge spotted with snow. When we began to descend we saw the walls and cathedral towers of Astorga in the plain below, and the plains of Castille spreading beyond, like the ocean seen from an eminence.

We stopped two hours at Astorga, †

\* Florez has given a print of a Maragata in his map of the Diocese of Astorga. Their customs, he says, and the other peculiarities of this whole district, would furnish matter for an interesting book.

† Poetry has assigned to this city for its founder, the Armour-bearer of Memnon.

*Venit et Auroræ lacrimis perfusus in orbem  
Diversum, patrias fugit cum devius oras,  
Armiger Eoi non felix Memnonis Astur.*

once the capital of Asturias ; but Oviedo holds that rank at present, and this is now a city of Leon. Here I expected to live

The root of the word Astura, the river, from which Asturia the province, Asturica the city, and the Astures the native tribe, derived their names, must be traced to some other source, for there was a town in Italy called Astura, or Astyra, and another in the East. Asturica has been derived from the Keltic, . . *stocr* or *stour*, a river (a name as common with us as *Aron*), and *ye*, a dwelling place. This would make it our Stourton. But Astorga is not upon a river. A brook called Jerga runs about musket-shot to the West, and the little river Tuerto a mile to the East. Astura is probably the same word as Stour ; the Romans have seldom disguised a name so little by euphonizing it : but the Astura is far from Asturica. Florez traces it satisfactorily the Ezla, . . *Astura, Estoli, Estola, Ezla* ; . . the province was named from the river, the people from the province, the capital from the people. Pliny calls it a magnificent city. It had probably been beautified by Augustus when he ennobled it with the title *Augusta*, a title which proves that Asturica submitted passively to the yoke when the mountaineers were vindicating their liberty in arms.

*Esp. Sagrada, T. 16, C. 1, 2.*

**The fair at Astorga is held Aug. 24.**

well. Gil Blas had fared luxuriously at Astorga; we heard of a cook's shop: Manuel was appointed commissioner to examine the state of provisions, and his report was, that we might have half a turkey and a leg of mutton just dressed, for a dollar. If the Queen's birth-day may be put off six months, why might not we keep Christmas-day on the twenty-sixth of December, and dine orthodoxly on Turkey? When these dainties arrived, . . . for the poor bird, Vitellius would have

“Made the wicked master cook  
“In boiling oil to stand ;”

and for the mutton, I vehemently suspect it to have been the leg of some little ugly, bandy-legged, tough-sinewed turnspit.

The streets of Astorga are paved in ridges; the castle and the cathedral\* are

\* Morales enumerates among the Relicks here one

well worthy the traveller's observation, the one for its antiquity, the other for its beauty. Over the castle gateway are the figures of a warrior and lion fighting, and escutcheons, supported each by a man and woman in the dress of the times : these should be preserved by the hand of the engraver before they share the same fate as the rest of the building.

The sight of a ruined castle in England, though calling up some melancholy reflections, still reminds us of the improvements of society. God be thanked that the pride of chivalry is extinguished for ever! it is sad to behold

The desart ivy clasp the joyless hearth ;

of St. Christopher's grinders, with a bit of the jaw, weighing twelve pounds. *Cosa monstruosa*, he very naturally calls it, but expresses no suspicion of its authenticity. St Christopher's jaws were not more capacious than poor Ambrosio's swallow : yet was he so truly learned a man, that I must not mention him, even in a jest, without respect and gratitude.

but it is pleasant to remember that the Feudal Tyranny is mellowed down, and that though England incurs all the guilt of war, she feels very few of its horrors. In Spain society is not improved ; the halls of Hospitality are desolate, but the haunts of Superstition are multiplying. They are building a new convent by the ruins of the Castle of Astorga. I saw families actually living in holes dug in the Castle wall.

There is a curious Roman piece of bas-relievo in the Cloisters lately dug up. Our posada has glass windows, the first that we have seen, and we procured an excellent wine called Peralta, in flavor not unlike mountain, but superior. This is the only place where we have been able to obtain any thing better than the common country wine since we left Coruña, except at Lugo, where we found some Malaga.

A saint of this diocese, by name S. Gil de Casayo, had a chapel erected to him

in this neighbourhood about the year 1600, in a curious manner. One Juan Sastre (whose name in English would be John Taylor) of Galende in the district of Sanabria, was totally deaf: he went in pilgrimage to the shrine of S. Gil, who was famous for curing deafness, and returned perfectly restored. After awhile he heard himself called by a voice at the door one night when he was in bed, and upon going out there he beheld a young man in the Benedictine habit, who said to him, Juan, I am Gil de Casayo, and I come to let thee know it is God's will that in acknowledgment for the mercy which he has shown thee through me, thou shouldst build me a chapel by the bridge in the *Prados del Molino*, .. the Meadows of the Mill. Juan was not rich enough to obey this command, and did not expect to be believed if he related what had happened; he therefore let the matter pass, till he received a second visit at the same hour, when Gil severely re-

proached him for his ingratitude, and giving no ear to his excuses, took him by the hand, led him to the place which he had chosen, said to him, Here the chapel is to be, . . and then disappeared. Terrified at this, and not chusing to risk the consequence of a third visitation, away went Juan to his Priest, told him the whole, and was by him exhorted to set about the work with all his heart and soul. The first thing was to bespeak an image of the Saint, and when this was made it was placed in a church adjoining his house, while the New Chapel was building, which went on slowly for want of means. Here Juan often visited it with due devotion, till one night the neighbours heard a great uproar there; in they went and the Priest with them, and there they found Juan, looking as if he was wild, sweating profusely, and struggling with the Image. The saint he said had spoken to him, and desired to be carried to the New Chapel; he re-

monstrated, saying that the work was but just begun as it were, and not fit to receive him: but this was of no avail, for the image stept down from the altar, and was setting off to walk there. Upon this he tried to stop him, and they were contending, he said, when the neighbours came in. The Priest, who is far more likely to have been this fellow's accomplice than his dupe, immediately marshalled the people in procession; they carried the image with all possible solemnity to the unfinished chapel, for nobody could think of suffering him to walk, though he had offered it, . . . and the report of this miracle soon procured alms enough to complete the building.

The Catholics have a large class of such miracles as this, equally true in point of fact, and equally palpable. Yet even so truly able and truly learned a man as Florez in our own days, relates this story with implicit faith, and calls the cunning swindler who invented it,

*el bueno de Juan Sastre*, honest Juan Sastre !

The view of Astorga, as we left it, was singular. It has no suburbs, the walls though somewhat ruinous, still surround it, and just without the gate is the *Alameda*, or grove of poplar trees, usually planted as a public walk near the towns in this country.

We proceeded four leagues over a plain to Baneza, and for the first time saw the storks broad nest upon the churches. Here is the best house we have yet found. They have got us a rabbit, and five partridges. On entering this town, as likewise at Astorga, a man came to examine our baggage ; a mode of taking a pesetta without the disgrace of begging, or the danger of robbing.

Sunday, December 27.

Baneza is an old and ugly town with piazzas under its houses. The *Alameda*

is the finest I have yet seen. A cross was suspended from the front of the posada there, like an English sign, and near it a sun in the same manner, underwritten, The house of the sun. They brought us a bill here, and it was very extravagant. Six reales for the rabbits and onions, twenty four for the partridges, two for dressing them, two for the candles, eggs six, bread three, wine ten, beds six, and eight for the use of the house. In Spain however no traveller can be imposed upon, if he chuses to prevent it, by calling for a board with the just price of every article, which, by order of the Government, is kept in every posada. Honey is very dear; I paid a dollar for four pounds in a glass jar, but it is incomparably finer than any I ever tasted before. Our road was very bad; it lay over a fertile and populous plain for three leagues, till we reached the Puente de Bisana. On either side of us lay towns thickly scattered, all of which had once

been fortified. Lapwings, storks, and wild ducks, are in abundance here : he who travels with a gun in this part of the country, never need want provisions. At the bridge of Bisana is a posada miserably furnished with two beds and one solitary chair ! Here I saw a man whose breeches were of white sheep-skin, and his gaiters of black with the wool outwards. From hence to Benevente are three leagues and a half of good road. To the right of the Puente de Bisana, we saw a range of caverns dug out of a hill ; I fancied them to be the dens of the persecuted natives, Suevi or Goths, and my imagination peopled them with banditti : on enquiry we learnt they were wine vaults. The cellars near Benevente are hollowed in the earth, and the earth from the cavity forms a mound above them, in which the entrance appears like the chimney of a subterraneous dwelling. We passed through a village completely in ruins ; the houses and churches

were of mud, the walls only remained, and there was not a single inhabitant.

We arrived at Benevente too late to see the inside of the castle. M. however, had formerly visited it, and I copy his account. "We entered by a gradual ascent which led to a cloister or colonnade of four sides, that looked down into a court where once had been a fountain. We were hence conducted through a Moorish gateway of three semicircular arches, to a large room decorated with bearings, &c. This opened into a gallery of about fifty paces long and twelve wide, ornamented in the most elegant Moorish taste. The front is supported by jasper pillars; the pavement consists of tiles coloured and painted with the escalop or scollop-shell of St. Iago. In the recesses of the wall are Arabic decorations and inscriptions. From hence is an extensive prospect over the fertile vallies of Leon, watered by the Marez and the Ezla. From the wall of the stair-case an arm in

armour supports a lamp. The roof of the chapel represents Stalactydes: In the armory are old musquets, where the trigger brought the match round to the pan.” The castle belongs to the Duke of Os-suna. Benevente must be a place of considerable trade, for when M. was last here he counted above fifty carts in the market place, chiefly laden with grain.

In the corner of this room are placed two trestles; four planks are laid across these, and support a straw-stuffed mat-tress of immense thickness: over this is another as disproportionately thin, and this is my bed. The seat of my chair is as high as the table I write upon. A lamp hangs upon the door. Above us are bare timbers; for as yet I have seen no ceilings in Spain. The flooring is tiled. Such are the comfortable accommoda-tions we meet with after travelling from the rising to the setting sun. We have, however, a brazier here, the first I have seen since our departure from Coruña.

Of the people, extreme filth and deplorable ignorance are the most prominent characteristics; yet there is a civility in the peasantry which Englishmen do not possess; and I feel a pleasure when the passenger accosts me with the usual benediction, "God be with you."

There is a mud wall round the town. Here I first saw people dancing in the streets with castanets. Our landlady told us there was an English merchant in the house, his name Don Francisco; and this proved to be a German pedlar, with a ring on every finger. Some of the churches here are fine specimens of early Saxon architecture. In the church wall are two crosses, composed of human sculls, with thigh bones for the pedestal, fixed on a black ground.

The river Ezla, where we passed it, a little below Benevente, is a clear, deep, tranquil stream. I drank of its water, and found it excellent. It is the scene of one of the prettiest poems in the lan-

guage, by George of Montemayor. After a year's absence a shepherd returns to his mistress, on the banks of the Ezla, and finds her married. In this state he lays him down on the shore, and addresses these lines to a lock of her hair.

CABELLOS, quanta mudanza  
 He visto despues que os vi,  
 Y quam mal parescey ay  
 Essa color de esperanza.  
 Bien pensava yo cabellos,  
 (Aunque con algun temor)  
 Que no fuera otro pastor  
 Digno de ver se cabe ellos.

Ay cabellos, quantos dias  
 La mi Diana mirava,  
 Si os trayo, o si os dexava,  
 Y otras cien mil minerias;  
 Y quantas veces llorando  
 (Ay lagrimas engañosas)  
 Pedia celos de cosas  
 De que yo estava burlando.

Los ojos que me matavan,  
 Dezi dorados cabellos,

Que culpa tuve en creellos,  
 Pues ellos me aseguravan ?  
**N**o vi-tes vos que algun dia,  
 Mil lagrimas derramava,  
 Hasta que yo le jurava,  
 Que sus palabras creya ?

**Q**uien vio tanta hermosura  
 En tan mudable subjecto ?  
 Y en amador tan perfecto,  
**Q**uien vio tanta desventura ?  
**O**cabellos no os correys,  
 Por venir de ado venistes,  
 Viendo me como me vistes  
 En ver me como me veys.

Sobre el arena sentada  
 De aquel rio la vi yo  
 Do con el dedo escrivio,  
**A**ntes muerta que mudada.  
 Mira el Amor lo que ordena,  
 Que os viene hazer creer,  
 Cosas dichas por muger  
 Y escriptas en el arena.

\* AH me ! thou Relic of that faithless fair !  
 Sad changes have I suffered since that day

---

\* The first stanza of the original, alludes to a Spanish peculiarity. The hair of Diana was kept in green silk.

When, in this valley, from her long loose hair  
I bore thee, Relic of my Love ! away.

---

Sad changes have I suffered since that day,  
When here reclining on this grassy slope,  
I bore thee, Relic of my Love ! away,  
And faded are thy tints, green hue of Hope !

The love-language of colours is given at large in the following extract from the " Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada "

" Mudava trajes y vestidos conforme la passion que sentia. Unas veces vestia negro solo, otras veces negro y pardo, otras de morado y blanco por mostrar su fe; lo pardo y negro por mostrar su trabajo. Otras veces vestia azul mostrando divisa de rabiosos celos, otras de verde por significar su esperanza ; otras veces de amarillo por mostrar desconfianza, y el dia que hablava con su Zayda se ponia de encarnado y blanco, señal de alegría y contento."

" Zayde altered his dress according to the emotions he felt. Sometimes he wore black alone, sometimes black and grey. At other times he was in purple and white, to shew his constancy ; or black and grey, to express his grief ; sometimes in blue, denoting that he was tormented by jealousy ; sometimes in green, to signify hope ; sometimes he was in yellow, to show doubt ; and on the day on which he spoke to Zayda, he clad himself in red and white, to express his joy and satisfaction."

The annexed poem, by Augustin de Salazar y Torres, is upon the same subject.

Well did I then believe DIANA's truth,  
 For soon true Love each jealous care represses ;  
 And fondly thought that never other youth  
 Should wanton with the Maiden's unbound tresses.

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side,  
 My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,  
 She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,  
 With all the baby playfulness of love.

Here the false Maid, with many an artful tear,  
 Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,  
 And vow'd and wept, till Hope had ceas'd to fear,  
 Ah me ! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest falsest fair  
 Has sigh'd and wept on Ezla's shelter'd shore,  
 And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear,  
 My heart no jealousy should harbour more.  
 Ah ! tell me ! could I but believe those eyes ?  
 Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,  
 When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs  
 I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.

So false and yet so fair ! so fair a mien  
 Veiling so false a mind who ever knew ?  
 So true and yet so wretched ! who has seen  
 A man like me, so wretched and so true ?  
 Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen  
 How kind she was, how lov'd by her you knew me.  
 Fly, fly vain witness what I once have been,  
 Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me !

One evening on the river's pleasant strand,  
 The Maid too well beloved sat with me,  
 And with her finger traced upon the sand,  
 " Death for DIANA . . not Inconstancy!"  
 And LOVE beheld us from his secret stand,  
 And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me,  
 To see me trust a writing traced in sand,  
 To see me credit what a woman told me!

---

*Escrire à una Dama le significacion de los colores.*

#### SEGUDILLAS.

Soberana hermosura,  
 cuyos luzeros  
 solo han sido imitados  
 de vuestro espejo.

Cierto Coro de Ninfas,  
 que son los Astros,  
 que por la quenta viven;  
 de vuestros rayos;

Porque segun se sabe  
 de las Esferas,  
 el Sol parte sus luces  
 con las Estrellas.

Un coro, en fin, de Gracias,  
pues oy es cierto  
conocer, que las Gracias  
sirven à Venus.

Oy mudando de estilo,  
contra Palacio,  
se dexan los chapines,  
por los zapatos.

Con colores distintos  
su Amor componen,  
que oy Amor, aunque ciego,  
juzga colores.

Es el azul y blanco  
fee con firmeza;  
que no tienen los zelos  
color tan bella.

Dominio significa  
color pagizo,  
y aun amor, porque en todo  
tiene dominio.

Es el color de fuego  
llama, y firmeza,  
que es incendio en la fragua  
de cierta Herrera.

Siguese el verde al fuego,  
que es pena alegre,  
para que entre lo roxo  
busquen lo verde.

Es encarnado y blanco  
triunfo en lo bello,  
y en vos el que era triunfo  
sera trofeo.

El verdegal señala  
dolor amando,  
con que no ay mas remedio,  
que hazerle lazos.

Es rendimiento firme  
la cinta blanca;  
mucho es. que una colonia  
retrate una alma.

Poder, amor, y honra  
es el dorada,  
y todo en vuestros rizos  
puede alcancarlo.

Mas aunque todos digan  
dichas y premios,  
al color que vos agrada  
solo me atengo,

## THE LOVE-LANGUAGE OF COLOURS.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms  
All other charms surpass,  
Whose lustre nought can imitate,  
Except your looking-glass;

A choir of Nymphs, the Planets they  
Who live but by your light,  
For well we know the Sun imparts  
The borrow'd rays of night;

A choir of Graces they, for sure  
That title they obtain,  
If they are Graces who attend  
In Cytherea's train ;

These Nymphs by various colours now  
Their various feelings tell,  
For Cupid, tho' the boy be blind,  
Can judge of colours well.

For faith and constancy they blend  
With white the azure blue,  
To show the tyranny of power  
Alone the straw's pale hue.

A constant and an ardent love  
 In fiery tints is seen,  
 And hope that makes affection sweet,  
 Displays itself in green.

The mingled red and white display  
 A love triumphant there,  
 The copper's cankerous verdure speaks  
 Love, envy, and despair.

A faithful and devoted heart,  
 The girdle's circling white,  
 And thus a simple ribband speaks  
 A woman's heart aright.

The hue of burnish'd gold so bright,  
 That emulates the flame,  
 The gay and gorgeous emblem shines,  
 Of power, and love and fame.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms  
 To all superiour shine,  
 Whatever colour pleases you,  
 That colour shall be mine

LETTER VIII.

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*Road to Tordesillas. Juan de Padilla.  
Medina del Campo. Arébalo. Funda  
San Rafael. Guadarama. Approach  
to Madrid.*

TORDESILLAS, Tuesday, Dec. 29.

As we were about to depart from Benevente, we found the Mayoral and his man Julian furiously enraged; the landlord entreating, and Manuel with his baggage in his hand supplicating the angry Muleteers. It was some time before we could ascertain the cause of the disturbance; at last we learnt that the Mayoral and his man had ordered a black pudding for their breakfast, and that while they were elsewhere employed, Manuel had

eaten it. Manuel confessed the eating, proffered the price of the pudding, and pleaded that he had done it for a joke. Nothing, however, could pacify the Maleteers; the joke was too practical; they threw his bundle into the street, and swore he should not ride a step farther. We now began to feel interested in the business, for Mambrino was our right hand, and a Professor of Languages would have been less useful to me. We interceded, but the offended Spaniards were implacable; we insisted that he should proceed, and they peremptorily refused to carry him or his bundle; we argued that we had hired the coach, and might load it how we pleased; they replied that the coach was let to carry us and our baggage only. What could be done? We went to the Corregidor; he was in bed, and we were told he would not rise till ten o'clock. We had no time for delay: it was already seven, and we resolved upon slower

measures. Hitherto we had given the Muleteers their provisions, now they should purchase their own, or forgive Manuel. Poor Manuel trudged by the coach, bearing the burthen of his offence on his shoulders, in the shape of a bundle, which contained his clothes, his barber's stock in trade, and a book of surgery, all his worldly goods. The day was very hot, bitterly did he repent of the black pudding, and sorely complain of the fatigue of his march. However, after dinner we had the satisfaction to see his bundle behind the coach; by the evening, though he was still condemned to walk, their anger had relaxed enough to converse with him, and this morning, Manuel was re-seated behind the coach.

The course of the Ezla, on this side of Benevente, has altered much since the bridge was built. It now stands sideways to the current; the stream is strong, and the bridge in ruins. After an execrable stage of five leagues, we reached

Vallalpando to dinner, whose mud walls magnified through a mist, appeared to us like the yet respectable remains of a large fortification. Here we bought two turkies for a dollar. It is a poor and miserable town, and the hostess of our posada was a complete personification of Famine. They build here with very thin bricks, and make the layer of mortar of the same width: there is a new church here built of mud. To Villar de Frades are four leagues farther, by as good a road as may be expected, when it lies over ploughed fields and swamps. Our room is gaily ornamented with German prints of all the Virtues, and the four quarters of the globe. Here is likewise a wax figure of St. Christopher in a glass case. Man is naturally delighted with the wonderful. A story of a giant, or a ghost, delights our infancy; and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, are among the first books that engage the attention of

our opening reason. Perhaps this disposition in the Spaniards may be discovered in their most popular legends. That of St. Christopher is of the old romantic kind. St. Iago and St. Michael are their favourite saints, because the one fought on horseback against the Moors, and the other defeated the Old Dragon in a single combat. Perhaps their singular attachment to the doctrine of the Virgin Mary's purity may be traced to the same source.

We left Villar de Frades at day-break, and have been till six in the evening travelling only five leagues. At Vega del Toro we passed a palace of the Duke of Lirias. We dined at Vega de Valedetroncos, a handsome building, with better plantations round it than I had yet seen. Here the kitchen exhibited to us the novelty of a good chimney. The floor of our room was rubbed over, or rather brown-washed, with clay. There was a print of the Virgin Mary in a tree,

with the Sun upon her head, and the Moon under her feet. A printed paper was hung up, stating that this thesis had been defended at Salamanca, and approved of by that University, in 1794.—“No sins are so atrocious that the church cannot forgive them!”

Here we ventured upon a sausage, and a precious mixture it was of garlic and annisced; literally nothing else; and this fried in their rancid oil! The road here is so bad, that when we set out many persons came out of the town to give us their assistance, expecting that some accident must happen. We met large parties of men and women carrying stools and iron bars, as if a whole village was emigrating with all its goods and chattels. There had been a fair at Tordesillas, and they were returning from it. A few of these people insulted us as they passed; . . the first instance of incivility we have met with. We are now at Tordesillas, where we have found a good

posada, good rooms, good wine, a brazier, and civility. Before it reaches this place, the road is paved, but this suddenly ends, and the carriage goes down a step, somewhat more than a foot deep.

It was here that Joanna, when her dotage had ripened into madness, for so many years watched by the corpse of her husband. It was here too Padilla triumphed, and we have perhaps this day trod over the ground where this Martyr of Freedom suffered. With Padilla expired the liberties of Spain : her despotism, terrible and destructive under Charles and Philip, is now become as despicable abroad for its imbecillity, as it is detestable for its pernicious effects at home. We may hope that in a more enlightened age some new Padilla may arise with better fortune and with more enlarged views ; then, and not till then, will Spain assume her ancient rank in Europe, and perhaps some inscription-

like the following may mark the spot where JUAN DE PADILLA died the death of a traitor :

Traveller ! if thou dost bow the supple knee  
 Before Oppression's footstool, hie thee hence !  
 This ground is holy : here PADILLA died,  
 MARTYR of FREEDOM. But if thou shouldst love  
 Her glorious cause, stand here, and thank thy God  
 That thou dost view the pestilent pomp of power  
 With indignation, that thine honest heart,  
 Feeling a brother's pity for mankind,  
 Rebels against oppression. Not unheard  
 Nor unavailing shall the prayer of praise  
 Ascend ; for loftiest feelings in thy soul  
 Shall rise of thine own nature, such as prompt  
 To deeds of virtue. Relics silver shrined  
 And chaunted mass, will wake within thy breast,  
 Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

We crossed the Duero at Tordesillas by a noble bridge. One of the Latin-historians says, that the water of this river made the Roman soldiers, who drank of it, melancholy ; and if they drank nothing else, we may believe him. I lost my hat at this place ; 'twas little matter :

it had been injured on the voyage, and sent to be pulchrified by a hatter at Coruña, who sent it home without binding, or lining, or dressing, having washed it, thickened it, altered its shape, and made it good for nothing, all which he did for one pesetta. We proceeded four leagues to Medina del Campo, passing through the halfway town of Ruada. In the streets there are several bridges over the mire for foot passengers, formed of large stones, about eighteen inches high, and two feet asunder, which are left unconnected that carriages may pass. Here we bought some oranges, the first that we have yet seen. This is a great wine country, at present dreary and without verdure ; the vineyards give a better appearance to it in other seasons, but a dry gooseberry-bush is a fine piece of timber compared to the vine in winter. The dress of the men is almost universally brown ; the female peasantry love gaudier colours, blue and green are common

among them, but they dress more generally in red and yellow. I saw an infant at Astorga, whose cap was shaped like a grenadier's, and made of blue and red plush.

Medina del Campo is in every respect better supplied than any town we have yet entered. There are no less than eighteen convents here! The posada is a very good one: there is a board hung out with this inscription:

Posada nu  
ebo porcav  
alleros.

which is, being spelled into Spanish, Posada nuevo por Cavalleros, so ingeniously do they confound words and letters. Every Spanish inscription and shopboard is an enigma: the letters b and v are continually used instead of each other: there is often no distinction of words, and the skill of the carver and painter is exerted in expressing as many letters by as-

few lines as possible; thus the three letters D E L are written by an E, with the semicircular half of the D applied to its perpendicular line; the letter M expresses MU, because two of its lines form a V; and if to its last perpendicular you add the half of an R, the cypher then denotes the first syllable of MURCIA.

This town \* is free from all imposts,

\* Colmenar says, "this town should be celebrated among Philosophers, because it was here that a Spanish physician, called Gomesius Pereira dared, in the middle of the sixteenth century, to publish a book, on which he had employed the labour of thirty years, and in which he proved that beasts are nothing but machines."

Of this early Materialist Moreti gives the following account: . . "George Gomez Pereira, a Spanish physician, who lived in the sixteenth century, was born at Medina del Campo; he was the first author who durst assert that beasts are only machines, and do not act from reflection." *N'ont point de sentiment.* . . This doctrine he advanced in 1554, in a book which had cost him the labour of thirty years, and which he entitled Antoniana Margarita, to do honour to the names of his father and mother. He was soon sharply attacked by Miguel de Palacio, a theologian of Salamanica, whom he

and the inhabitants have a right of nominating to all offices civil and ecclesiastic.

as sharply answered ; but he formed no sect, and his opinion soon died away. It is pretended that Descartes adopted this opinion from the Spanish physician ; others deny the charge, and say that that philosopher, who read little, had never heard Pereira or his work mentioned : he likewise attacked the original matter of Aristotle, and the opinion of Galen concerning the nature of fevers, in his Antoniana Margarita. In 1558 he published another work in folio, entitled, *Nova veraque medicina Christiana ratione comprobata*.

Bayle says that Arriaga, one of the most subtle scholastics in the seventh century, attacked Pereira. For, he argued, as his doctrine denied the Original Matter of Aristotle, it would not permit him to reverence the ashes and reliques of Saints ; for, after their death, none of the matter that belonged to them would remain.

The Antoniana Margarita was twice printed in folio. At Medina del Campo, 1554, and at Franckfort, 1610. It was a very rare book in Bayle's time ; but has since been re-published. I possess a copy of the original edition : it has a peculiar mark for denoting quotations, which I do not recollect to have seen elsewhere.

Buffon has, with incomparable absurdity, attempted to account for the œconomy of bees, upon Pereira's principles. *Je me convainquis, que si quelquefois les savans ont*

tic, neither the King or the Pope interfering. The town is, if possible, more offensively filthy than any we have yet seen. The mire in the streets is green with age. They build here with unburnt bricks. A fair is held here, Feb. 16.

We are now three leagues from Medina del Campo, at Artequines, a little village with a good posada, three days journey from Madrid.

Thursday, Dec. 31.

On the road this morning I saw a horse's tail tied up with red ribbands; the tails of the mules and asses are often whimsically decorated. I have seen them generally sheared close the greater part of their length, with a tuft left at the end, and the hair on their rumps cut into stars,

*moins de préjugés que les autres hommes, ils tiennent, en revanche, encore plus fortement à ceux qu'ils ont.—*

J. J. Rousseau

flowers, or whatever shape best pleased<sup>d</sup> the owner. I have heard of one lady who dyed her lap-dog pink, but know not whether pink dogs were the fashion, or if it was only her own peculiar taste. We passed through Arebalo, a pleasantly situated town, where there are royal-granaries, and proceeded to Espinosa, where we dined at one of the worst houses on the road. Here the Host abused his wife for only asking three and a half reales each for pigeons !

To acquire a barren knowledge and gratify a vain curiosity, should neither be the object of travellers, or of those who read their accounts ; we should observe foreign customs that we may improve our own \* ; so says Father Lafitau : and if my acquirements are to be the

\* Ce n'est pas en effet une vaine curiosité et une connoissance sterile que doivent se proposer les Voyageurs qui donnent des relations au Public, & ceux qui aiment à lire. On ne doit étudier les mœurs que pour former les mœurs." *P. Lafitau sur Mœurs Sauvages.*

comment on this serious text, I must frankly own that the only possible practical knowledge I have yet learnt, is to confirm P.'s theory of the *eatability* of cats, by the custom of this country. In the kitchen at Espinosa, M. remarked to me in Spanish that the cat was a very large one, and Mambrino immediately inquired if we eat cats in England. As you may suppose, an exclamation of surprise was the answer: ... Why, said Mambrino, the night you were at Villafranca we had one for supper that weighed seven pounds.

We entered upon the new road before we reached the village of Labajos. Here we have received the pleasant intelligence that the royal family are going to Seville, and that the Portuguese Court are to meet them on the frontiers.

You will wonder what difference their movements can possibly make to us; for in England, if his Majesty passes you on the road, you say, "There goes the

Kiug," and there's an end of it; but here, when the Court think proper to move, all carriages, carts, mules, horses, and asses, are immediately *embargoed*. Thank God, in an Englishman's Dictionary you can find no explanation of that word.

Know then, that during this *embargo*, all conveyances may be seized for the King's use at a fixed price, which price is below the common charge; and if any of the King's Court, or the King's cooks, or the King's scullions, want a carriage, and were to find us upon the road, they might take ours, and leave us with our baggage in the high way; at a time when we could procure no vehicle, no beast, no house room, and even no food; for the multitudes that follow the King fill all the houses, and devour all the provisions.

Friday, Jan. 1, 1796.

After travelling four leagues in a fog,

we once more behold the Sun! The mists could not have hidden from us a more uninteresting country than the plains of Castille that we have past; the prospect is now comparatively beautiful; evergreen oaks thickly scattered over the rising ground, bounded by the Guadarama mountains. We proceeded through the little town of Villa Castin, five leagues to the Funda San Rafael, a royal hotel: I do not disgrace the word by applying it to this house; it is situated where the road from Madrid divides, on the right to San Ildefonso, Segovia, and Valladolid, on the left to Coruña. As this house is so near the Escorial, and on the road to San Ildefonso, it is of course frequented by the first people, and I do not imagine that they can find their own palaces more comfortable. We even saw an English grate in one of the rooms. Here we had an excellent bottle of Peralta, of which wine I shall always think it my duty to make honourable

mention. The bottle cost twelve reales ; we called for another, but were told that there was only one more bottle in the house, which the landlord chose to keep for his own drinking, because it was very good.

The hills were now well wooded with pines, and we beheld the clouds sweeping below us. On the summit is a monument : I got upon the pedestal to read the inscription, which was somewhat defaced, when two men on mules came up, the one of whom pulled me down, and turning round his mule attempted to seize me. I was talking to them in my Spanish, and making my meaning more intelligible by the posture of my walking stick, when the carriage appeared at the winding of the road, my uncle and M. came up, and the fellows immediately rode off. All I could understand from them was, that the one called himself an Overseer of the Roads, and wanted to know what I got upon the pedestal for ;

but had this been true, he would not have attempted to seize me, nor would they have departed when my companions approached.

We now peaceably made out the inscription.

FERDINANDVS VI. PATER PATRIÆ  
SVPERATIS MONTIBVS  
VIAM VTRIQVE CASTELLÆ FECIT  
ANNO SAL: 1749.  
REGNI SVI. IV.

The clouds which were passing over us hid the metropolis, which would otherwise have been visible at the distance of eight leagues. As we descended we saw two caravans, who had pitched their waggons for the night on the side of the mountain, and were like Scythians seated round their fire. From the Funda San Rafael to the village of Guadarama, is two leagues. Here we sent Mambrino to look for provisions, and he informed us that as it was a fast day he could not

buy rabbits openly ; but he would bring them home under his cloak ! they are very dear, ten reales the couple.

Saturday.

The landlord at Guadarama attempted to impose upon us, and charge five reales for each bed ; but on my Uncle's insisting that he should put his name to the bill, he took the usual price. We departed very early. The country is well wooded with the prickly oak, and stoney like Galicia, though the stones are in general smaller and less grotesquely piled. The Escorial was on the right; we met several carriages of the ugliest shapes going there, and among them many sulkies drawn by three mules abreast. As we advanced the country grew less beautiful ; the Guadarama lost its inequalities in distance, and we saw the towers of Madrid. The posadas on the road were occupied, so we turned a little out of it, and dined at Aribaca :

here they took us for Frenchmen from our trowsers ; said they were common in Madrid, and added, that the French made the whole world conform to them.

At Aribaca I saw the laws to which all innkeepers are subject. By one they are obliged to give a daily account to some magistrate of what persons have been in their posada, their names, their conduct, and their conversation. By another, if any man of suspicious appearance walks by the posada, they must inform a magistrate of it, on pain of being made answerable for any mischief he may do ! Some of the women were sitting on the ground and knitting ; others roving with nimble fingers in the heads of the men, and

Working many a Louse's doom,  
Kreepers woe, and Krawlers bane.

Yet we have seen no people so neat in their appearance.

Here is a print of the crucifixion, as

vilely executed as the common alehouse ornaments in England.

We were now only five miles from the great city. The approach to Madrid is very beautiful. The number of towers, the bridge of Segovia, and the palace, give it an appearance of grandeur, which there are no suburbs to destroy, and a fine poplar-planted walk by the river, adds an agreeable variety to the scene. A few scattered and miserable hovels, about a mile or mile and half from the walls, lie immediately in view of the palace, so wretched that some of them are only covered with old blankets and old mats. His Majesty might have more pleasant objects in view, but I know of none that can convey to him such useful meditations.

The most singular and novel appearance to me was that of innumerable women kneeling side by side to wash in the Manzanares, the banks of which for about two miles were covered with linen.

It seemed as though all the inhabitants of Madrid had, like us, just concluded a long journey, and that there had been a general foul-clothes-bag delivery.

We are at the Cruz de Malta, a perfect Paradise, after travelling seventeen days in Spain. To be sure, four planks laid across two iron trustles, are not quite so elegant as an English four-post bedstead, but they are easily kept clean, and to that consideration every other should be sacrificed. At tea they brought us the milk boiling in a tea-pot.

My Uncle has offered to take Manuel on to Lisbon as a servant ; but Manuel is ambitious of being a barber, and wishes to try his fortune in the shaving line at Madrid. His professional pride was not a little gratified when one of the fraternity took us in at St. Miguel de las Duenas ; and as he left the house he asked me with an air of triumph if we had any such Barbers as that Señor in England !

LETTER IX.

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*Madrid. Miscellaneous observations. Royal Recreations.*

Madrid, Jan 6, 1796.

ON Monday we were at the Spanish Comedy. There is a stationary table fixed where the door is on the English stage, and (what is a stranger peculiarity) no money is paid going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operational farce, a piece of low and gross buffoonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"representing a variety of actions, we recommend virtue to the people;" it is a large and inelegant

theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted, that to see the company was impossible. One of the actresses, whose hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have seldom seen any head-dress so becoming. The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight.

I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy. During the absence of a physician, his servants prescribe. A patient has been eating too much *hare*; and they order him to take *greyhound broth*.

Concerning the city and its buildings the manners of the people, their Tertulias, and their Cortejo system, you will find enough in twenty different authors. What pleases me most is to see the city entirely without suburbs; it is surrounded by a wall, and the moment you get with-

ont the gates, the prospect before presents nothing that can possibly remind you of the vicinity of a metropolis. The walking is very unpleasant, as the streets have no flag stones: the general fault of the streets is their narrowness. In one of them it was with difficulty I kept myself so near the wall as to escape being crushed by a carriage; a friend of M. had a button on his breast torn off by a carriage in the same place: accidents must have been frequent here, for it is called, The Narrow Street of Dangers. *La Calle angusta de los perigos.*

This very unpleasant defect is observable in all the towns we have passed through. It is easily accounted for. All these towns were originally fortified, and houses were crowded together for security within the walls. As the houses are generally high, this likewise keeps them cool, by excluding the sun; and a

Spaniard will not think this convenience overbalanced by the want of a free circulation of air. The senses of a foreigner are immediately offended by dirt and darkness; but the Spaniard does not dislike the one, and he connects the idea of coolness with the other. From the charge of dirt, however, Madrid must now be acquitted, and the grand street, the Calle de Alcala, is one of the finest in Europe. The Prado (the public walk) crosses it at the bottom, and it is terminated by an avenue of trees, with one of the city gates at the end.

Of Spanish beauty I have heard much, and say little. There is, indeed, a liquid lustre in the full black eye, that most powerfully expresses languid tenderness. But it is in this expression only that very dark eyes are beautiful: you do not distinguish the pupil from the surrounding part, and of course lose all the beauty of its dilatation and contraction. The dress both of men and women is altogether in-

elegant. The old Spanish dress was more convenient and very graceful. They wrap the great cloaks that are now in fashion, in such a manner as to cover the lower half of the face; it was on this account that the law was enacted that interdicts round hats; for as their great hats would hide the other half, every person would walk the streets as in a mask.

We are now in private lodgings, for which we pay twenty-four reales a day. The rooms are painted in the theatrical taste of the country, and would be cheerful if we had but a fire-place. You will hardly believe that, though this place is very cold in winter, the Spanish landlords will not suffer a chimney to be built in their houses! They have a proverb to express the calmness and keenness of the air. . . “The wind will not blow out a candle, but it will kill a man.” I have heard that persons who incantiously exposed themselves to the wind, before they were completely drest, have

been deprived of the use of their limbs. The floors here are all covered with matting, and the matting is prodigiously populous in fleas.

This is an unpleasant town; the necessities of life are extravagantly dear; and the comforts are not to be procured. I hear from one who must be well acquainted with the people, that "there is neither friendship, affection, nor virtue, among them!" A woman of rank, during the absence of her husband, has been living at the hotel with another man! and yet she is received into every company. I ought to add, she is not a Spaniard; but in England adultery meets with the infamy it deserves.

All our early impressions tend to prejudice us in favour of Spain. The first novels that we read fill us with high ideas of the grandeur and the dignity of the national character, and in perusing their actions in the new world, we almost fancy them a different race from the rest of man-

kind, as well from the splendour of their exploits, as from the cruelties that sullied them. A little observation soon destroys this favourable prepossession ; a great and total alteration in their existing establishments must take place before the dignity of the Spanish character can be restored.

In the middle ages the superiority of the Nobles was not merely titular and external. Learning was known only in the cloister ; but in all accomplishments, in all courtesies, and in all feats of arms, from habit and fashion the Aristocracy possessed a real advantage. The pride of ancestry was productive of good \* : want

\* The history of Spain affords one remarkable proof that a long genealogy may be good for something. When the Moorish king was asked why he raised the siege of Xeres (1285) so precipitately, for fear of king Sancho, he replied, I was the first who enthroned the family and race of Barrameda, and honoured it with the royal title and dignity : my enemy derives his descent from more than forty kings, whose memory has great force, and in the combat would cause fear

of opportunity might prevent the heir of an illustrious house from displaying the same heroism that his ancestors had displayed in the cause of their country, but it was disgraceful to degenerate in magnificent hospitality, and in the encouragement of whatever arts existed.

The ancient Nobility of Spain were placed in circumstances peculiarly adapted to form an elevation and haughtiness of character : like the Welsh, they had been driven among their mountains by the invaders ; but their efforts were more fortunate, and they recovered their country. They who have struggled without success in the cause of independance, deserve the applause of Posterity, and,

and dread in me, but to him would supply confidence and strength, if we should come to battle. “ *Yo fui el primero que entronicé y honré la familia y linage de Barrameda con titulo y magestad real; mi enemigo true descendencia de mas de quarenta Reyes, cuya memoria tiene gran fuerza, y en el combate a mi pusiera temor y espanto, à el diera atrevimiento y esfuerzo si llegaramos a las manos.*” Mariana.

to the honour of human nature, Posterity has always bestowed it; but the self applause of the successful is not very remote from arrogance, and this arrogance, uniting with the natural reserve of the Spaniards, produced the characteristic haughtiness of their grandees.

This characteristic exists no longer, and you may form some idea of what the Grandees now are, by a circumstance which happened only this week. A Swiss officer in the English service has been for some time resident at Madrid. It was told him that the Marquis of S\*\*\*, at whose house he was a frequent visitor, had said of him in public that he was a spy of the English ministry, and that no person ought to associate with him. The officer, in company with the friend who had informed him, called upon the Marquis, who received him with his usual civility, and expressed his joy at seeing him. The Swiss charged him with what he had said. He denied it,

and substituted other expressions. . . It is true, said he, I may have said that as you were in the English service, you must of course be in the English interest. "Were those the expressions the Marquis made use of?" said the officer to his informer. The informer repeated what he had heard the Marquis say, and the officer immediately called the Marquis a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward, and beat him. The house was immediately in an uproar; the doors were fastened, and the servants came up with their knives. The Swiss, however, placed his back to the wall, drew his sword, and compelled them to open the doors. The news soon got abroad, and the Marquis has been put under arrest, by order of the Court, to prevent any serious consequences.

We dined the same day at the Ambassador's, in company with the Swiss, and went to the opera afterwards. My uncle, who is well acquainted with the manners

of these countries, observed three men dogging us from the house. They followed us a long way, but left us at last, after looking very earnestly at us. They might have made a disagreeable mistake on the occasion. The officer remained in Madrid three days, and appeared every where in public; he then very prudently decamped.

The king set off on Monday last; his retinue on this journey consists of seven thousand persons! and so vain is his most Catholic Majesty of this parade, that he has actually had a list of his attendants printed on a paper larger than any map or chart you ever saw, and given to all the grandees in favour. We were in hopes of securing a carriage through the Marquis Yrandas's interest. This nobleman during the war was in disgrace, but when pacific principles gained the ascendancy at Court, he was recalled from a kind of banishment at his country seat, and sent to negotiate

the peace, which was afterwards concluded by Yriarte, a brother of the poet, since dead. The intelligence he gives us is very unfavourable to men who are in haste. The Court will not be less than fifteen days on the road with us ; no interest can secure us a carriage ; and if we can get one to set out, it will probably be taken from us on the way, by some of their retinue ; and there is no accommodation at the posadas, for, independant of the common attendants, six hundred people of rank were obliged to lie in the open air the first night ; nor can we go a different road without doubling the distance ; for were we to attempt to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo, and the province of Tras os Montes, if the rains which are daily expected should overtake us, the mountain torrents would be impassable.

His majesty's title to the crown of Corsica has been virtually acknowledged here in a singular manner. A Corsican,

in some trifling quarrel concerning a plate at dinner, stabbed a man on Sunday last, and took shelter in the house of the English Ambassador. These things are common here: I never passed through a village without seeing three or four monumental crosses in it; and as it can hardly be supposed that a banditti would attack in an inhabited place, it is fair to conclude that these monuments are for men who have been stabbed in some private quarrel. Their long knives are very convenient. Detection is easily avoided in this country, and conscience soon quieted by the lullaby of absolution!

The old palace of Buen Retiro is converted into a royal porcelain manufactory; the prices are extravagantly high, but they have arrived to great excellence in the manufacture. The false taste of the people is displayed in all the vases I saw there, which, though made from Roman models, are all terminated by por-

celain flowers! In the gardens of his Majesty, who is a great sportsman, and occasionally shoots, high scaffolds are erected in different parts, for his marksmen to stand upon: here also he amuses himself with a royal recreation, similar to what boys call Bandy in England; he is said to play very well, but as this august personage is ambitious of fame, he is apt to be very angry if he is beaten. Did you ever see two boys try which could bring the other on his knees by bending his fingers back? The King of Spain is very fond of this amusement, for he is remarkably strong: a little time ago there was a Frenchman in great favour with him, because he had strength enough to equal his majesty in all these sports, and sense enough to yield to him. One day, when they were thus employing themselves, the king fancied his antagonist did not exert all his force; and, as his pride was hurt, insisted upon it in such a manner that the Frenchman was obliged to be in

earnest, and brought him to the ground. The king immediately struck him in the face.

Mambrino's account of the cat-eating is confirmed: I was playing with one last night, and the lady told me she was obliged to confine it in the house lest the neighbours should steal and eat it.

LETTER X.

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*St. Isidro.*

THE patron Saint of Madrid is St. Isidro. Not the Isidore who bore so deep a share in the guilt of \* Ermenigildo's rebellion and intended parricide, but a good, honest day-labourer, who is indebted for his apotheosis to the fables which others have invented for him, not to any rougery of his own.

Paul V. beatified him at the King of Spain's intreaty, and his beatification

\* The history of this hero and martyr of Athanasianism, and of his canonized accomplices, is better related by Robinson, in his Ecclesiastical Researches, than by any other historian.

was celebrated with great splendour. The church of St. Andres was hung with the richest tapestries from the Palace, and the body placed in the midst, upon the triumphal car in which it had been carried in procession. It was in a silver shrine, the offering of the silversmiths. And here what is called a *Certamen Poetico*, a Poetical Contest, was held. Prizes were given by each of the nine Muses, for Poems in his honour of different kinds; and the whole of these Poems were collected and published by Lope de Vega, under the title of *Justa Poetica*, a Poetical Tournament. Lope had an especial devotion to this Saint, and had previously written a Poem containing ten thousand verses upon his life: . . . duller verses he never wrote.

Two of St. Isidro's miracles amused me in prose, and perhaps they may amuse you in rhyme.

## OLD CHRISTOVAL'S ADVICE,

AND THE REASON WHY HE GAVE IT.



If thy debtor be poor, old Christoval cried,  
 Exact not too hardly thy due ;  
 For he who preserves a poor man from want,  
 May preserve him from wickedness too.

If thy neighbour should sin, old Christoval cried,  
 Never, never unmerciful be !  
 For remember it is by the mercy of God  
 That thou art not as wicked as he.

At sixty and seven the hope of heaven  
 Is my comfort, old Christoval cried ;  
 But if God had cut me off in my youth,  
 I might not have gone there when I died.

You shall have the farm, young Christoval,  
 My good master Henrique said ;  
 But a surety provide, in whom I can confide,  
 That duly the rent shall be paid.

I was poor, and I had not a friend upon earth,  
 And I knew not what to say ;  
 We stood by the porch of St. Andrew's church,  
 And it was St. Isidro's day.

Take St. Isidro for my pledge,  
 I ventured to make reply ;  
 The Saint in Heaven may perhaps be my friend,  
 But friendless on earth am I.

We entered the church and came to his grave,  
 And I fell on my bended knee ;  
 I am friendless, holy Isidro,  
 And I venture to call upon thee.

I call upon thee my surety to be,  
 Thou knowest my honest intent ;  
 And if ever I break my plighted word,  
 Let thy vengeance make me repent !

I was idle, the day of payment came on,  
 And I had not the money in store ;  
 I feared the wrath of Isidro,  
 But I feared Henrique more.

On a dark dark night I took my flight  
 And hastily fled away :  
 It chanced that by St Andrew's church  
 The road I had chosen lay.

As I passed the door I thought what I had swore  
 Upon St. Isidro's day ;  
 And I seemed to fear because he was near,  
 And faster I hastened away.

So all night long I hurried on  
 Pacing full many a mile ; ..  
 I knew not his avenging hand  
 Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, and safe I thought,  
 But when it was day-light,  
 I had I found been running round  
 And round the church all night.

I shook like a palsy and fell on my knees,  
 And for pardon devoutly I prayed :  
 When my Master came up—what Christoval,  
 You are here betimes, he said.

I have been idle good master ! I cried,  
 Good Master, and I have been wrong !  
 And I have been running round the church  
 In penance all night long.

If thou hast been idle, Henrique said,  
 Go home and thy fault amend :  
 I will not oppress thee, Christoval,  
 May the Saint thy labour befriend.

Homeward I went a penitent,  
And I never was idle more ;  
St. Isidro blest my industry,  
As he punished my fault before.

When my debtor was poor, old Christoval said,  
I have never exacted my due ;  
I remembered Henrique was good to me,  
And copied his goodness too.

When my neighbour has sinned, old Christoval said,  
I have ever forgiven his sin,  
For I thought of the night by St. Andrew's church,  
And remembered what I might have been.

## THE WEDDING NIGHT.

Before Isidro's holy shrine  
 Hernando knelt and pray'd,  
 " Now, blessed Saint, afford thine aid,  
   " And make Aldonza mine ;  
   " And fifty pieces I will lay,  
   " The offering of my Wedding Day,  
   " Upon thy holy shrine."

Hernando rose and went his way ;  
 Isidro heard his vow ;  
 And, when he sued, Aldonza now  
   No longer said him nay ;  
 For he was young and debonair,  
 And sped so well that soon the fair  
   Had fix'd the Wedding Day.

The Wedding Day at length is here,  
 The day that came so slow ;  
 Together to the church they go,  
   The youth and maid so dear ;  
   And kneeling at the altar now  
 Pronounced the mutual marriage vow,  
   With lips and heart sincere.

And joy is on Hernando's brow,  
 And joy is in his breast;  
 To him by happiness possest,  
     The past exists not now;  
 And gazing on the wedded maid,  
 The youth forgot Isidro's aid,  
     And thought not of his vow.

The sun descended from the height  
 Of heaven his western way;  
 Amid Hernando's hall so gay,  
     The tapers pour their light;  
 The Wedding Guests, a festive throng,  
 With music and with dance and song,  
     Await the approach of night.

The hours pass by, the night comes on,  
 And from the hall so gay,  
 One by one they drop away,  
     The Wedding Guests; anon  
 The festive hall is emptied quite;  
 But whither on his Wedding Night  
     Is young Hernando gone?

Hernando he had gone away  
 The Wedding Guests before;  
 For he was summon'd to his door  
     By an old man cloth'd in grey,  
 Who bade the Bridegroom follow him;  
 His voice was felt in every limb,  
     And forced them to obey.

The old man he went fast before,  
 And not a word said he,  
 Hernando followed silently,  
     Against his will full sore;  
 For he was dumb, nor power of limb  
 Possess'd, except to follow him,  
 Who still went mute before.

Towards a Church they hasten now,  
 And now the door they reach;  
 The Bridegroom had no power of speech,  
     Cold drops were on his brow;  
 The Church where St. Isidro lay,  
 Hernando knew, and in dismay,  
     He thought upon his vow.

The old man touch'd the door, the door  
 Flew open at his will,  
 And young Hernando followed still  
     The silent man before;  
 The clasping doors behind him swung,  
 And thro' the ailes and arches rung  
     The echo of their roar.

Dim tapers, struggling with the gloom,  
 Sepulchral twilight gave:  
 And now to St. Isidro's grave  
     The old man in grey is come.  
 The youth that sacred shrine survey'd,  
 And shook to see no corpse was laid  
     Within that open tomb.

“ Learn thou to pay thy debts aright !”  
Severe the old man said,  
As in the tomb himself he laid;  
“ Nor more of vows make light.”  
The yawning marble clos’d its womb,  
And left Hernando by the tomb,  
To pass his Wedding Night.

## LETTER XI.

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*Queen of Spain. Museum. Fiesta de Novillos. Progress of French Principles.*

Madrid, Jan. 10.

A DUKE of Medina Celi formerly murdered a man, and as the Court would not, or could not, execute so powerful a noble, they obliged the family to dress their pages in black stockings, and always to have a gallows standing before their palace door. The late King permitted them to remove the gallows, but the black stockings still remain, a singular badge of ignominy.

The noble collection of pictures at the palace here gave me high delight. Poetry and Painting are closely allied, but I am

heterodox as to the Trinity of the arts, and reject the co-equality of Music.

While we were at the palace the King sent home a cart-load of horns to ornament it. . . A singular ornament, when the shameless conduct of his wife is the topic of general censure. Malespini, the circumnavigator (whose honourable boast is that he has done no evil on his voyage), has been imprisoned about six weeks, on suspicion of being concerned in a French book, exposing the private life of the Queen. What must that woman be, who is detested for her depravity in a metropolis where the Cortejo system is so universal! About two years ago the washer-women of Madrid were possessed with a spirit of sedition, and they insulted her Majesty in the streets. . . “ You are wasting your money upon your finery and your gallants, while we are in want of bread!”

“ Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,

“ Instruct the monarch where his error lies.”

The ringleaders were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The Queen, however, has never entered Madrid since, and the inhabitants are very apprehensive that upon this journey they may fix their Court elsewhere. When it is said that this metropolis is in the centre of the peninsula, all its advantages are enumerated. In summer the heat is intolerable \*; in winter the cold is very severe ; for the soil round the city produces nitre in great abundance, and the Guadarama mountains are covered with snow ; so that you have the agreeable alternative of being starved for want of a fire, or suffocated by the fumes of charcoal. It is four hundred miles from the sea, and has no navigable river ; indeed, except when swollen by the mountain snows, the Manzanares is so shallow, that if a cockle should attempt to navigate it, he must inevitably run aground.

\* Yet Geronimo de Quintana, the old Historian of Madrid, is bold enough to praise the climate.

The Poets, who have usually praise enough to bestow upon every streamlet and rill, have made this poor river the butt of their mirth, and many a scurvy jest have they passed upon it. The mules of Madrid are said to produce it; but not in the way that Pegasus produced Heli-con. Yet a German ambassador, in former times, contrived to compliment it upon its want of water: it was the pleasantest river, he said, in all Europe; for you could drive your coach three or four leagues in the middle of it. As far back as the reign of Juan II. it was projected to bring the Xarama into the Manzanares, just above the bridge of Segovia: a survey was made, the thing was pronounced to be practicable, and would have been begun had it not been for the king's death. When it was afterwards renewed, the interest of those persons who had mills upon the Xarama prevented the attempt. Famous as the waters of the Tagus are, there have been people fanci-

ful enough to send from Toledo to the Manzanares for their drink.

Precious stones have been found in the brooks about Madrid. Morales mentions one, which Jacobo de Trezzo, a Lombard, lapidary to Philip II. had polished. It was as large as two thumb nails ; having all the lustre of the diamond, and all its properties, except that it was not so hard ; which Jacobo accounted for by saying, Nature meant to make diamonds in Spain, and had strength enough in the quality of the earth to give the brilliancy, but not to harden them.

The Museum is wretchedly managed. Collections of Natural History ought certainly to be open to all who can make any use of them ; but here, on certain days every week, the doors are thrown open, and it becomes a raree-show for all the mob of Madrid ! This renders it very unpleasant to the decent part of the company ; for we were fearful of

leaving something behind us, and still mere fearful of taking something away.

In this Museum is the skeleton of a nondescript animal, which appears larger than the elephant\*. The bones are of an extraordinary thickness, even disproportionate to its size; it was dug up a few years back at Buenos Ayres.

Monday, 11th.

Last night I was at a *Fiesta de Novillos*, a Bullock fight, at which about 15,000 persons were assembled, many of them women, and, indeed, more women of apparent rank than I had seen either at the theatre or the opera. In this very rational recreation, the bullocks are only teased, and as their horns are tipped, the men only get bruised. A bullock was led into the arena, and the heroes amused themselves by provoking him, then run-

\* I find that a description of this skeleton, with an annexed plate, is in the Monthly Magazine for September, 1796.

ning away, and leaping over the boundary. But the two principal heroes were each of them in a basket which came up to his shoulders; this he could lift up from the ground, and move along in it towards the bull; then he sticks a dart in the bull, and pops down in the basket, which the beast knocks down, to the infinite delight of fifteen thousand spectators! Once he tossed the man in the basket, and once he put his horns in at one end, and drove him out at the other. When one bull was done with, some tame cattle were driven in, and he followed them out. Four were thus successively teased; but a more barbarous sport followed. A wild boar was turned in to be baited. Most of the dogs were afraid to attack so formidable an enemy, and the few who had courage enough were dreadfully mangled by his tusks. His boarship remained unhurt, and after maiming every dog who attacked him, was suffered to go to his den. The remainder of the

entertainment consisted in turning in bullocks one at a time among the mob. They provoked the beast, and the beast bruised them ; and I was glad to see that the advantage lay on the side of the most respectable brute.

The national theatres are always crowded, but the Italian opera is very thinly attended. It is a disgrace to Europe that this absurd and abominable amusement should so generally be encouraged; the existence of it depends upon a horrible mutilation of the human species, and whoever frequents an opera-house encourages the crime.

All the children here have their hair tied. The waistcoats are generally laced before instead of being fastened with buttons. In many parts of the country the sleeves of the coat lace on, and there are two openings left, one at the elbow and one at the bend of the arm within. We have frequently seen undressed skins used as sandals. In Leon the soles of the

shoes are wood, and the *upper leathers* made of *hemp*.

Literature is reviving in Spain ; the translation of Sallust, by the King's brother, made it fashionable. New editions have been published of their best poets, and the false taste that succeeded to that æra is now generally decried. I saw at Coruña a translation of Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations. What mutilations it may have undergone I know not, but surely no mutilation can prevent such a work from producing good in Spain. A translation of Miss Lee's Recess is advertised. Works of this nature generate a taste for reading, and till this taste becomes general, it is in vain to expect any beneficial effects from literature.

The Spaniards are most obstinately attached to their old customs. I heard of two men who left a manufactory at Guadalaxara because the Proprietor of it chose to introduce wheelbarrows. "No," they said, "they were Spaniards, and it

was only fit for beasts to draw carriages!" Nor can the most evident improvements prevail upon them to deviate from their usual method. In most of the rooms here the lower half of the wall is paved with tiles like the English fire-places. An Englishman had some of these which formed a picture, but required to be ground at the edges; this the Spanish workmen would not do. "No," they said, it was "*muy impertinente*," very unnecessary.

I met with an Englishman yesterday who has been travelling in the mercantile line through Navarre and Biscay. He told me that he had found it prudent to pass as a Frenchman in those provinces: under that character he received every kindness of hospitality, whereas in his own he would have been insulted, and perhaps personally injured. The case is widely different in Galicia and Leon; but as my informer appeared to know nothing more of French principles than

the common topics of abuse, I could not suspect him of having hastily adopted an opinion which he might wish to be true \*.

If Carlos III. and his successor have neither of them possessed much of the wisdom of Solomon, they have shewn something like his magnificence in their public buildings. The greatest parts of the gates and fountains of this city, which

\* On my return to England I had an American for a fellow passenger, who was in Bilboa when the French took possession of it. Before that event happened, the shops were shut, and provisions very scarce ; within six hours after the tricolor flag was hoisted, the shops were all opened, and the markets overflowing. The French soldiers were in general very young ; they were compleatly angry with the Spaniards for continually running away—“ Curse the fellows,” they cried, “ we have been hunting them these six weeks, and can never get sight of them.” They behaved with great regularity. The gentleman who gave me this information lost some spoons in the first confusion ; this was casually mentioned, and in a few hours the spoons were brought back.

are numerous and very handsome, bear their names. Why is not the elemental costume attended to in fountains? River-Gods and Tritons are in character, and even a Dolphin, ugly as it is, appropriate: but when you see a stream running out of a bear's mouth, what idea can it possibly convey but that the poor beast is labouring under the perpetual operation of Ipecacuanha? A very superb Museum is building in the Prado, and the King has sent an Englishman to South America to gather fossils for it, and specimens of mineralogy.

In the cloisters of the new Franciscan Convent is a very fine series of pictures, representing the whole history of St. Francis, from his cradle to his tomb. A draftsman was employed in copying them while we were there; they deserve to be engraved, both for the real merit of the pieces, and the nature of their subjects. It was somewhat curious to see

human genius employed in perpetuating human absurdity.

To-morrow morning we leave Madrid ; the Court has now preceded us ten days ; they have eaten every thing before them, and we ought to wait for a new generation of fowls and turkies. A journey in Spain is never an agreeable undertaking to look on to ; but however we begin to know the value of bad beds and bad provisions, when we are in danger of getting none. His Majesty travels fast : three of his guards have been killed, and four seriously hurt, by galloping before his coach. They suffered less during the war.

I must not forget to give you a curious proof of Spanish ingenuity. There is a fire-place in one of the apartments of the English ambassador : he had ordered the chimney to be swept, and coming into the room found three masons, with pick-axes, &c. preparing to make a hole in the wall !

Manuel goes on with us to Lisbon. He was taken upon trial by a barber, and kept for three days to hard shaving ; at the end of which the man told him he might do very well for Oviedo, but he did not shave in the Madrid fashion ! and sent him away without giving him a single maravedi for his labour !

Farewell Madrid ! I shall say of thee with the Portugueze poet,

*Quien te quiere, no te sabe ;  
Quien te sabe, no te quiere.*

*Pedro da Costa Perestrello.*

He who likes thee does not know thee ;  
He who knows thee does not like thee.

## LETTER XII.

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*Departure from Madrid. Naval Carrero.  
Talaveyra de la Reyne. Road to Naval  
Moral.*

Wednesday, Jan. 13.

AT eight o'clock yesterday morning we made our escape from Madrid, and re-passed the bridge of Segovia. We travel in a calessa with two mules; a carriage of the same kind, though more elegant in name and less so in appearance than an English buggey. Our larder consists of a large undressed loin of pork, two hams, and a *queso de puerco*, or pork cheese, which is tolerable brawn. As we follow the Royal Family so close, we were in expectation of excellent roads; but though the roads were smoothed for

them, the multitudes of their retinue have made them infinitely worse than they were before. Two leagues and a half from Madrid is Mostoles. Here we took a cold dinner, and I visited the church, which Dutens speaks of as remarkably elegant. It well repaid my visit; but the most remarkable things there were four mirrors, each with a figure of some heathen deity ground on it. I thought Diana and Mercury odd personages to be pictured in a Catholic chapel.

We crossed a little stream called the Guadarama, by a wooden bridge which had no *Gardefou* till they erected one when his Majesty was expected to pass that way. We past through the town of Naval-carnero, and then turning out of the main road to avoid the returning retinue, concluded our day's journey of seven leagues and a half at the little village of Valmojado. Casambios\* would

\* This place has a fair, Sept. 15.

have been our regular halting-place. The country is very uninteresting, and though well cultivated, thinly peopled. By Naval-carnero is the first olive-yard I have yet seen. The fruit is still on the trees. My nose, though of considerable valour, and now disciplined by a month's residence in Spain, is yet unable to endure the approximation of Joze Serrano, our calassero, who exhales essence of garlic hot from every pore.

The house at Valmojado is very miserable; they had neither a cloth to wipe our hands, nor a blanket to cover us. The woman appeared at least seventy. She told us she was but eight and forty, but added that she had had much hard work in her time.

We travelled two leagues this morning over a well cultivated country, without seeing either tree or house; we then past through a grove of the prickly oaks so universal in this country, and soon afterwards left the two little towns of

Santa Cruz and Chrismunda close on the left. The olive plantations at Santa Cruz and the houses among them, made a lively contrast to the dreary tract we left behind us. Here was a stone cistern for the inhabitants to wash their linen in, supplied from the fountain. On our right lay a noble range of lofty mountains white with snow; the country below them was well wooded and extremely beautiful. We reached Maqueda at one o'clock, five leagues distant from Val-mojado, which we did not leave before seven. We travel perhaps somewhat faster now than in our coach and six. Here are the remains of a large castle, and from the eminence on which it stands is a wide prospect over an extensive plain well planted with olives and evergreen oaks. A little brook runs below the castle hill, and there is a very fine Convent about a mile distant.

Leaving this town we saw a monument on a little hill to the right. I went up

to it, and found only a round pillar of brick, without any inscription. The mountains to the right, and the olive trees all over the plain, made the road very pleasing, and it was more lively than usual, for they are now gathering in the olives. We passed through Santa Olalla\*, and made our halt for the night at the village of Bravo, after a journey of eight leagues. The crosses in this part of the country are very small, and made of iron, fastened in a stone pedestal; far less picturesque than the larger ones of stone, or of wood.

We are now going to sit down to pork chops and fried onions, a pretty cool supper! but supper is our grand meal. A cup of chocolate by lamp-light is but a comfortless breakfast, and in the middle of the day we make our halt as short as possible, in order to get in early in the evening. The want of vegetables is

\* There is a fair held here, Aug. 24.

a serious evil. Our food is very heating, and this with the fatigue of travelling occasions a feverish thirst at night.

We are obliged to superintend the cooking ourselves, or these people would scorch the meat to a cinder. Some person asked Mambrino at Madrid, how we lived upon the road? He replied, "Very well, but the Cavaliers eat their meat almost raw."

Thursday 14, Venta de Peralbanegas.

We had gone nearly a mile from Bravo this morning, when the man of the house overtook us with a coat of mine, which had been left behind. The road is bad and over a barren heath, from whence we descended into a large plain, and beheld the towers of Talaveyra de la Reyna, two leagues distant. On the way we crossed the Puente del Alverca\*, a very long bridge, once of

\* Fernan Gomez de Cibdareal, whose curious and

stone, though the greater part is now of wood; the remains of two buried arches are on the bank. We met a mule here whose hair on the rump was cut into the shape of a spread eagle.

This city was the birth-place of Mari-ana\* the historian; and it was here that Maria of Portugal disgraced a character otherwise excellent by the murder of Leonora de Guzman, the mistress of her dead husband Alfonso XI. To me it is remarkable on another account: it is the only provincial town, except Coruña, where I have seen a bookseller's shop.

valuable letters have been preserved, had nearly lost his life here, before the bridge was built. His mule lay down with him in the water, (a common trick with these animals) and though the stream was not deep, he must have been drowned, if a Monk and his man had not dragged the beast off him, one by the bridle the other by the tail.

\* He speaks of it and describes some of the adjoining scenery very beautifully in the beginning of his work *De Rege.*

I was curious enough to measure at what height from the ground they had hung their looking glasses here: it was nine feet, and as all that I have yet seen are hung equally high, we may acquit the Spanish women of vanity. In a church porch here is a large picture of St. Christopher\*, carrying Christ over

\* There was a man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in mInde.  
 For serve he would, yet one than whom he greater none might find.  
 He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,  
 Came to his Court, was entertaynd, and serving him at meate,  
 It chanced the Divell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor him blest ;  
 Whereas until he knew the cause, the Pagan would not rest.  
 But when he knew his Lord to fear the Divell his ghostly foc,  
 He left his service, and to seek and serve the Divell did goe :  
 Of Heaven or Hell, God or the Divell, he earst nor heard nor carded,  
 Alone he sought to serve the same that would by none be darde.  
 He met (who seone is met) the Divell, was entertaynd, they walke,  
 Till coming to a crosse, the Divell did fearfully it balke :  
 The Servant, musing, questioned his Master of his feare,  
 One Christ, quoth he, with dread I mind when does a Crosse appeare.  
 Then serve thyself, the Gyant said, that Christ to serve I'll seeke :  
 For him he askt a Hermit, who advised him to be meeke ;  
 By which, by Faith, and works of alms would sought-for Christ be  
 found,  
 And how and where to practise these he gave directions sound.  
 Then he that skorned his service late to greatest Potentates,  
 Even at a common ferry now to carry all awaites ;

the water, and a Bishop is waiting to receive him on the other bank. This legend reminds me of what I heard of the present King of Spain at Madrid;

Thus doing long, as with a Child he over once did waide,  
 Under his loade midway he faints, from sinking hardly staide,  
 Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,  
 As on his shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly milde,  
 So through humilitie his soul to Christ was reconcilde.  
 And of his Carriage Christo-fer should thenceforth be his name.

*William Warner.*

They who did not know this curious legend of St. Christopher may be amused with it; they who knew it before were not perhaps acquainted with the manner of an old Poet highly celebrated in his time. Warner, however, has not given the whole of the history.

St. Christopher was of the lineage of the Canaanites, great of stature, and terrible of countenance, being twelve cubits long. The Poet has also omitted the staff with which he is always painted, by which he sustained himself in the water, bearing over all manner of people without ceasing... Now it followed on a time as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voyce of a child which called him, and said, Christopher come out, and bear me over the water; then he arose and went out, but found no body. Now when he was come againe into his lodge, he heard the same voyce crying unto him as before, at the which he runs out, but

like the Emperor in the story, whenever he hears the Devil mentioned, he is so terrified that he crosses himself and says his prayers.

findes nobody. Againe the third time being called, he comes forth and there found a childe by the river side, which prayed him to beare him over the water. Then Christopher lifted the childe on his shoulders, and tooke his staffe and entered the water, and the water arose, and swelled up more and more, and the child grew heavier and heavier, and ever as he went further the water swelled up higher, insomuch that Christopher was in danger of drowning: but when he came over, quoth he, thou childe thou hast put me in great perill, and weighst almost as heavie as if I had carried all the world upon my backe. Quoth the childe, thou hast borne all the world upon thy back, and him that created it. I am he in this world whom thou seekest to serve, and for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staffe in the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bud and bring forth fruit; and he did so, and found it accordingly, his staffe bearing flowers and dates; and being thus converted and beleeving himself, he converted thousands, and amongst many other passages of his life was at last beheaded, and his blood there spilt, cured those that were blind.

There are many ruins about Talaveyra; we past one arch so high that a house of the common size, which was built in it, reached only three parts up. The country is highly cultivated about this town. We saw chesnuts and poplars, the first since we left the metropolis. They had cork stools at the posada, and told us the cork grew very near.

In five hours we reacheed this Venta de Peralbanegas, an execrable place, where our room serves as a passage to an inner one, unluckily occupied by a large party, who will certainly "murder sleep" to night. They are now at supper, and actuallly all eating out of the frying-pan!

We set off early, and passing through a wood of ever-green oaks, beheld the town and castle of Oropesa, on an eminenee to the left. A league before us lay the little town of Torralva, half hid by olive plantations, and the snowy mountains bounded a vast and fertile

plain on our right. Oropesa, with its castle, came full in view as we left Torralva; the castle belongs to the Duke of Alva. A little beyond, half way up the continued hill is Lagartina, and at some distance another small town, both surrounded with olive trees. There are stone enclosures here; the country is well cultivated, and the luxuriant appearance of the corn indicates a strong soil. From the road, which now ran in a strait direction, we beheld the church of La Calzada de Oropesa, the only building of the town then visible, and apparently situated in a grove of olives. As we approached three churches appeared, and the few houses among the trees: to the left were mountains half concealed in mist, and behind us the Castle of Oropesa and a beautiful convent; .. a lovely and delightful scene. To-day has been as hot as fine June weather in England, to my great alarm, lest the Enemy whom I most dread

should come out of their winter quarters and begin the campaign.

We dined at La Calzada de Oropesa. Of the two women at the posada, the one has the most deformed feet I ever saw, and goes barefoot; the other appears to have lost the ball of one eye by an accident, and the socket is half empty and raw-red; yet has this horrible figure a large beauty-spot! The women and children are generally barefoot, which we have not observed before. The red-wine here was excellent; common port is seldom so good.

Naval Moral is four leagues distant. The first part over a barren heath, as wearying to the eye as the roads in Cornwall; the latter through a country well wooded with evergreen oaks, and as we drew near this place, well-watered with small streams: on the left are stony hills, with trees and stone enclosures. Here the scene was very beautiful. The snowy mountains were now faintly tinged.

by the evening sun, and we looked over the scattered trees to the tower that marked our place of rest. In Dutens this place is called *Valparadiso*, the Vale of Paradise.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve months afterwards I wrote the following lines from the recollections of this day's journey.

JANUARY 15, 1797.

SPAIN ! still my mind delights to picture forth  
 Thy scenes that I shall see no more, for there  
 Delightful were my wanderings. Memory's eye  
 Still loves to trace the gentle Minho's course,  
 And catch its winding waters gleaming bright  
 Amid the broken distance. I review  
 Leon's wild wastes and heights precipitous,  
 Seen with strange feelings of admiring dread  
 As the slow mules along the perilous brink  
 Passed patient ; and Galicia's giant rocks  
 And mountains clustered with the fruitful pines,  
 Whose heads, dark-foliaged when all else was dim,

Rose e'er the distant eminence distinct,  
 Cresting the evening sky... The rain falls thick,  
 And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air ;  
 I by the cheerful hearth remember Spain,  
 And tread with Fancy once again the ways  
 Where, twelve months since, I travelled on and thought  
 Of England and of all my heart held dear,  
 And wish'd *this* day were come. The mists of morn,  
 I well remember, hovered o'er the heath,  
 When with the earliest dawn of day we left  
 The solitary Venta. Soon the Sun  
 Rose in his glory : scattered by the breeze  
 The thin mists roll'd away, and now emerged  
 We saw where Oropesa's castled hill  
 Towered in the dim light dark : and now we past  
 Torralva's quiet huts, and on our way  
 Paus'd frequent, and look'd back, and gazed around,  
 Then journeyed on, and paused, and gazed again.  
 It was a goodly scene. The stately pile  
 Of Oropesa now with all its towers  
 Shone in the sun-beam ; half way up the hill,  
 Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,  
 Lay Lagartina ; and the cool fresh gale  
 Bending the young corn on the gradual slope,  
 Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld  
 A Convent near, and my heart thought that they  
 Who did inhabit there were holy men, +  
 For, as they looked around them, all they saw  
 Was good.

But, when the purple eve came on,  
 How did the lovely landscape fill my heart!  
 The near ascent arose with little rocks  
 Varied, and trees: the vale was wooded well  
 With oaks now cheerful in their wintry leaves,  
 And ancient cork-trees thro' their wrinkled barks  
 Bursting, and the rich olive \*, underneath  
 Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows,  
 And fuller is the harvest: many a stream  
 That from the neighbouring hill descended clear  
 Wound vocal thro' the valley: the church tower,  
 Marking the haven near of that day's toil,  
 Rose o'er the wood But still the charmed eye  
 Dwelt lingering o'er Plasencia's fertile plain,  
 And loved to mark the bordering mountain's snow,  
 Pale purpled as the evening dim decayed.  
 The murmurs of the goat-herds scattered flock  
 Died on the quiet air, and sailing slow  
 The heavy stork sought on the church-tower top  
 His consecrated nest †. Oh pleasant scenes!  
 With deep delight I saw you, yet my heart  
 Sunk in me as the frequent thought would rise  
 That none was there who lov'd me! Often still  
 I think of you, and Memory's mystic power

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\* The olive has the remarkable property of fertilizing the soil it grows on.

† The stork is held sacred in Spain.

Bids me re-live the past ; and I have traced  
 The fleeting visions ere her mystic power  
 Wax weak, and on the feeble eye of Age  
 The faint form'd scenes decay. Befits me now  
 Fix on Futurity the steady ken,  
 And tread with steady step the onward road.

\* \* \* \* \*

They have erected as gay an arch here as the taste of the inhabitants could devise, and their purses afford, with "*Viva Carlos IV. y su real familia,*" on the one side, and on the other, "*Naval Moral, 1796.*" This is the first symptom of loyalty we have yet seen. We have heard murmurs enough, for the King's journey has impoverished the country. The measure of barley which sold for seventeen quartos before he set out, is now at twenty-four!

There are no candles in this country. A piece of cane cut with holes through it, is suspended from the roof, and from one of these holes the lamp is hung by a hook. We have seen no bolster since we

left England, and alas ! we have now bade adieu to the land of blankets !

I observe crosses of white lime daubed upon the houses in the neighbouring towns, and stars painted, such as boys ornament their kites with. All the asses I meet have their noses tied up in a loose net to prevent them from gnawing their saddles. Coarse nets are used behind the carriage to hold the luggage.

The pepper of all this country is red. Apollyon could not find a better kind of nutmeg for a cool tankard of aquafortis.

Garcilasso de la Vega tells us :

*Siempre de nueva leche en el verano,  
Y en el invierno abundo ! en mi majada  
La manteca y el queso esta sobrado.*

————— I have new milk

In summer and in winter, and my cot  
Is well supplied with butter and with cheese.

I wish we had been fortunate enough to meet this gentleman on our journey !

LETTER XIII.

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*Forest of the Escorial Friars. Royal Travelling. Puente de Almarez. Xaraizejo. Truxillo. Tale of a Spanish Erostanter.*

Saturday, Jan. 16,

WE entered into conversation with a countryman this morning, in a forest of ever-green oaks and cork-trees. He told us it belonged to the Friars of the Escorial ; “ but,” said he, “ the people here have not ground enough for their cattle ; it would be much better to give the Friars land near their own convent, and divide this among the poor in the neighbourhood.” These Monks suffer the countrymen to feed their swine here, pay-

ing forty-two reales for each pig's run of two months. This is to eat what acorns fall, for they are not allowed to beat down any ; however the pigs get fat by the bargain as well as the friars. The income of this estate is 200,000 reals, £,250 pounds sterling. They strip the cork-trees every third year : the trees in general are very old ; we measured one that was supported by props, and found the girth thirty feet. Wolves and wild-boars, the man told us, are numerous here.

The wild boars who inhabit this forest, and the tame swine who are admitted there to board and lodging, have not injured it : even the Monks appear to respect its age and beauty, and satisfied with regularly stripping the bark, suffer the old trees to remain venerably picturesque. But we are now following the Court closely, and never did I witness a more melancholy scene of devastation ! His most Catholic Majesty travels like

the King of the Gypsies : his retinue strip the country, without paying for any thing, sleep in the woods, and burn down the trees. We found many of them yet burning : the hollow of a fine old cork-tree served as a fire-place. The neighbouring trees were destroyed for fuel, and were a brisk wind even now to spring up, the forest might be in flames. Mules, and horses, and asses lie dead along the road, and though they do not cry aloud in our ears against the barbarity of thus destroying them by excessive fatigue, yet they address themselves strongly to another sense. The King is fond of inscriptions. Not a ditch along the road has been bridged without an inscription beginning "*Reinando Carlos IV.*" I feel very much inclined to indulge in a placard upon one of the mutilated old trees. His Majesty's travelling exploits would have furnished an excellent inscription for such a monument of his journey.

Every house which the King has ever honoured by his presence, is distinguished by a chain hung over the door.

Leaving the forest we entered upon a swampy plain, where, as Dutens says, the road became truly detestable. To the left were a Convent and Castle, on the brow of a hill. The snowy mountains now appeared to be behind us, and another immense ridge lay before. It is a stage of three hours and a half to Almaraz, a singular little town, where the houses seem built for pygmies, and the church for Patagonians. There are the ruins of a Castle here, on the left, at the entrance, small but picturesque. Passing through this place we ascended a hill from whence the view backwards over the town and vale was finely bounded by the long snowy sierra. Two soldiers were busy by a brook side, . . . one was washing his linen, the other sitting on the bank and mending his cloaths. Less than a league distant runs the Tagus, crossed by a noble

bridge of two arches. On the bridge are the remains of a house ; all we can read of the inscription told us it was made by the city of Plasencia\*, under Charles V. We are now at Venta Nueva, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge ; one of our mules is ill, and here we are detained.

This is a very large house, with very vile accommodations. The covered space through which we enter, where the Callessa stands, and where the Carriers sleep among their baggage, is seventy feet by twenty-five. My bedstead is supported by sticks from which the bark has never been stripped. The beds are

\* Ponz gives the inscription and dimensions of the bridge. “ Esta puente hizo la ciudad de Plasencia ano de 1552. Reynando en Espana la Magestad Cesarea de Carlos V. Emperador. Fue maestro Pedro de Uria.”

One arch is  $150\frac{1}{2}$  wide, and 69 in height ; the other 119.66. The bridge is 580 feet long, and some little more than 25 wide. Like most of the Spanish bridges, this is perfectly flat.

bad, and the Court have dirted all their linen. Here is a print of St. Iago on horseback, most apostolically cleaving down a Turk\*.

\* There is a good hint for inventing a Relick of the True Cross near Almaraz, in the *Historia de N. Señora de Guadalupe*. Toledo, 1597, by Fr. Gabriel de Talavera, the then Prior; . . . a book remarkable among other things for having the ugliest title-page that ever was engraved. Fr. Gabriel says it is written in their records, that the same holy persons, who, in their flight from Seville deposited the miraculous Image of our Lady in the cave at Guadalupe, had with them a famous Relick of the True Cross, which with many other like treasures, they concealed in another hole of the rock near Almaraz, . . . *y es bien se d<sup>r</sup> este aviso, porque si algun tiempo se declarare y descubriere esta riqueza, aya memoria de su principio; pues acostumbra Dios, quando a su secreto parece, honrar las reliquias ya por la memoria perdida mucho tiempo sepultadas.* It is well, he says, to give this notice, that if at any time this treasure should be discovered, its origin may be known. For God is accustomed, when it seems good to him, to bring Relicks to light, that they may be honoured, after having long been buried in oblivion. . . That there was a mine laid seems pretty clear; . . . whether it has been sprung or not, I do not know.

The King is at Merida to-day, within three days journey. Our Calassero says, he had rather return to Madrid than be embargoed, and wishes to take us two days journey round. The only bye-way however must be by the paths among

Among other curiosities at Guadalupe is an English cannon ball which was fired at the Armada. It had struck one of the soldiers when its force was spent, and he, having previously invoked the protection of this famous Image, brought it home to Spain and deposited it there. Here is also a ball which in like manner struck the great Alboquerque on the breast at the siege of Goa; he had just been splashed with the brains and blood of a soldier close beside him, and called upon Our Lady of Guadalupe. In gratitude for his preservation he bequeathed to her the ball cased in silver, a crucifix set with jewels, and appended to a golden collar, a large silver lamp, and five hundred crowns in money. Another like curiosity is the scorpion which stung Cortes, inclosed in a golden scorpion, the work of a Mexican artist. Both these great conquerors and statesmen, remorseless as they were able, were equally superstitious. They believed in all the mummary of Popery, and set at nought all the precepts of Christ Jesus.

the mountains, which the smugglers use, where the carriage would probably be broken. Of the two evils embagoing is the least, and we must take our chance.

Sunday, 17th.

Bad wine, beds even worse than usual, no table-cloth, no towel, and a dear reckoning: . . . these we found at Venta Nueva. On leaving it we passed a ruin to the right, which by the thickness of the wall seems to have been part of some fortifications: farther on, and on the same side, a fall of water, about forty feet in height; a mill is placed there, so as to catch the water in its mid-way, and a wall built to protect the house; . . . altogether a most odd and extraordinary place. We soon began to ascend the mountain of Miravete, an ascent, as Clerk says, long, winding, and difficult, but now no longer dangerous. We were two hours and a quarter in travelling from the Venta to

the summit; the distance I should suppose to be about six miles. One of my predecessors in this journey, Pedro Norberto D'Aucourt, puns upon the name of Miravete. He found the place upon the summit so ill provided with every thing which a traveller wishes to find, that I believe, says he, its name implies *ve e vaite*, . . see, and begone. On the other side lay a wooded wild, and we then entered upon a new kind of road: it lay through a wilderness of broom and heath, and gum cistus, that gave a rich balsamic scent in the heat of the sun: these shrubs grow from five to eight feet in height. The stage to Xaraizejo is three leagues; something more than four hours journey. The hostess here told us that the expences of the King's retinue at her house, amounted to above a thousand reales, of which she had not received one. The poor woman cried as she told us. His Majesty and his retinue have burnt the trees, cut up the roads, dirted the linen,

and devoured the provision. If there had been any game laws in Spain we must have been starved ; but luckily game is plenty, and as his Majesty could not destroy this at an hour's notice, we are in no want. They sold us at this place two rabbits, a hare, and four partridges, for a dollar. The violets are in blossom now, and the sun so hot that we met a man riding without coat or waistcoat, his shirt open, and his sleeves tucked up ; . . a cool undress for January.

The Altar of the Sacrament (*Ara de Santissimo Sacramento*), valued at sixty reales, is to be let by auction here. Xaraizejo is a very small town, and its appearance very singular. You enter the main street, which will barely permit a carriage to pass. There are the ruins of a large mansion-house, from which the capital of a pillar, varying from Ionic, is used as a seat in the posada kitchen, and its fellow lies at the door. The mansion which they once adorned, probably be-

longed to the Carvajal family : their *solar* is here ; and this is the birth-place of Doña Luisa de Carvajal y Mendoza, a remarkable woman, who was educated for a saint, and came over to England in the reign of James I. to make proselytes to Popery, in the hope of being herself made a \* martyr. Truxillo is visible on an eminence, five leagues distant from the hill behind the town.

We set off before two, and soon reached what in Clarke's time was a very dangerous pass of a mountain ; now the descent is made less, and perfectly safe. Hence we beheld the opposite hill very well wooded, and a river running between. The bridge we crossed is a very singular one of nine arches ; three first, and then a buttress sloping so gradually as to be left open to the bridge, and form a road to a little island in the stream. In the forest is a palace belonging to the Marquis de Conquista, and we

\* Her Life is placed at the end of the volume.

saw a species of bird, very numérouſ, which we had never seen before : it is about the size of a blackbird, the head blaek, the breast buff, and the other parts grey, with a long tail \*.

“ We see the things we aim at,” says Owen Feltham, “ as travellers do towns in hilly countries ; we judge them near, at the eye’s end, because we see not the valleys and the brooks that interpose.” The circuitous approach to Truxillo reminded me of his simily. We reached the town about seven ; it must have been once a place of considerable strength : Julius † Cæsar is said to have built the castle ; and Francisco Pizarro was born here. You know in what light I regard

\* It is pleasant to find one’s own accuracy confirmed by other travellers. D’Aucourt (a Portuguese writer, not a French one) noticed these birds in this very place : he says they are called *Pombos pequenos*, little pigeons, and that they are a species of pigeon.

† It is supposed to be the *Castra Julia* of Pliny ; and some writers suppose its present name to be a corruption of *Turris Julia*. A fair is held here, June 2.

them both, and will not be displeased to see the lines which the birth-place of Pizarro suggested to me.

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## INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN

### *AT TRUXILLO.*

Pizarro here was born : a greater name  
 The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and pain,  
 Famine, and hostile elements, and hosts  
 Embattled, fail'd to check him in his course.  
 Not to be wearied, not to be deterred,  
 Not to be overcome. A mighty realm  
 He over-run, and with relentless arm  
 Slew or enslav'd her unoffending sons,  
 And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards.  
 There is another world, beyond the grave,  
 According to their deeds where men are judged.  
**Oh Reader!** if thy daily bread be earn'd  
 By daily labour, yea, however low,  
 However wretched be thy lot assign'd,  
 With grateful and adoring joy, 'Thank HIM  
 Who made thee, that thou art not such as he !

This part of the country is very much infested by banditti. A friend of Ponz counted twenty-eight monumental crosses within a sling's throw, on the Puerto de Serrana, between Plasencia and Truxillo. It was on this road that they carried off some treasure of the King last year; some of this party, however, were taken, and now the soldiery keep the roads clear.

Plasencia, which lies not far to our right, was the memorable retreat where Charles V.\* retired, when experience

\* Cesar Oudin has preserved a curious epitaph on this Emperor:

Hic jacet intus  
 Carolus Quintus;  
 Vos qui transitis per ibi  
 Orate pro sibi,  
 Et si estis mille  
 Orate pro ille,  
 Et dicite bis aut ter  
 Ave Maria & Pater-noster.

Among the Poems of the Conde Villamediana, Juan de Tarsis, is the following Sonnet on the retirement of Charles.

had taught him the vanity of worldly ambition.

Cæsar, despues que a la Francesa gente  
 Quebranto la cerviz nunca domada,  
 Y de la gran Germania rebelada  
 Vitorioso triunfo gloriosamente,  
 Y despues que las armas del Oriente  
 Deshizo como el Sol niebla cerrada,  
 El sacro cetro, y la invencible espada  
 Entrego al hijo con serena frente,  
 Y como el fuerte Alcides, estando  
 Purgado el mundo de mil monstruos fieros  
 Y del fuego qual fenix se alzo a buelo ;  
 Tal el animo heroico despreciando  
 Reinos brevos por reynos verdaderos,  
 Vencedor de si mismo, bolo al cielo.

When the great Charles had quelled the Gallic pride,  
 That never conqueror knew till he arose,  
 And in the German fields, then blood-bedied,  
 Victorious triumphed o'er his rebel foes,  
 When he the eastern force had scattered wide,  
 Like morning mists before the rising Lord  
 Of day; he gave contented to his son  
 The sacred sceptre and resistless sword ;  
 And with calm courage, and so self-subdued  
 As when Alcides, all his labours done  
 And Earth delivered from her monster brood,  
 Lay phœnix-like amid the flames, he view'd  
 Earth's fleeting powers and crowns with just disdain,  
 And left the world for Heaven's eternal reign.

The inhabitants say that the fertility of the country round Plasencia has been greatly diminished since the great earthquake in 1755. Ponz relates a curious tale of one of the inhabitants, which I will give you with his own introduction.

“ Father Luis de la Cerda, in the sixth book of his Commentaries on Virgil, adds the following account to his note upon ‘*Ausus se credere Cælo.*’ “ A certain Spaniard had fled to the church asylum at Plasencia, as usual, for fear of the secular power. When he wished to depart, he fitted wings to his shoulders, and from the topmost tower, trusting himself to the air, fled over the whole city, and fell far from the walls, wearied with the agitation of his frame. The place of his fall is now shown, and the eyes of all the Plasencians who beheld the man are witnesses of the fact.”

“ This account was printed and published in 1610, and it is related as a well

known fact, which could not have happened long ago, for the Author appeals to ocular testimony. It is not probable that the penetrating judgment of Father Luis de la Cerda could have been deceived by a fable, and the tradition is still common in Plasencia, although with some little difference in the mode of relating it.

" An old man of sufficient authority, who had collected many ancient papers, told me that this Plasencian Dedalus, in order to make his escape, determined on two things; .. to eat little, that he might grow light, and that all his food should be birds, which he had brought to him with their feathers on: he then weighed the body of the bird without its plumes, and afterwards the feathers, and comparing the weight of the hen, the partridge, &c. with that of the feathers, he calculated that four ounces of feathers were necessary to support two pounds of flesh: from this calculation he

discovered what weight of feathers were sufficient to support him in the air; and fixing them with a certain cement to his feet, his head, his arms, and all the extremities of his body, he took two wings in his hands as it were to row with: thus fledged he committed himself to the air, and after passing over the city, fell headlong and was dashed to pieces.

“ They who recorded this tale do not relate in what year it happened, what this new bird was called, or in what nest he was hatched.”

The \* country round about Plasencia is described by the Spanish poets, and by their poetical historians, as the Elysian Fields of the ancients; and certain it is that this spot, like almost all other spots in similar situations, is remarkable for its fertility, its varied ground, and its ro-

\* For the remaining part of this letter I am obliged to a friend, of whose knowledge of these countries I wish I could more frequently have availed myself.

mantic and beautiful scenery. Mountains covered with snow during the greatest part of the year, rise to the N. and N. W. of it, and shelter it from the coldest and most tempestuous winds that prevail in this climate. They give it the aspect the most favourable for vegetation, and at the same time furnish it with an abundance of water, and a continual supply of fresh soil: circumstances these which render this favoured little district so infinitely beyond the extensive plains of Castille and Leon in point of fertility. For those plains, though consisting in many parts of a soil naturally very rich, are scarcely capable of cultivation, being from continued rains a perfect slough in winter, and from a want of springs entirely parched up in summer. Travellers in general attribute to the indolence of the Spaniards and Portugueze that neglect of cultivation apparent throughout their respective countries, which is probably the

effect of this natural cause. In every place situated like the district of Plasencia, the land is as highly improved as perhaps in any other part of Europe ; witness the luxuriant state of Valencia in Spain, Colares, Cintra, and the environs of Setuval in Portugal.

A few leagues above Plasencia, near the highest part of that immense chain of mountains which run through Portugal, and precisely where they send off the branch which divides the two Castilles, is a valley three or four miles in length, tremendously deep, and so narrow that it is not wider, a very few parts of it excepted, than the stream which runs through it, and gives it the name of Batuecas. The sun scarcely visits it in winter, and the only place by which it is accessible is where the stream has worked its way out ; in every other part it is closed in by rocks. Where the rains and winter torrents have worn their course from the sides to the bottom of this glen

or valley, frequent chasms are seen, not unlike those which are said to be so fatal to the Chamois hunters in Switzerland. Caves and caverns are in every part formed either by the detached fragments of the mountain, or by the rains washing away the earth from beneath, and leaving the rocks in their original position ; and these are found placed in such a variety, and frequently in such regularity of forms, that they appear at a distance the works of art. They are in general rectangular, as perpendicular as the walls of a house, and sometimes so abruptly broken on the summit as to resemble buildings in ruins. One in particular has its towers, its turrets, its buttresses, its arches, its portal, and every circumstance that can impose on you the idea of a Castle, which from its inaccessible situation you must conclude to have been erected there by enchantment. It bears the name of the Sepulchre of Don Sebastian.

Immediately below this castle in the air, and opposite to it, is situated a convent of Carmelite friars, the sole inhabitants of the place. When this convent was founded, the valley, or as it is called, the Desart of Batuecas, was said to be possessed by a people who were heathens, magicians, and spoke a language which none but themselves could understand \*.

\* One of Burton's little books contains an account of some such Savages in our country: 'We may add to these wonders the Gubbings, which is a Seythia within England, and they pure heathens within. This place lieth nigh Brent Tor, on the edge of Dartmoor; it is reported that about two hundred years ago, two strumpets being with child fled thither to hide themselves, to whom certain debauched fellows resorted, and that this was their original. They are a people who live by themselves, exempt from all authority ecclesiastical and civil: they dwell in cottages like swine, being rather holes than houses, having all in common, and multiplied without marriage into many hundreds: their language is the dross of the dregs of the Devonshire speech, and the more learned a man is, the less they can understand him. During our civil wars no soldiers were quartered among them, for fear of being themselves quartered by

The fact is, this secluded spot afforded such a secure retreat for birds and beasts of prey, and all kinds of venomous reptiles, and was so infested by them, that the cattle, sheep, and goats, of the neighbouring villages, were sure to become a prey to some or other of them, whenever by the carelessness of their keepers they were suffered to stray near it. These fellows to screen themselves, invented these stories, which were no sooner made known than generally received and believed. When the public attention was directed to this part of Spain by the retreat of Charles V. and them; their wealth consists of other mens goods, and they live by stealing the sheep on the moor, and vain it is for any to search their houses, being a work beneath the pains of a sheriff and above the power of any constable. Their swiftness is such that they will out-run many horses; they are so healthful that they out-live most men, living in the ignorance of luxury, the extinguisher of life; they hold together like burs, and if you offend one all will revenge his quarrel.

*Admirable Curiosities, Rarities, and Wonders  
in England, p. 49.*

these stories came to be circulated beyond the district where they were invented, the Carmelites, judging it would impress the world with a high idea of the sanctity of their order if they purged this detested spot, ventured to establish themselves in it \*, and to attack the magicians in these their strong holds. As it was their interest however, and as political reasons afterwards made it necessary, that the stories of devils, witches, apparitions, and enchantments should still be believed, they were never called in question till a hundred years afterwards †. And indeed they were notwithstanding so far credited, that Feyjoo, to whom the ladies are so much obliged, was induced even in the present century to take up his pen and ridicule the absurdity of them.

I think I have discovered in this dismal spot, the place where the unfortunate

\* In 1599.

† By P. Thomas Gonzales Manuel of Alberca. 1693.

Sebastian was confined and finished his days.

The name given to the rock in front of the Convent, the stories calculated to deter people from visiting the place, invented in Philip II.'s reign, and not contradicted till a hundred years afterwards, the time \* of founding the Convent, the appearance of D. Sebastian † at Venice, and his consequent imprisonment in Spain, all tend to prove it.

The only circumstance which tends to destroy this hypothesis is, the improbability that the Spaniards should chuse to confine him so near his own kingdom. But this perhaps may be obviated by the difficulty of access, and consequently the difficulty of escape. The entrance, or pass of the desert, was easily guarded, and the approach to the Convent is to this day secured by the river, inclosures, gates, every thing that still gives it the air of a prison; add to this that the fron-

tier towns of Portugal, not only in the neighbourhood, but throughout the kingdom, were more strictly watched and better guarded than any other.

Should this conjecture be true, it will appear not a little extraordinary that two such personages as Charles V. and Don Sebastian should have inhabited places so near to each other, and almost at the same period of time, which few people, either before or since, have ever thought it worth their while to visit.

Could I fully persuade myself that Don Sebastian lived here, that secluded from the world for a number of years, and those solely spent in acts of devotion, he might have become so far reconciled to his fate, as to give up every idea of reclaiming his rights, partly from the impossibility of succeeding in the attempt, and partly from principles of religion and humanity; I could easily believe an anecdote given by a very grave historian, on the authority of John IV. to be strictly and

literally true: at least the circumstances I have mentioned, and the vicinity of Villa-Viçosa and Batuecas, conspire to render it extremely probable.

John IV. told his favourite, the Duke of Cadaval, that when he was a lad (he was born in 1604), his father, D. Theodosius, second duke of Braganza, had a custom frequently of shutting himself up in a private apartment of his palace, at Villa-Viçosa, and giving strict orders not to be disturbed by any person, or on any pretence whatever: that once he had the curiosity to peep through the key-hole, or crevice of the door, in order to discover what his father upon those occasions could be doing; and to his great surprise he observed him kneeling, whilst a venerable looking old man was sitting before him. "If," says the historian, "the unfortunate Sebastian escaped from battle, which is not very improbable, this must have been he, conferring with the Duke about the recovery of Portugal; if he did

not, this must have been some saint, that, by divine permission, was suffered to visit him." Which alternative is the most credible?

This fact, related by John IV. the Duke of Cadaval communicated to Caet. de Sousa, and it was published by him in his Hist. Geneal. da Caza Real. Vol. VI. p. 554. It happened when Sebastian, if he were alive, must have been about seventy years of age, and consequently, in figure and appearance, must have very much resembled the person here described.

THE LIFE  
OF  
*DONA LUISA DE CARVAJAL  
Y MENDOZA.*

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THE following narrative is collected from a volume, entitled *Vida y Virtudes de la Venerable Virgen Doña Luisa de Carvajal y Mendoza, su Jornada a Inglaterra y Sucessos en aquel Reyno. Por el Licenciado Luis Muñoz, Madrid, 1632.* The book is dedicated to Philip IV. In this dedication the author asserts that the late king had made peace with England, for the sake, among other motives, of rendering the name of Catholic less odious in that island by the support of his greatness and the communication of his piety; and that when D. Luisa was moved at the same time by Divine Providence to go to England, he favoured her purpose, assisted her with his liberality, and recommended her to his ambassador.

There is a second dedication, *A la Madre Mariana de San Joseph, Priora del Convento Real de la Encarnacion de la Recoleccion de San Agustin.* Here the author says that, thirty years ago, when he was very young, he had the good fortune to see the face of D. Luisa, which still remained impressed in his memory; his father had introduced him to her, that he might see and speak with her; and his mother, who visited her at Valladolid, and for many years frequented the same church of the Jesuits, often talked of her virtues, and of her journey to England. These recollections induced him, when he had seen the *Librero de sus horas*, which was printed at Seville, to write an Eulogy on her death. There was also an account of her death current at Seville, and he wrote to a devotee of D. Luisa's to procure it for him: this person did not succeed, but informed him that there existed somewhere her life written by her confessor, which, upon further enquiry was found to be in the *Convento Real de la Encarnacion.* The prioress readily consigned it into his hands, together with seven and thirty depositions, which had been collected by command of the king, in order to procure her canonization. This confessor was an English Jesuit, by name Michael Walpole. It appeared at the end of his summary that he had compiled it from D. Luisa's own papers. She had tied these up and sealed them, and written on the cover these words, both in Spanish and English:—"I desire and enjoin my

companions, that when I die they keep these papers under lock, without breaking the seals. If my confessor be in England they are to be delivered to him ; and if not, let them be burnt in the presence of you all, no person reading them, for it is a matter of conscience." The licenciate thought he should not fulfil the duty of a diligent writer, unless he sought for these original documents. Father Henry Pollard (*Polardo*), a countryman and companion of Walpole, had them in his possession at Seville. From him they were with much intreaty procured by means of Father Norton, another English Jesuit, with their original inclosure, and many letters written by her from England to her friends in Spain ; and from these papers Luis Muñoz composed his history, preserving as much as possible D. Luisa's own words. The originals, by F. Pollard's consent, were then deposited in the *Convento Real*, where her relicks, as they were already considered, were preserved. Some poems of Luisa's are added at the end of the volume. They are all religious, and usually under the form of pastoral and amorous allegory, but written with a decorum which is not often to be found in such poetry.

D. Luisa was the daughter of D. Francisco de Carvajal y Vargas, and of D. Maria de Mendoza y Pacheco, being allied on both sides to the noblest families of Spain. She was born January 2, 1566, at Xaraizejo in Estremadura, where was the *antiguo solar*, the old fa-

mily seat of the Carvajales. Her baptism was deferred till the 15th, on account, it is supposed, of the inclemency of the season. She laments this in one of her writings, and calls the days which intervened most unhappy ones.

Of her early piety many instances are recorded; among others, that even when an infant she never suffered man to kiss her, not even her own father; defending herself with tears and screams, which are the arms of infancy. As children may as easily be bred up to be saints as to be any thing else, there is more probability in the account of her early dislike to going abroad, and to doors and windows; of her telling tales of the servants; and of her love of going barefoot in cold weather, a propensity explained by her early devotion to the barefooted friars. When she was little more than six years old, her mother caught the plague from the body of a poor person, whose funeral she attended, as was one of her charitable customs. She died, and the father took the infection and died also. A good portion was left to the daughter, with directions that she should be brought up in the house of his relation the Marquesa de Ladrada, till she was ten years old, and then placed in a convent, till she should be old enough to dispose of herself; but her great aunt, D. Maria Chacon took her. This lady was mother to the cardinal-archbishop of Toledo, *Aya*, or governess of the Prince D. Diego, and *Camarera* (lady of the bed-cham-

ber), to the infantas. Upon her death, which took place when Luisa was ten, the child was removed to the house of her maternal uncle, the Marquis de Almaçan, to be educated with his daughter. She had an old servant of her parents for *Aya*, who loved her affectionately, and treated her with severity for the good of her soul. When she put her to bed, she always made her cross her arms upon her breast.

This uncle, D. Francisco Hurtado de Mendoza, held the highest employments under the crown. He was a pious man, but his piety was of that kind which is hereditary, like scrofula. His father had been called *El Santo*, the saint, and his sister had sacrificed her life to a useless ostentation of charity. At this time he was appointed Viceroy of Navarre, and his conduct shews how successfully the Jesuits had propagated the methodism of popery. The Viceroy of Navarre, who had been ambassador in Germany, used to employ himself in singing psalms with his family, in disciplining himself with bloody severity, and in weeping at his prayers, till frequent weeping had brought on a fluxion in his eyes. He educated Luisa according to his own notions of the right way; her old governess died, and did not leave her under more reasonable tuition. She made a vow, in imitation of St. Francesco, to do whatever she was adjured to do by the love of God. There was an inconvenience in fulfilling this which she had not foreseen. When she went to church the beggars continued their importunities for

the love of God (*por amor de Dios*), after all her money was gone, and she was not sure whether or not this vow obliged her in that case to give away part of her apparel, as she did one day, a pair of ambered gloves. Her Jesuit confessor, however, limited the meaning of the vow to money. The Marques was well pleased that she should feed one poor person daily from her table; so she exercised the two virtues of charity and self-denial at once, by eating bread and broth herself, and giving away the delicacies which had been prepared for her. He enjoined her to pass at least an hour every day in mental prayer; the time was usually after supper; the place her uncle's oratory; and the ordinary subject of meditation was upon the seven sheddings of the blood of Christ, by the circumcision, the bloody sweat, the scourging, the crown of thorns, the rending off the garments (which must have been put in, to make up the favourite number), the crucifixion, and the piercing his side. This was a fashionable devotional receipt, and her *Aya* had instructed her in its mysteries. When her Uncle went out, he used to persuade her to stay in the oratory, and lock her up there. He enjoined penances also, not as expiations, for she never needed any, but in imitation of our Saviour and the saints. The Marquesa, who had something of the prevailing haniour, would sometimes invite her to fast in honour of the saints, whom she particularly affected. Unfortunately she was a sound sleeper, and found it difficult to

rouse herself for her prayers at dawn ; to remedy this she used to stand with her bare feet upon cold stones, to kneel in the coldest places, and dip her hands and arms in cold water, comforting herself with the thought, that if her attempts after all did not avail as prayer, they would as mortification. Sometimes the Marques, who knew all these things, recommended her to wear cilices. Once when she thought she had seen an apparition, which both the Marques and the biographer conceive to have been the devil, he made her go in the dead of night to the same place, and discipline herself ; and in this manner, from time to time, exposed her to the devil, till she had learnt to defy him. The Marquesa, who had not so far lost all common sense and common feeling as her husband, said these things would bring her to her grave.

A treatise of St. Johannes Climacus upon obedience was her favourite study ; her beloved companion, she called it. Obedience has the same meaning in monastic as in military language, and Luisa was thoroughly disciplined in it. Like Catharine in the play, she assented to whatever her uncle asserted, and obeyed him to the very letter of his commands. He bade her one day withdraw from the *brasero*, or she would burn herself ; she obeyed, and being asked why she had drawn back, said, because she should have burnt herself if she had not : there was no fire in it. One morning when he went out at six, he bade her stay in the orato-

ry till his return ; he was delayed by unforeseen business till four in the afternoon, and Luisa patiently waited there for his appearance, contenting herself when he, somewhat angrily, reproved her folly, with the silent thought that it was an act of obedience.

There was a woman in the family, a great servant of God, she is called, and of sufficient spirit, secrecy, and resolution. This woman was authorised by the Marques, to take upon herself the charge of humbling his niece with mortifications and disciplines, and Luisa was commanded to obey her. The reader will remember, that this is not an ordinary legend full of dreams and miracles ; it is a narrative compiled from Luisa's own papers, and published only fourteen years after her death ; that many of the family of the Marques were then living ; and that all this, so far from being considered as the conduct of a desperate madman, is recorded in praise of his piety and excellent intentions. This incarnate fiend used to take Luisa into the oratory and fasten the doors, order her to strip to the waist, covering only her bosom with a *beatilla*\*, and then kneel before the altar, while she disciplined her with a whip of cat-gut. Sometimes she gave her fifty lashes, sometimes a hundred, sometimes laid on without counting till her shoulders were co-

\* The *Beatilla* was a sort of veil or muffler, which was astened to the coif or hood, and covered the chin and breast. Its name seems to imply that it was worn only by *Beatas*, female devotees.

vered with wounds. When this was over, she made her fall prostrate and kiss her feet. At other times this infernal woman stript her entirely, allowing her nothing but a cloth round the waist, tied her to a pillar in the manner in which Christ is represented, and flogged her from head to foot. Exposed in this manner for sometimes a full hour in the climate of Navarre, her hands were frequently so benumbed with cold that she could not button on her dress. The Marques knew all this, and as if this one tormentor were not enough, set another over Ler with the same authority. They used to strip her in readiness for the scourge, and lead her about by a cord round her neck, insult her to prove her patience that way, strike her in the face, make her kiss their feet, and lie down that they might set their feet upon her. Such things, the biographer confesses, are recorded like many others in the lives of the saints, rather for our admiration than our example, and the conduct of the Marques was very disputable: the rectitude of his intentions, his great zeal, and above all the happy success which resulted, must be remembered to excuse him.

Yet while the Marques was educating his niece in this extraordinary manner, he did not design her for a nun. It was his wish that she should marry, because he thought the marriage state stood greatly in need of examples of sanctity; but the education which he gave her was such, that any person who had the

smallest taste for it, could not be supposed to think of any other than a heavenly spouse. Luisa decidedly refused to marry; she acknowledged and at the same time regretted that she felt no call to a monastic life, nor any inclination for it; her wish was to live in voluntary poverty, but still to be free. This design she could not execute till after the death of the Marques and his wife, which took place when she was in her 27th year.

At this time it was thought highly unfit that any woman should make a vow of chastity without retiring into a convent. In their own language, the jewel she was to guard deserved such a casket, and required walls, bolts, and bars for its defence. These arguments were used to dissuade her from her purpose, but to no effect. She took a small and inconvenient house at Madrid, in the *Calle de Toledo*, adjoining the Jesuit-College, that she might continue under their spiritual direction; and here she removed with a few female servants after her own heart. What furniture could be dispensed with she dismissed, selling it, and giving the price to the poor, except it could be of any use to the churches, in which case she sent it there. A few beds which she retained at first, she afterwards gave to the hospitals. Her dress was a tunic next the skin, of coarse cloth of six reales, without other shift or mantle, (*mantco*) than a kirtle of the same. Over this a mourning dress like a nun's, of the coarsest black cloth. Her fine hair was cut

short, and her head covered with a coif, to which a coarse *beatilla* was fastened ; she had only two of these just to wash and wear ; her stockings were grey, her shoes three-soaled, her cloak of serge of Ascot. She slept upon planks till infirmities came on her, which it may well be supposed her mode of life insured ; then she indulged herself with a canvass mattress stuffed with straw. As it was still expedient for the sake of mortification that she should be subject to somebody, an old Dueña of the Marquesa, one of her companions, was appointed by her Confessor to command her, and almost intolerably rigorous she was, till she thought fit at length to go into a Nunnery.

Family pride was the last feeling which Luisa could subdue ; it never made her abstain from performing the meanest and dirtiest offices, nor from courting contempt and insult by her strange and miserable appearance ; still she had the feeling, and regretted it as a sin. She went to market herself in her turn, cleaned the house, carried out the filth into the street, and begged at the convent doors. Some of her relations affected not to see her when they past her in the streets ; others on the contrary, of the highest rank, visited her, and the Queen once sent for her to court. But in the streets and in the courts of justice, where she was obliged to attend in consequence of a law-suit respecting her property, she was often insulted. One day, as she was going to mass, with the horse-cloth,

which served her as a blanket, thrown over her for a cloak, the boys hooted after her “the Mother of the Witches!” Her discipline was less inhuman than that to which she had been subjected in youth: it was, however, frequent and cruel. She wore bracelets of bristles and a necklace of the same; little chains with points of iron in them round her waist and the fleshy part of her arms; cilices of bristles and clothiers’ teazles; a wooden cross with little spikes upon her breast, and another made like a nutmeg-grater, upon her back, large enough to cover her shoulders.

No visions nor apparitions are mentioned in her life, except a very few which are fairly explicable by moonshine and by the vapours. The biographer seems thoroughly honest, and Luisa was a faithful self-historian. The state of body to which she was reduced, may be understood by these circumstances; when she was in her best health, the walls of the chamber appeared to be black as ink as she tried to sleep: she slept miserably ill, and when asleep there *fell a humour upon her heart from her brain*, which made her start up in terror. Her income, in conformity to a vow of poverty which she had made, was disposed of in pious purposes, under the direction of her spiritual guides.

One regular symptom of *hagiomania* (if the word may be allowed) is the desire of martyrdom. Luisa began to experience it about the age of seventeen. Frequent meditations upon

the sufferings of Christ led to this; her favourite day-dream was to imagine that she was enduring torments for the sake of the Catholic faith; and in her state of nerves, the vivid thought of bodily pain thus contemplated, induced a feeling of pleasure. England was usually the theatre of these reveries; there religion was reduced to its state during the primitive church, and the old persecutions were renewed. To England she wished to go, and she wrote at this early age to the famous Nun of Lisbon, *Maria da Visitac̄am*, laying open her heart upon this subject, and requesting her advice. The nun gave no reply, and this the biographer attributes to Providence, that so holy an enterprise might not receive the sanction of an impostor. She wrote also to Fray Luis de Granada .. the Jeremy Taylor of Spain .. and referred him for further particulars to the letter which she had written to the nun; the nun did not communicate it as she had been desired, and Luis de Granada pleaded his ignorance in his answer as an excuse for giving no opinion. He was a good man, and common decorum as well as common sense prevented him from encouraging a girl of such rank in so perilous a frenzy.

This project was never laid aside. An account of Campion's execution, sent home by D. Juan de Mendoza, the ambassador in London, renewed it in its original ardour, and this was heightened by the publication of the *Life and Martyrdom of Henry Walpole*. In this

mood she made a vow that she would seek after martyrdom by every allowable means. It is plain that the Jesuits encouraged her, and not without reason; for it was certain that she would not be put to death, and her real influence would be essentially serviceable to that conspiracy which they were carrying on against the church and the government of England. Whenever any one from the English seminaries, or Jesuit who had been in England, arrived at Madrid, her confessor took him to visit her, that she might hear new particulars of the persecution, and of the sufferings of their brethren. They did not, however, openly advise her to go; on the contrary, they represented all the difficulties of the attempt, and expatiated upon the dangers. P. Luis de la Puente at length told her, he did not dare advise her to the journey, and still less did he dare dissuade her from it. The point of conscience was at length brought to issue; she must either go, or obstinately resist the impulse of God, as if she doubted, that he could bring about great events by feeble instruments. The death of Elizabeth offered a promising opportunity, and just at this juncture also, the long contested lawsuit was decided in her favour. As soon as it was determined, she made over the whole of her property in favour of the English mission, for the purpose of founding a seminary for English novices in Flanders. The donation exceeded 24,000 ducats. She had, at first, reserved a pension of 200 to herself; but of

this she repented almost before the deeds were drawn, and gave up the whole, leaving herself without a *real*. The college was founded at Louvaine, Father Parsons being trustee. She lived to see it produce fruits of martyrdom.

She set off from Valladolid, where the court then happened to be, in the January of 1605. Money in abundance was offered her by the Duquesa del Infantado, and by the Conde de Miranda, the President of Castille; but she would accept none, only taking from the latter the necessary passports. None of her old companions accompanied her. Ines de la Asuncion, to whom she was the most attached, was going: whether her heart failed her or not, she one day required P. Lorenzo de Ponte, a priest of great experience, to examine into her vocation; and he, finding that her motive was love for Luisa, not any zeal for the mission, forbade her to go. To this disappointment Luisa submitted without a murmur, and placed her in a convent. When this life was published, she was one of the exemplary nuns of Spain. Luisa took with her just sufficient money for the journey, a priest of the mass, and two servants from the English seminary, who were young men of known virtue. She travelled on a mule, and suffered much in crossing the mountains in the depth of winter.

She staid ten days in Paris, with the bare-foot Spanish Carmelite Nuns, and from thence proceeded to St. Omer's, where she remained a month in the house of Father Parsons's sister-

in-law. The Jesuits in England were afraid of the consequences which her coming might occasion, she being a woman of such rank, and in infirm health. At length Garnet sent over a woman to accompany her. They landed at Dover, and the next day arrived at the house of a Catholic near the river.

This house was rich in images and relieks, and they had frequent masses celebrated both with vocal and intruimental music ; but when she had remained here a month, information came that they were discovered : (the place had been for three years a safe hold for priests) upon this they dispersed ; some fled down the river, others struck into the country. Luisa and the women of the family were hurried into a coach, and posted as fast as possible to London : they put up at a poor inn, left her the next morning with a Catholic lady, at whose house she was sure of hearing mass, and advanced into the country themselves. Her wish was to learn the language so as to pass for an Englishwoman, and not be known by the ambassador or any of her countrymen. For some months she was frequently changed about from one Catholic family to another, none liking her company, probably because of the suspicion which she must have occasioned ; and though the ladies to whom she was entrusted were rich and of rank, yet she always paid her own expences, *according to the custom of the land.*

Here Luis Muñoz interrupts his narrative

to give an account of the state of religion in England at this time. "England," he says, "was one of the first kingdoms in the world which raised the standard of the cross, there being great reason to believe that Joseph of Arimathea converted the Britons. It can boast of twenty-eight kings who were either confessors or martyrs, and all saints; and sixteen queens, besides many princesses, Mary Stuart being resplendent above the rest. In this glory no country in the world can vie with England. The number of its bishops who are celebrated for sanctity is 132, without reckoning Fisher, perhaps the most learned, vigilant, zealous, and holy prelate of his time, who after long imprisonment bowed down his grey hairs to the axe because he would not acknowledge the king as head of the church. For the same cause Thomas More lost upon the scaffold the holiest and wisest head of any layman in Europe; to his heroic valour England is in great measure indebted for what of the Catholic religion is still preserved there. Of canonised prelates and abbesses there had been 68. The number of other saints cannot be told. There is no other country in the world where so many uncorrupted bodies are found; of this innumerable army one squadron may just be mentioned, that of the eleven thousand virgins, under their captainess, St. Ursula. This England, which had been called, and with good reason, the eldest-born of the church, the kingdom of God, and the dowry of the Virgin,

this happy island had been perverted and ruined by Henry VIII. in consequence of his incestuous passion for Anne Boleyn, his own daughter, begotten in adultery. Under him the country was reduced to a wretched state ; under his son it became still worse ; Edward permitted all sorts of sects to enter, whereas his father suffered no schismatics, his only aim being to root out the old religion. "I cannot," says the author, "touch without tears upon the short happiness of this kingdom while it was governed by our Philip II, the catholic, the prudent, married to queen Mary, the daughter of Henry and Catherine. But this sunshine was soon clouded ; Elizabeth succeeded ; this worthy child of Anne Boleyn, this impious Jezebel, exceeded the Diocletians, the Neros, and all other persecutors in cruelty. When James came to the throne great hopes were entertained for the catholics, as he was son of the holy Mary Stuart, who had died a martyr ; and for this reason the pope wrote to Philip III, exhorting him to make peace with him.

"These hopes were soon disappointed. One of the first measures of James was to order all jesuits and catholic priests out of the kingdom, and to embark and send off all who were in prison. A few months after Luisa came to England it was discovered that six or eight young cavaliers, more influenced by youthful ardour than by prudence, had formed a design to stop with the violent remedy of material fire, that infernal fire which had been so long con-

suming their country. With indiscreet zeal, which many thought greatness of mind, they made a nine under the house of parliament, which, had it taken effect, would have endangered the person of the king, and the greatest personages and ministers of the realm. It was a received rumour, even among the hereticks themselves, that this plot was originally contrived by the hereticks, for the sake of renewing the persecution; an old artifice this, by which they had blackened the memory of queen Mary of Scotland, and taken away her life. And it is known, that in another conspiracy against king James, which was imputed to the catholics, the leaders were puritans, and among them the notorious hereticks Cobham, Grey, and Walter Ralegh."

This *accident* of the gunpowder excited such an uproar and alarm that the family with whom Luisa then resided were afraid to keep her longer; and she had no remedy but to write to the P. M. Fray Juan de S. Agustin, confessor to the Spanish ambassador, D. Pedro de Zuniga, requesting him to procure for her some small house near the ambassador's, that she might be under his protection, and attend mass in safety. Pedro behaved to her like a father: he immediately took her into his own house, and there, with two English damsels in her company, she remained a whole year, as if in a hermitage, studying the language. During all this time England was in a wretched state of agitation. Oh the tranquillity of catholic

kingdoms ! Nothing was heard of but mobs, murders, treasons, and wars, and blasphemies against the pope and the church. There was a report that the king was killed, and in these times it was thought so dangerous for such a rumour to go abroad, that by order of council all the gates which separated the streets were fastened, and proclamation made that the king was alive. Many persons advised Luisa to return to Spain, seeing she could do no good in England. The ambassador's confessor urged her strongly to this ; he observed that her desire of martyrdom could not possibly be gratified, as they punished none but natives with death for their religion, and them under a charge of treason : all they could do to her would be to send her back to her own country, or require the ambassador to do it. And, in truth, her example would have more effect at home. These arguments had some weight with her, and at one time she told him it was her intention to return, and take the habit among the Recolet Augustines ; but on farther prayer and self-examination she became convinced that she had no call for this, and that it was the will of God she should continue in England. Fray Juan was at last convinced of this himself ; and he began to conceive that the affliction which she daily endured at beholding the state of religion in England, was the martyrdom to which she was called. The case, however, was submitted by father Creswell to the archbishop of Valencia, and by herself to father

Parsons, and to P. Bartolomé Perez, who was assistant from Spain to the general of the Jesuits at Rome. They all recommended her to follow the impulse of her own feelings, which were from God; and Perez assured her his holiness himself had declared his approbation of her stay in England, and desired it might be made known to her.

In the course of twelve months the agitation of the kingdom had in some degree subsided, and she then took a small house near the ambassador's: it was inclosed within a little court which had a door to the street: there were many houses of this kind in the city. Here she removed with her two companions. The noise of the neighbours much incommoded her, particularly the turning of the wheels by which they roasted whole quarters of beef on Fridays; for on that day, both in private houses and public ones, to which the greater number of people repaired for their meals, you saw meat as publicly eaten as if it had been a nation of Jews or Turks. There was a cross in one of the public streets, which the hereticks had spared from the general destruction because it was a public ornament: to this, whenever she went by, she always knelt. Caricatures of the pope were exposed for sale with a most indecent figure, invented by hatred and error; these she bought when she saw them hanging against the walls, and tore them to pieces: but her confessor enjoined her not to make this public ma-

nifestation of zeal, which could only render her notorious.

Luisa, besides her fearless fanaticism, and the protection which her rank insured her, was in other respects well qualified for a female missionary. She had studied the subject as fairly as one who reads only on one side can be said to have studied it. In Spain she had read some of the Latin fathers and doctors ; but her favourite book in England was the *Compendio de la Doctrina Christiana* of Luis de Granada. She had also studied the works of English catholics ; what with these stores, an understanding of no ordinary standard, and habits of argument gained from practice, and from the instructions of the Jesuits, it may well be presumed that Luisa was qualified to encourage the doubtful catholic, and puzzle, if not persuade, many protestants. One day she went into Cheapside to buy a cloth for her altar. A young woman stood by the youth who was serving her with the Holland, and Luisa asked him if she was his sister ; he replied, “ his sister in Christ.” Upon this she asked if he was a catholic ? and he answered, “ God forbid !” “ God forbid that you should not !” said Luisa, and upon this they entered into the controversy. The neighbours soon collected : there stood Luisa in the street, leaning her arms in at the open shop, singly maintaining the cause of popery against a crowd; some were angry, some inquisitive, some fond of arguing, all vo-

ciferous. The mistress of the shop cried out that it could not possibly be a woman, but must be a priest in petticoats, and that it was a shame nobody went for a constable.

About a fortnight afterwards, as she was going again through Cheapside, she perceived three persons following her, whom she recognized as having been among the listeners to this dispute. Faith and Anne, two of her companions, were with her, and also an elderly man, whom she bade go home with Faith, thinking that the fewer they were, the less inconvenience there would be ; there was however, a constable in waiting at the end of the street, who took the three women into custody. He produced no warrant ; Luisa, though she was aware of this informality, made no objection, but bade him do his duty, lest a mob should collect. A respectable tradesman came up, and for courtesy bidding the constable keep behind, accompanied them to the house of the nearest magistrate. This was on a Saturday, about six in the afternoon. They found the justice and his clerk sitting at their desk under a shed in the fore court of his house, for it was summer ; he was about three score, and a man of gentle manners. The examination lasted till nine, though only five witnesses were examined. Doña Luisa answered frankly to every interrogation, and declared that her business in England was to follow the example of many saints who had voluntarily forsaken country and kin to suffer poverty in a-

reign lands for the love of Christ. This led to some little conversation concerning religion, in the course of which the justice observed that, according to her own account, she went from shop to shop endeavouring to convert the people to her faith ; she knew that any English person who should do this in Spain would be put to death ; was it not just, then, that Spaniards in England should be treated in the same manner ? All this while the wife and daughters of the justice were coming and going, for the sake of peeping at the prisoners. Luisa's dress was such as might attract observation ; it was a gown and petticoat of her favourite black stuff, half Spanish half Flemish in its fashion, and patched in many places, and a ragged piece of black silk upon her head. Her companions, whose appearance was more respectable, were treated with more respect ; but the whole examination was conducted with great decency, and their pockets were not searched for rosaries, crucifixes, and suchlike things. A crowd gathered round the house ; the report was, that they were priests or friars in disguise ; the justice could not make the people disperse, and would not commit Luisa to prison till they were gone. He therefore went to supper at nine, and left the women in the hall with the clerk, the constable, and some of his servants. The mob did not separate till near midnight : the justice then came down, told her that it was his opinion she should be sent out of the kingdom, and that she must now

go to prison. Luisa besought him not to commit her to the prison which he mentioned, because there were no persons confined there for religion, it was in the noisiest and sickliest part of the city, and moreover full of men. At this last objection neither he nor his clerk could refrain from smiling, and one of them said, if there were a hundred men there, she might be sure not one of them would look her in the face. The clerk was with them, and ordered the jailor to treat them well.

They were placed in a separate apartment, with one bed in it, and the old man, though not included in the arrest, remained with them. The next morning the jailor lodged them with his own family, either for money, it is said, or for compassion. It was not till Tuesday that she could receive the sacrament, and then a priest found means to bring it in a little silver case in his bosom, as usual. The jailor and his family behaved with the utmost kindness, and retired whenever they conceived their prisoners wished to be alone. He was a schismatic, that is, says the author, a Catholic\* in his heart. The ambassador sent his Confessor to visit her; he said he thought it better not to interfere, and begged her to take all possible care of herself, and procure whatever accommodations and comforts were to be

\* I have seen old tracts written to prove that many of the Puritans were Papists. This passage is remarkable, as the man in question certainly was so; it appears by some thing which he said to Luisa.

had at his expence, sending her at the same time a purse with a hundred crowns. Her other two companions came in coarse apparel to see her ; one of them was of one of the noblest families in the realm. Their case was laid before the council on the Wednesday ; it was at a time when the court wished to gratify Spain, a wish so disgracefully prevalent in James, and Cecil gave orders that they should be set liberty, and delivered to her own ambassador. D. Pedro urged her now more earnestly than ever to return to her own country ; he felt himself embarrassed by her conduct ; but it was to no purpose, she was determined to remain, and go on with her work.

Luisa greatly disliked London, a large and unpleasant city, where every thing was dear, the climate bad, every day in the year having a summer and winter of its own, the air thick and heavy, and with more plagues than ever Egypt had. During the first six years that she lived there, London was never free from the plague. The Puritans thought it a happiness to die of this disorder, and said of those whom it carried off, that they died of the mark \* of the Lord. There were some who took no precautions to avoid it ; if they were to die, they said, precautions could not save them ; and if they were not to die, they were of no use. The house in which any one died of the plague was indeed fastened up with all

\* God's-marks is Minsheu's word for the plague-spots.

its inhabitants in it for a month, but the guards who were set over it would let them out for a piece of bread; and with incredible stupidity, as if, says the author, they were as blind in the affairs of government as in spiritual things, the bed and the apparel of the deceased were permitted to be sold immediately, and buyers were always to be found. With all this, the people still called London the Paradise of the world! Sometimes, when the pestilence raged with unusual violence, Luisa retired to Highgate.

But her labours were repaid with great success. When once she could persuade any one to listen to her, she seldom failed. The simple people who entered into the controversy, had little chance of escaping from her who had texts and authorities at command, books to distribute, and Jesuits to second her. She was a sort of decoy-duck for the priests. One of her greatest triumphs was over a Calvinist preacher, whom she shipt off for Flanders, and transformed into a Benedictine. The boys whom she converted were sent over to the seminaries. All this was not done without considerable expence; Philip III., therefore, ordered her a monthly pension of 300 *reales*, which was at one time increased to 500; other and very considerable supplies came from her uncle, the archbishop of Toledo, and from a long list of Spanish nobles. Canvassing even for souls is expensive in England. She had always a large stock of gloves to give away to

those who were in hand for conversion. She dealt largely with pedlars, in order that they might call frequently, and be in the way of instruction. Books were a heavy article of expence, because they were prohibited, and therefore bore a double price. It was remarkable that the English took these things ungraciously, and seemed to think that all that could be done for them was nothing more than Spain was bound to do for the Catholics.

Another successful practice was to look out for lying-in women, and offer to pay the expence of the christening, and thus smuggle the child into the kingdom of heaven, if it were lucky enough to die in time. One particular providence is mentioned of a healthy infant who was so happy as to be carried off by a fit the very next day. She used to go into the fields where poor women were wandering about, just ready to be delivered there, (a common thing in that country) and sometimes she succeeded in converting them, as well as securing the children. The prisoners for religion she assisted as far as possible, and those who escaped she concealed in her house till they could find means of getting abroad. She knew all who were arrested, visited them in prison, and exhorted them to bear witness bravely to the faith.

Among the Catholic sufferers in this reign were John Roberts, a Benedictine, and Thomas Somers (Somer) a secular priest; the former

had been apprehended six times, and had always till now escaped. Luisa was in the prison when he and his companion were summoned to receive sentence. He was in ill health, and was seized with such a trembling, that he could neither button the sleeves of his doublet nor tie his points. Look, how I tremble ! said he to Luisa. Yes, she replied, like the great soldier who said his flesh trembled at the dangers to which his spirit would expose it. She obtained permission for them, by dint of money, to pass the night not in the condemned hole, but with the other Catholic prisoners. There were about twenty prisoners at table, besides many friends of Luisa, chiefly women, who were come to take their leave of these martyrs, and to receive their blessing. As soon as they entered the room, and said they were condemned to die the next day, Luisa knelt down and kissed their feet, thus in her own person shewing the honour in which all Spain would hold their memory. She was placed at the head of the table, between these men who were on the morrow to die a cruel death, and in her own mind she compared this to the last supper of the Redeemer. Some of the company were in tears, but they were tears of triumph ; others envied their brethren who were thus before them in the race. Roberts was himself so cheerful, that for a moment he thought such cheerfulness did not become him, and asked her if it were not fit that he should retire and pray. No, she re-

plied, he could not be more worthily employed than in shewing them how cheerfully a man could die for Christ.

The day on which they suffered, Fray Mauro de Sahagun, a Benedictine, who went in England by the name of William Scott, asked her if he might bring their relicks to her house, as he knew no other place of security. It need not be said how willingly and joyfully she consented. A coach was provided for these relick-stealers; the guards pursued before they could reach it, and the leg of one body and two quarters of the other were dropt in their flight, but they succeeded in carrying off the rest. Whatever remains of such Catholic sufferers she could procure, she shrined with her own hands, whether relicks of their bodies, or their letters, or their apparel, which she was wont to purchase; and she labelled the reliaries in which they were placed, and distributed them as presents to the persons whom she loved best.

This last supper in the prison gave the ambassador some uneasiness, and one of his chaplains besought her to leave England, least she should one day be killed by the populace. All, indeed, urged her to return to her own country, but without effect. No, she said, if they sent her by force to Flanders or to Spain, she would come back again to die in England, though it should be upon a dunghill; not for any love or liking to England, for she liked nothing in it, but because she knew it was the

will of God. Abbot had heard of this supper—that false bishop of London, who, it is said, proved so great a shedder of Catholic blood, that he merited the archbishopric of Canterbury .He complained of her to the council, stating, that by means of the liberty she enjoyed as a woman and a foreigner, she perverted more than many priests. It was determined to send her out of the kingdom, and orders were given to the different jailors to detain her when next she entered any of the prisons. Of this she was apprized in time, and kept at home. Abbot sent to summon her ; she would have gone for the sake of giving the archbishop a lecture, but the ambassador bade her courteously decline to appear. Accordingly she answered the messenger through the little grating in the door, that she could not believe the archbishop had sent for her, and that she could not leave the house on account of her health. No more was heard of this, for James had not courage to do any thing that might give offence to Spain.

The recal of D. Pedro (1610) was a great loss to her, though his successor, the Conde de la Rivilla, afforded her the same protection. About the same time also she was deprived of her confessor, who was apprehended, and after long confinement, banished. Nothing could be more dreadful than the state of the English Catholics. The *searches* (*cherques*) were precisely like the domiciliary visits in France—at all hours of the night they were subject to

them ; if the door was not instantly opened, it was forced ; every place was examined wherein a man could possibly be concealed, and it may well be supposed to what insults, extortions, and robberies, the unhappy family was exposed. Luisa says in one of her letters, that she was perpetually reminded of the words of Christ—O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that slayest the Prophets. She could not leave her house without seeing the heads and quarters of the priests exposed upon the gates, and the birds feeding upon them. The oath of allegiance was at this time exacted with great rigour, and Luisa exerted all her influence to make the Catholics refuse it as a deadly sin, which the Pope had declared it to be. Robert Drury was apprehended for this cause ; he had studied five years in the English seminary at Valladolid, and had exercised his perilous ministry twelve years in England, till now he was thrown into prison, for refusing to take this oath. Luisa was with him whole days in his dungeon, encouraging him to persist to the last, and suffer death. That a man ready to do this should regard such a woman with reverence and affection was to be expected ; he left his mother as a legacy to her care, and went to execution with a countenance like an angel, for he was exceedingly beautiful, and there was a heavenly joy in his face. Luisa took the mother home, and never parted with her till she had procured her a sufficient pension to live with respectability and comfort.

Fray Mauro (William Scott) who had carried off the relicks of Roberts\*, suffered himself in 1611, in company with Richard *Nimpo:t* (?) a secular priest. They were executed with sixteen malefactors (for the number of criminals who suffered death was always very great) and their quarters were buried under the gallows, that they might not be stolen and worshipped. Don Alonso de Velasco, son of the ambassador, was then in London. Luisa asked him and his attendants to rescue these relicks. This was no easy adventure, for it was near Midsunmer, the grave had been dug six feet deep, and these bodies purposely laid under all the others. Don Alonso

\* Roberts was a feigned name. Antonio de Yepes (*Cor. Gen. de S. Benito*, T. 4. f. 55.) says that his name was Juan *Maruina*, and that he was born at *Ransuénit*, in the province of *Merionet*, being of a noble British family. It is not easy to guess at the two former of these words. It seems he was originally of the reformed religion, but became a catholic in France, from whence the Archbishop of Bourdeaux sent him to Father Creswell, at Madrid, as a hopeful subject. Yepes calls his fellow-sufferer Sumers *Fuirsono*, and says that they were buried under the sixteen thieves, to prevent the catholics from venerating them, but that they, partly by marks *partly by conjecture*, got the gold from the dross. Fr. Guillermo Jansenio (William Johnson?) an old comrade of Roberts, carried some of his relicks to Spain. This Father, says Yepes, left me a very good bone at St. Benito's, in Valladolid, and he took a whole arm to his own Convent, San Martin de Santiago. These relicks probably still exist, but it is evident that instead of belonging to Roberts, as Yepes imagined, they must be those of Scott, or *Nimpo:t*;—*n'importe*.

so, however, undertook the task, and went with ten or twelve of his servants, all well armed. They knew the bodies easily, because the rest were whole ; put them in sacks which Luisa had made of her own sheets, and returned with them in triumph before day-break. She was ready with twelve women to receive them, each holding a taper in each hand ; the way from the door to the oratory was strewn with flowers ; the dismembered bodies were laid on a carpet before the altar, and covered with a cloth of crimson silk, on which sweet flowers were scattered, and the Catholics prayed beside them. Nothing more could be done that day, for so many hereticks called that it seemed as if the devil had sent them on purpose. The night was spent in cleaning these relicks ; they had been buried three days ; water was spirted upon them from the mouth, as the safest way, and wiped off with dry cloths ; they were then anointed with the strongest spices, and lastly cased in lead. Parts were given to the gentlemen of the court, who would accept no other reward for having brought them off ; others were dispatched as presents to Luisa's noble friends in Spain ; but the greater part were sent to the town of Gondomar, and deposited in the Count's own chapel, where they are probably still venerated to this day.

These things, when the ambassador's son and retinue did not do it themselves, were expensive. She says in a letter, the stealing and preserving the last martyr cost me seventeen pounds

(each of which is forty *reales*), and it was very cheap, for it was dangerous to get at it.—Resurrection-men have greatly fallen in their price.

It now became necessary, in consequence of a severe illness, that she should remove to a more airy situation. A house was found for her in Spitalfields, about a mile from the Spanish, and near the Venetian ambassador's. It stood singly, had a good garden, and was lofty and strong. She called it her *Oran*, her strong hold in the land of the misbelievers. In this she fortified herself, that is to say, she doubled the doors, and the outer one was never opened till the inner was secured, and a fierce mastiff mounted guard in the garden. The reason for these precautions was, that she had established a sort of nunnery here. Catholics regarded it as a seminary, and thought themselves happy if they could get a woman who had been trained here to superintend their children. The mode of life was sufficiently conventional. They were to rise at five from Easter till Michaelmas, at six during the rest of the year ; rising, private prayer, and making the bed, not to occupy more than half an hour ; then they met in the oratory, to pass an hour in mental prayer, which might be assisted by reading, if thought necessary. The subjects of contemplation for Monday and the three following days were death, judgment, hell, and heaven ; for Friday and Saturday, the passion, crucifixion, and burial of Christ ; for Sunday, the resurrection ; and these themes

for thought were not to be changed without the approbation of the superior. Primes then followed, and in the winter Tierce and Sexts. They then went to their work, either together or separately, at the pleasure of the superior. If it was necessary for health, they might now walk in the garden, but silence was to be observed from the time of rising till mass, which was celebrated at eight in summer and at nine in winter. If there was a sermon, it was to be immediately after mass, if possible, otherwise at whatever hour the superior should appoint. After mass, Nones in winter; in summer, Tierce and Sexts, and Nones at ten; during Lent, Vespers at ten. From this time till a quarter before eleven they worked and conversed upon edifying subjects; each then was to examine the state of her own conscience for a quarter of an hour. At eleven they went to dinner, or breakfast (for it was both) during which the reader of the week read to them. The time-keeper (*Relogera*) then turned up an hour-glass, and they might amuse themselves till it had run out. Then they went about their several occupations, keeping silence till two. From two till three the superior, once at least in every week, was to deliver an exhortation to them in the working chamber, or call apart those who needed either advice or correction. On Fridays they assembled at this hour in the oratory, and sung the hymn *Ave Regina Caelorum*; after which, each in her turn publickly confessed what faults she was

conscious of, guarding only against any thing indecorous, or which could be contrary to edification. Another person, called the Censor or Inspector (*Celadora*) was then to point out any thing which had escaped the self-observer, and this concluded with the *Miserere*, and with prayer. On the days when this hour was left at leisure, it was to be passed in reading history, the lives of the saints, or any other books which could serve at the same time for instruction and amusement. Vespers at three, then the Litany of the life and death of Christ, then the Rosary of the life and death of Christ to be gone through. Work and silence again till five, and in Lent till six. This was the time for seeing visitors, if permission was granted; but, none of the community was permitted to see a visitor alone, not even a female relation, nor might any visitor remain longer than an hour. Complines at half-past five in summer, an hour later in winter; then half an hour's prayer by the glass, and the Litany of our Lady, as chaunted at Loretto. If there should be any interval before supper, it might be employed in self-examination, or in edifying conversation. Supper at seven in summer, at eight in winter, and Matins at half after eight or half after nine, according to the time of year; then a short self-examination; and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, every one was to retire and *discipline* herself, that is, flog herself, which was to be done every night in Lent, except on Sundays, and festivals always excepted; on

other nights a short reading upon the subject for contemplation of the next morning. They then went to bed. The superior might, if she pleased, order discipline before Primes in the morning. Cilices were to be worn once a week, and in Lent twice or thrice a week.

The Gunpowder Plot, the writings of the Jesuits, and the assassination of Henry IV. had alarmed and exasperated the government. Upon this murder, a general search was made for priests during three successive nights ; spies were set in the streets to watch every suspected house, and women and children were employed upon this service, as being least liable to be suspected themselves. It was not possible that Luisa could escape notice. The very precautions which she took sufficiently proved that something was concealed ; yet she carried on her nunnery two years without being molested. Abbot still had his eye upon her, but his agents could never obtain admittance ; even when they went with a general order to search all houses for materials for saltpetre (according to law) she refused to admit them, and referred them to the Spanish ambassador. At last Abbot laid the matter before the Privy Council, and complained that there was a nunnery established under his nose. The British Solomon's feelings had just been touched in their only vulnerable part ; the king of Spain had sent the book which Suarez had written against him into England, and upon this provocation he boldly gave orders to

issue a warrant. On the 28th of October, 1613, the recorder and the sheriff went to execute it in person. They got over the garden wall by means of ladders, and forced the house doors. The catholic biographer says, they were astonished at the appearances of poverty within; coarse dresses, hard mattresses, planks instead of tables, not even a chair on which the magistrates could sit down; the provisions corresponded to the furniture ; a little sea-coal, as it is called, which the poor use for fuel, and some tubs of water, which was not what they looked for. The oratory was richly fitted up, but they did not discover it, for the search was not made with the usual rigour.

A crowd speedily collected, and the Flemish ambassador (being then the nearest Catholic one) came up. Luisa told him, all she was alarmed for was for the safety of a Jesuit, who had come there that morning to meet some ladies and confess them, thinking it a safe place. The ambassador immediately cried out to him in an angry tone, Did I not give orders that none of my servants should come to this house? go home, sir! Gondomar soon arrived; he and the Fleming both demanded that Doña Luisa should be given into their charge, promising that she should appear whenever the council summoned her. The magistrates replied, that they had no authority to do this, and they produced an order in the king's own hand for apprehending her, though the Spanish

ambassador himself should protect her. There were at this time only five damsels under her care ; one was ill in bed, and died the next day ; one escaped ; the other three were taken into custody with her. They were carried to Lambeth, where the archbishop asked at what hour they rose to matins, how many nuns she had, what rules they followed, and other such frivolous questions, says Luis Muñoz ; and every now and then he exclaimed, Was there ever such a strange woman in the world ! set up a nunnery in the very face of the government ! in London ! in sight of the king and his council ! To all this Luisa only answered, that he was not her judge. She and her companions were committed to prison. The countess of Gondomar drove directly to the prison, and sent to tell the king that there she should remain and keep Doña Luisa company, till he should be pleased to deliver her to the Spanish ambassador. The lady of the Flemish ambassador went also to visit her. Gondomar complained loudly ; his majesty, he said, had given him the strongest possible proof that his presence in court was no longer acceptable, and he declared that he would leave England, unless Doña Luisa were given up to him. The privy council insisted that she should be sent out of the kingdom ; he replied, they had not shewn cause sufficient for this. After four days, instead of shipping her and the ambassador off together, James yielded, and gave her

to him. He and the Fleming went in person to receive her, with eight or nine carriages in their train. With this procession they made the circuit of the principal streets, passed purposefully by the palace in contempt of the king, and carried her in triumph to Gondomar's house, where she still carried on her business of reconciling converts to the church of Rome ; but her former abode was made use of for the ceremony, Gondomar's being watched too narrowly.

The council were however determined, notwithstanding this submission to the insolent Spaniard\*, that Luisa should not remain in England ; and they instructed the English ambassador at Madrid to insist that she should be ordered home. Great efforts were made on her part to resist this demand ; but the treaty between the two countries expressly forbade

\* You are deceived if the Bohemian state  
 You think I touch, or the Palatinate ;  
 Or that this aught of Eighty-eight \* contains,  
 The Powder-plot, or any thing of Spain's,  
 That their ambassador need question me,  
 Or bring me justly for it on my knee.

*Wither's Motto.*

Here is one proof that the English press was as galling to the Philips as it has been to Bonaparte, and that they endeavoured in time of peace to pursue the same system of intimidating it.

\* i. e. The Armada,

the subjects of either from interfering with the religion of the other, and Gondomar was instructed to send her to Flanders, where the Infanta D. Isabel would receive her. Luisa declared she never would go, unless they carried her on board by force, and tied her to the mast. The difficulty was terminated by her death.

She was taken ill on the 20th of November; her biographer attempts to prove that it was in consequence of her imprisonment, and that therefore she actually was a martyr, according to her wish. On the 2d of January she died, having that day completed her 47th year, and having lived nine years in England. Her death was conformable to her life. When she felt it near, she drest herself for the grave, and even put on stockings, in order that as her feet had never been seen by any person while she lived, they might still remain covered. Her fear was, lest they should embalm her; to prevent this, she desired that as soon as she had expired, the *mongil*, the religious dress in which she had left Spain, and which she had preserved for this purpose, might be put on over her other grave-clothes, and that her corpse might not be touched.

The body was first laid in a leaden coffin, then in a wooden one, which was lined and covered with crimson sattin, and in a third of basket-work (*cofre de vaguela*). It was then placed in a niche of Gondomar's chapel,

near the altar. His intention was to take it with him to Spain when he returned. Her obsequies were celebrated with great pomp in all the English seminaries. The Jesuits at Louvain immediately sent to demand the body, claiming it as their right, and not without some appearance of reason ; as she had founded that seminary, it seemed the fittest place for her relicks. But Luisa was in great odour in her own country, and all her devotees there were urgent that the body should be sent to Spain. The famous Marquis de la Siete Iglesias, D. Rodrigo Calderon, procured an order to this effect from the king. His wife was nearly related to Luisa, and on his plea they embargoed the coffin as soon as it arrived, and deposited it in the convent of Portaceli, at Valladolid, which they had founded. But the king's orders were, that it should be given to his convent of the *Encarnacion*, and the marquis was obliged to resign it. Thinking, however, to keep some relick, he proceeded to open the leaden coffin ; the salt water had got in upon the voyage, and now came out with so offensive a smell that he desisted. The nuns of the *Encarnacion*, one of whom had obtained permission to take a finger, were not so easily deterred. They opened the coffin, and found the body uncorrupted, and they applied lime to dry up the water effectually. Four years afterwards it was again inspected ; the lime had parched it, but still it was entire. Such a

treasure was too precious to be committed to the earth ; the coffin was placed in the reliquary of the convent, and there it was often venerated by Philip IV. and his queen and court.

*RULES of the ROYAL COLLEGE  
of SURGERY at Madrid, founded by  
CARLOS III. 1787.*

THERE shall be a Regulating Board (*Junta Gubernativa y Escalastica*) consisting of eight fellows (*Maestros*). These eight are to be presided over by the President of the College, or by the Director in his stead; and are to instruct the students theoretically and practically.

One of these Fellows shall on every Thursday evening read a dissertation to all the Members and Students. After this the Secretary shall present all papers that may have been laid before the board. These are to be read immediately or deferred till another sitting, or laid aside for particular examination as may be thought proper.

After a paper has been read, the Secretary is to write the opinion of the board under it. Such as require a particular examination are to be referred to two of the Fellows, who must give their opinion and remarks in writing. All these papers to be registered among the Archives by the Secretary.

After these readings the Board must remain alone to treat of the affairs of the College.

The President or Director may call an extraordinary sitting on any day but Thursday. A general sitting must be held at the close of every year to examine the accounts and books of the College.

The first Surgeon of the Bed-chamber shall always be President. The Director shall be chosen from among the Fellows.

Eighteen thousand *Reales de Vellon* shall be annually paid from the royal treasury, to be expended upon the library, surgical instruments, preparations, &c.

There shall be eight Professorships, four theoretical, four practical; each with an annual pension of 18,000 reales.

The first shall be of Anatomy. The Professor shall begin his instructions with *Osteology* upon the skeleton, and recent subject, proceed with *Sarcology*, and conclude with the organs of the senses. He shall follow the order and distribution of Winflow, till a better guide be found\*. His lectures are to begin on the first of October and end on the last of February. From ten to eleven in the morning. The students of the first and second year must attend. These students must assist at the dissections and making preparations.

The second shall be of Physiology and

\* This provis is always added when the guide is named.

*Higiene.*\* The guide Boérhaave. To begin the first of March and end the last of July. From nine to ten in the morning. To the first and second years students.

The third of Pathology and Therapeutics. To begin upon Nosology; expound its various causes, or what is called *Ætiologia*; signs or *Semeiotica*; and conclude with *Symptomatologia*, which is that part of Pathology that treats of the symptoms of diseases. The guide Boerhaave. From the first of March to the end of July. From ten to eleven in the morning. To the students of the second year.

The fourth of Materia Medica. He must treat of *Chemica-Medica* and Pharmacy; following Cartuser upon the Materia Medica, and Lafaye upon external applications. From the first of October to the end of February. From eleven till twelve in the morning. To the students of the fifth year.

The first practical Professorship shall be of surgical complaints; following Gorter. From the first of October to the end of February. From three till four in the evening. To the students of the third year.—He must likewise give a course of lectures upon dressings, (*rendages*) following Canibel, and operating upon a figure. To the students of the first and second years. From five till six in the evening, in June and July.

The second of midwifery and venereal com-

\* I do not understand this word; perhaps it means the doctrine of health.

plaints. To follow Astrue on the diseases of women and the obstetric art. He is likewise to treat of the diseases of children from their first formation till their seventh year, following Boerhaave. From the first of March till the end of July. From four till five in the evening. To the third years students.

This Professor shall privately instruct such women as may chuse to learn midwifery. They must bring their husband's permission, and no unmarried woman shall be admitted. Without having received his instructions, no woman shall practise midwifery in Madrid.

In his lectures on venereal complaints he shall follow and compress Astrue. From the first of October to the end of November. From four till five in the evening. To the students of the third year.

The third of operations and *Algebra Chirurgica*, the art of bone-setting. To follow the work by Velasco and Villaverde, operating upon a dead body. From the first of October till the last of February. From nine till ten in the morning. To the students of the fourth and fifth years. Upon *Algebra Chirurgica*, to follow Gorter. From five till six in the evening during April and May. To the students of the third and fourth years.

The fourth of mixed disorders, and clinical lectures. He must particularly treat upon Calentures; following Boerhaave. From the first of March to the end of July. From eleven till twelve in the morning. To the fifth years students.

The Clinical lectures shall be given in the infirmary of the College twice a week, at hours that will not interfere with other studies; to all the students, particularly those of the fifth year.

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There shall be a Dissector to assist the Anatomical Professor, who, though not a Member of the Board, shall be equally respected. He is to prepare for the Professors lectures, assist in making preparations, and teach dissection to the students. His salary 10,000 reales. If any student behaves improperly at a dissection he may turn him out, but he must immediately inform the Director.

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Those sick persons in the General Hospital whose cases may improve the students, shall be removed to the Infirmary of the College, where there shall be separate rooms for the sexes, and must never be less than 40 patients. All patients must come from the General Hospital. Only women that are pregnant to be admitted.

The three Professors of operations, surgical complaints, and mixed disorders, shall attend in the infirmary of the men every morning at eight, and give practical instructions. The Professor of Midwifery shall likewise give practical lessons.

The Hospital-Board (*Junto de Hospitales*) shall nominate a young Apothecary, who must attend at the morning visit to the Infirmary, and take down prescriptions. He is himself to

distribute the medicines, and be answerable for any mistake.

The Hospital-Board shall likewise nominate a Steward (*Cabo*) of the Infirmary, who must attend at the morning visit and take down prescriptions of diet. He must take care that every thing be clean, and keep the Infirmary quiet at the hours of rest.

The Hospital-Board shall also nominate two matrons for the female Infirmary ; where one of them must always be present.

On the vacancy of a Fellowship, notice shall be given throughout the kingdom.

Four times as many points of medical or surgical science shall be written out, as there are candidates. Three of these shall be drawn by lot, and the opponent is to chuse one of these three, as a subject on which his rival must, in 24 hours, produce a Latin dissertation. During this time he is secluded in the College Library, where he shall be furnished with an amanuensis and with whatever books he may want ; but he shall only leave the Library to eat and sleep, both within the College.

After he has read his dissertation he must answer the objections made to it by two of his competitors. If it be upon a practical subject a body shall be prepared, on which he must demonstrate it, and then answer his two competitors objections.

For the second exercise he must give his opinion on one of the three subjects, which his rivals shall chuse by word of mouth, and in the

vernacular tongue ; to prepare for this exercise he shall have 24 hours. These two exercises to be performed in public.

The third exercise must be in private with the Judges, who shall assign the candidate any operations they think proper upon a body, till they are satisfied. All these exercises shall be performed on different days. The names of the candidates to be drawn by lot. The first to be opposed by the second and third, {and so on.

The three exercises for the Professor of Anatomy and the Dissector shall be upon Myology, Neurology, and Splanchnology.

In order to be matriculated the students must understand Latin, and have studied Logic, Algebra, Geometry, and experimental Philosophy for three years. They must produce certificates from the Priest and *Regidores* of their parish, of their purity of blood, baptism, parents marriage, and of their life and manners.

They must also have such supplies from their friends as will support them decently, *without the necessity of their serving either as Barbers, or servants.* If any one is discovered in thus supporting himself after matriculation, his matriculation shall be void.

A person who is not matriculated may study ; but he cannot demand a certificate of having attended the regular courses.

They cannot be admitted after the end of August every year.

On the first of October an inaugural Lecture shall be read.

The studies of the first year shall be Anatomy, Physiology, *Higiene*, and Dressings.

Of the second year, the surgical studies repeated, Pathology, and Therapeutics.

Third, Surgical complaints, *Algebra Chirurgica*, Midwifery, and Venereal complaints.

Fourth, Studies of the third year repeated. Surgical operations.

Fifth, Surgical operations repeated, to conclude with Clinical lectures, *Materia Medica*, and mixed disorders.

Botany and Chemistry to be studied in the last years.

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The students shall be examined every September, and their progress and conduct recorded. This account shall be delivered to them with their certificate at the expiration of their studies.

A gold medal weighing four ounces shall be given every year from the Treasury, as a prize for the students who have completed their surgical studies.

The students may settle and exercise their profession in any part of the kingdom. But if any student turns Barber, he forfeits all his privileges.

Twelve *Colegiales internos* shall be chosen among the students, to take care of the Infirmary. They shall receive five reales a day for five years, to be paid monthly.

The three most skilful of these shall act in the absence of the three Professors who attend the Infirmary.

They must rise at five, and study in their own chambers till seven. Till eight prepare all things necessary for the Infirmary. Till nine attend in the Infirmary. Till twelve at the different lectures. The gates of the College shall then be shut, and all the Collegiates dine in common. After dinner they may retire to rest in their own rooms; those who do not chuse to rest themselves must keep silence and not disturb the others. At two the doors shall be opened. Till three they must attend the sick. Till six at lectures. After that hour they must conform to the internal regulations of the College. All this shall be literally observed.

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The library shall be open to every person from ten till twelve in the morning, and from two till four in the evening, from November till the end of February. From three till five in the evening in March, April, September, and October. From nine till eleven in the morning, and four till six in the evening, in May, June, July, and August.

The Librarian shall deliver the instruments to the Professor for his lectures, who must return them clean.

The Surgeon shall record the history of every diseased part of which he makes a preparation.

The College may have as many bodies as are wanted from the General Hospital; without consulting the Hospital Board.

There shall be a Dispensary under the care of the Professor of Materia Medica.

Any person who behaves decently may be admitted to the Anatomical Lectures.

There shall be a store of the best instruments.

The archives of the College shall be preserved.

The Secretary shall have apartments for his family ; two thousand reales annually, and one thousand for an amanuensis.

The Librarian must be one of the eight Fellows, who well understands the Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. His salary shall be two thousand reales, and that of his assistant one thousand.

The Instrument Maker shall have 3300 reales annually. The Porter 2200 annually. The Cook and Refitolero (one who takes care of the refectory) 150 reales monthly.

These salaries shall all be paid from the royal Treasury.

These rules shall literally be observed. If any of them should be found inconvenient, the Board shall advise together, and propose an emendation to the Royal Council.

THE END..

# LETTERS

written during

A JOURNEY IN SPAIN,

AND A

SHORT RESIDENCE IN PORTUGAL.



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BY

*ROBERT SOUTHEY.*

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# LETTERS

FROM

## SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

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### LETTER XIV.

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*Santa Cruz.—Depopulation of the Province of Estremadura.—Miajadas.—Merida.—Talaveruela.—Badajos.—Royal Tent of Portugal.—Elvas.*

Monday, Jan. 18.

At Truxillo we once more saw English plates ; but we could procure no kind of provision there, not even an egg—the court had demolished all. The common earthen pitchers are better turned, and apparently of better materials than any I have seen in England. The town formed a fine object as we looked back upon it ; the ruins of many outworks are visible ;

the ground is rocky, and broom grows among the stones luxuriantly in blossom. It soon became swampy, and presented to the eye as drear a prospect as the roads in Cornwall. We passed by the mountain of Santa Cruz, which we had seen yesterday ten leagues distant from the Puerto de Mireveti. It is the boldest mass I ever saw of abrupt rocks interspersed with cultivated spots and olive yards ; at the bottom is a village with a convent.

As we entered the village Puerto de Santa Cruz, where we dined, the people came round us to know if we were the cavaliers come to pay the king's debts. Here we bought a very favourite, and indeed a very excellent dish of the Spaniards ; it is lean pork highly seasoned with garlic, and steeped in red wine ; thus prepared, it was sold for four reales the pound. The entrance to the inclosures here is by a door-way in the wall covered with a large stone and half filled up with stones. So fond are these people of ornaments that an

## 3

old woman here who would make Syecorax lovely by comparison, is decorated with ear-rings and a necklace.

The storks\* build their nests on almost all the churches. This bird is held sacred here, and no Spaniard will molest it. It is pleasant to find one prejudice on the side of humanity!

\* Saavedra has chosen this for his 25th emblem. "The stork (he says) defends her nest by building it upon the tower of a church, and her young are secured by the holiness of the place. The prince who shall build his monarchy upon the triangular stone of the church, will establish it firm and secure." He exults in the piety of the Kings of Spain, who have founded more than seventy thousand churches in that kingdom; for King James I. of Arragon alone built a thousand, all dedicated to the immaculate Virgin Mary, for which he was rewarded in his life with the conquests that he made, and the victories that he gained, fighting thirty-three battles, and being victorious in all. These edifices were religious colonies not less powerful than armies with their spiritual weapons, for artillery makes not so great a breach as prayer.

*Idea de un Principio & Politico Christiano; representada en cien empresas, por Don Diego de Saavedra Fexardo*

## 4

If the King of Spain have one solitary spark of sense or humanity, he must be seriously grieved to behold the wretched state of his dominions. Fancy cannot conceive a more delightful climate. Here is wine to gladden the heart of man, corn to support him, and oil to make him of a cheerful countenance. When the Moors possessed Estremadura this whole province was like a well cultivated garden ; at present the population, as given by Ponz, is only one hundred thousand inhabitants, though the province is two hundred miles in length, and a hundred and sixty wide. As a cause for this melancholy depopulation he says, that the pestilence of 1348 destroyed two-thirds of the people of Spain, in consequence vast tracts of land were left uncultivated, and thus a slovenly and Tatar-like system of pasturage\* was intro-

\* " By laying of lands used in tilth to pasture, six maine inconveniences do daily increase. 1. Idleness,

duced. This extravagant system is still pursued on account of its effect, real or supposed, in rendering the wool fine. Count Florida Blanca has in one of his publications ably shown the folly of producing wool at such expence for foreign

which is the ground and beginning of all mischiefs.

2. Depopulation and decay of townes; for where in some townes two hundred persons were occupied, and lived by their lawfal labours, by converting of tillage into pasture, there have beeene maintained but two or three heardsmen; and where men have been accounted sheepe of God's pasture, now become sheepe men of these pastures.

3. Husbandry, which is one of the greatest commodities of the realme, is decayed.

4. Churches are destroyed, and the service of God neglected by diminution of church livings, as by decay of tythes, &c.

5. Injury and wrong is done to patrons and God's ministers.

And 6. The defence of the land against forraine enemies is enfeebled and impaired, the bodies of husbandmen being more strong and able, and patient of cold, heat and hunger, than of any other.

The two consequents that follow of these inconveniences, are, first the displeasure of Almighty God, and secondly, the subversion of the polity and good government of the realm. COKE.

manufactories, instead of the coarser kind fit for their own.

We travel leagues without seeing a village, and when we find one, it consists of such sties as are fit only for the pig part of the family. As for the towns it is not possible to give an Englishman ideas of their extreme poverty and wretchedness. You may conceive the state of the kingdom by this circumstance, we have now travelled six hundred miles without ever seeing one new house or one single one.

It is the policy of the Court here and in Portugal, to lead the nobility into expences, and thus, by making them needy, to render them dependant on the Crown for places and pensions. Thus is this order of men, an order seldom too zealous in the cause of reformation, completely secured. The clergy\* are the sworn en-

\* Autant que le pouvoir du Gergé est dangereux dans une République, autant est-il convenable dans une Monarchie ; sur tout dans celles qui vont au Despotisme. On en seroient l'Espagne & le Portugal depuis la perte

mies of all innovation : they among them who believe what they profess must be narrow-minded bigots, and they who profess what they do not believe must be bad

*de leurs Lois, sans ce point que croire rend la Fac-  
tance odieuse & la mort toujours lourde & regrettée  
en un point d'autre : car comme le Despotisme cause  
à la nature humaine des malheurs effroyables, le mal même  
qui le limite est un bien.*

MONTESQUIEU.

This is not true. On the contrary, it is the power of the clergy that has occasioned the most atrocious cruelties, and the most impolitic measures in Spain and Portugal, and which still continues to keep them enslaved. The expulsion of the Moriscoes, and the proscription of the Jews originated in the influence of the priesthood. To the effects of the Inquisition the worst parts of their national character may be traced. " By this tribunal (says Robinson) a visible change was wrought in the temper of the people, and reserve, distrust, and jealousy became the distinguishing characteristics of a Spaniard. It perpetuated and confirmed the reign of ignorance and superstition. It inflamed the rage of religious bigotry, and by the cruel spectacles to which, in the execution of its decrees, it familiarized the people, it nourished in them that ferocious spirit, which, in the Netherlands and America

men ; the one cannot instruct, and the other will not. 'They must be vicious because they are condemned to celibacy, for it is criminal in them to indulge human affections, and if they do not indulge them, all the milk of human kindness in their hearts will turn sour. Where is reformation to begin ? All ranks are abandoned here, because all ranks are ignorant. But before every man can be virtuous and happy, the Tree of Knowledge must grow in every man's garden.

" I laugh at systems (says our friend P. H.) when I consider how long the pulpit has existed to teach duty, and the gallows to enforce it, and then see the enormous mass of wickedness which the one never glances at and the other cannot punish ;" and the wisest way is to laugh at them : it is folly to grieve for what we

they manifested by deeds that have fixed an everlasting reproach on the Spanish character."

*Ecclesiastical Researches.*

cannot amend, and as for amending the world, society is an ass that will kick the man who attempts to ease it of its burthen.

Tuesday, 19.

We slept at Miajadas last night ; the king has a palace there, and we visited the ruins of a castle and of a noble church. The town is three leagues from the Puerto de Santa Cruz. The first part over a barren and stony country, then thinly planted with prickly oaks, and corn growing between the trees, now of the most grateful verdure. About half way is a bridge over a little rivulet ; at the one end is an ascent of above an hundred yards by a raised road ; at the other so abrupt a turn as literally to form a right angle. The country about Miajadas is uncultivated, and from the hill above the town we looked over a large and swampy plain bounded by mountains. Here as usual we were entertained with complaints of

the court. The girl told us that the king's train had broken five glasses there in one evening. "And did they pay for them?" "Pay for them! the cursed gang! not a maravedi."—The room we were in was arched like a cellar, and we descended two steps to enter it: it was so damp that I concluded that any vermin that had accidentally dropt there must have caught cold and died of an asthma. I was lamentably mistaken.

This place supplied us with another hare, so that our travelling-larder has never been so well provided; two hares, two rabbits, a brace of partridges, a woodcock, a ham, *e queso de puerco*, and the garlicked-loin, a famous bill of fare. The master of the house wanted thirty-two reales, and when we asked for what, could only say, fire and oil, all that he had provided: twenty were paid him, and that was about ten too much.

We have been seven hours travelling twenty miles this morning, over a rich

but uncultivated country, resembling, in its general appearance, the wilds of Kent. We past only a solitary post-house, by which we saw the first orange trees, and in the wood adjoining saw, for the first time, myrtle. We have suffered to-day for Manuel's ungovernable appetite; our hashed hare was swinging under the calessa, ready to be warmed for dinner, we could procure no cork to stop the pitcher it was in, and had therefore cut a small loaf of bread to answer the purpose. On the road Manuel eat the cork, and when the dinner-hour arrived, we found the splashing of the road had spoilt our stew, at least for English palates, for Manuel has no prejudices of this kind. We dined at San Pedro, a poor and miserable village: the room was roofed with canes, and the glasses hung on a cane slit at proper distances, and suspended in the room. The hostess there had just made some puffs, and begged me to eat one

with so much real civility, that had they been the vilest composition of Spanish filth, I could not have refused : it was only paste seasoned with anis. She has a daughter about twelve years of age, a beautiful girl with a placid and melancholy countenance that seems to deserve a better fate.

We went one league over a thinly wooded track, and then, leaving the village of Truxillano on the right, proceeded one league farther over an open and cultivated country to Merida.\*

\* Merida, Emerita Augusta, was once the capital of Lusitania, and a Metropolitan city. It was built by Augustus as a colony for the soldiers who had served him well against the Cantabrians, Arturians, and Lusitanians. A. U. C. 726. A. C. 28. St. Eulalia, a child of twelve years of age, the pupil of Donatus, a priest, was martyred here, in company with St. Julian and six men, by Calpurnian, Lieutenant of Dacien. Prudentius has celebrated her, and given a long and lively picture of her torments in a hymn. To a classical antiquary, this is one of the most interesting cities in Spain. A fair is held here Feb. 3, and July 25.

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The cultivation is very slovenly. They leave the broom standing, and sow corn round it.

About two hundred yards before the town is an aqueduct ; we passed under it, and immediately under another arch of an ancient and remarkable ruin. What we could see of the town by moonlight made us regret our so late arrival. The king is at Badajos, only nine leagues distant. His retinue have not yet left Merida, and we were very fortunate in getting a room here, wretched as it is. We were called upon to have our trunks examined, and the ceremony was dispensed with for a pesetta.

I wish some sudden business would recall the king immediately to Madrid, that he might find what kind of roads his subjects were obliged to travel, every bone in his body would ache before he got half way. They were levelled for his journey, - and every person obliged to whitewash the front of his house, that his

majesty might witness the cleanliness of his subjects.

We had a woodcock for supper, which we trussed ourselves. This did not satisfy the old woman of the house; to our utter disappointment she brought up the poor bird sprawling, told us we had forgot to cut off the rump and draw it, and then poked her finger in to shew us how clean the inside was. They roast birds here in a pipkin, and boil them in the fryingpan.

During his majesty's stay at Merida he killed innumerable partridges, six wolves, and a wild cat.

Wednesday 20.

We crossed the Guadiana by a very long bridge, once the scene of a great miracle. Fidel, who was bishop here in the latter part of the sixth century, had sent one of his domestics to a place called Caspiana, about sixteen miles distant, bidding him return speedily; but he, not

being able to return the same day, resolved to pass the night there. Soon after he had fallen asleep, the cocks awakened him ; he rose, mounted his horse, and reached the bridge before midnight. The gate was closed ; and receiving no answer when he knocked, he alighted, and let his horse graze while they were waiting for admittance. Presently he saw a ball of fire which came out of the Church of Fausti Rabort, a mile without the city, and went to that of Lucrecia, within the walls ; a multitude of saints followed it, and passed over the bridge : Fidel, arrayed in robes of white ran at their head, and he opened the gate. The servant, who, half dead with fear, thought to enter when now the gate was open, but, alas ! he was in the body, and to him it was as fast as ever. In the morning he got in, his master asked him at what time he had left Caspiana ; and when he was told where he had been detained, asked him

if he had seen any thing, and then charged him to tell no man during his life.

The death of this Fidel differs from the usual machinery of these occasions. A holy man, hearing the matin bell one night, rose, and went to the cathedral. Astonished when he got there to find the quire full of saints, he crept into a corner, and saw them perform the matin service; after which, they proceeded to the basilica of St. John, which was under the same roof as the cathedral, and only separated from it by a partition wall: there they sung lauds; and when the whole was over, they exclaimed, "The hour is now arrived; let us perform that for which we are come here!" Immediately two Ethiops appeared, of gigantic stature, terrible and hideous figures, who seemed to be kindled with fire, and they had each a sharp sword in his hand. "Go to the palace," said the saints, "enter into St. Fidel's apartment, and wound him grievously in the body, that his soul may go

with us and enjoy its crown." Away they went, and soon returned, saying, "We cannot enter his cell; for he is not sleeping, but lies prostrate on the ground in prayer; and such is the fragrance of the incense which he has offered up to God, that it will not let us enter." "Go," replied the saints, "for it is necessary to fulfil what God has commanded." They went a second time, and were a second time repelled. But the third time, inasmuch as the execution of this command was indispensable, God suffered them to enter, and they smote him with such cruelty, that the holy man, who was all this while in the church, heard his cries and groans. And thus was St. Fidel stricken for death.\* There is a castle on

\* I transcribe the inscription on the bridge from Ponz.  
 "Tecum sum, et flumina non oferient te. Isaiæ XLIII.  
 Deo mundi Architecto sapientis, et Christo Jesus restauratori efficaciss. ac Pontifici æterno, tuæq. Eulalia Virgo,  
 & Martyr sanctissima tutelæ, Emerita Augus. Pontem a  
 vetustate et fluminis injuriis, labe, fæditate, disruptionibus

the bank, and the ruins of some works in a little island. The road for three leagues lay over an uninteresting plain, though fertile and well-peopled. We then kept

*vindicatum, et in pristinum splendorem ampliatis offeribus  
restitutum, dicat commendat. Ex autoritate et providentia  
Philippi III. Hispaniar. Regis Catholic, piissimi  
atque invictiss. D. N. Clementiss. Joann. Thomas  
Fabarius Vc. e militia sacra S. Jacobi. Commandatarius  
Huelmi praefecit, Emerita opus curavit, probavit. an  
MDCX e pecunia collata ab urbibus oppidisque intra  
lapidem C. C.*

On the left side of the tablet:

*Por mandado y comision de la Majestad Catolica de D.  
Phelipe III. Rey de Espana y de las Indias, N. S. D.  
Juan Thomas Fabaro Comendador de Huelamo de la orden  
de Santiago y Gobernador de Merida reparo con acremen-  
tamiento de firmeza y hermosura esta puente, que estaba en  
la mayor parte arruinada, y rota por su antiguedad y por  
los crecientes del rio, ano de MDCX. Hizose esta obra  
a costa de la ciudad de Merida, y contribucion de las  
demas ciudades y lugares que estan dentro de cincuenta  
leguas.*

Ponz says the marble cannot be believed, for it is easily seen that not a sixth part of the bridge was repaired.

under a range of hills for another league, and beheld the river watering the plain till we ascended to this miserable village Lobon; a small ruin, on a broken and rocky hill, and the church situate among olive trees, were the only buildings visible as we approached. Here I was curious enough to measure the chairs and the tables, which have for some days been equally low. The back of the chair is two feet eight, the height of the table two feet one.

The Marquis de Conquista passed us on the road, escorting the Camaressa of the queen to the court, a beautiful woman who had been detained by indisposition at his seat near Truxillo. Two men rode by the coach singing to her as she went along. This made the road cheerful and agreeable, but alas! we suffered for it at night!

Descended from Lobon, we skirted the plain for two leagues to Talaveruela, a large and miserable place. Here the

marquis had pre-occupied the house, and we could only procure a most deplorable room, with a hole above the roof to admit light, as if up a chimney. It was long before we could procure chairs or table. Here we dressed ourselves to pass the courts and custom-houses to-morrow, and a most curious scene did our dressing-room exhibit: it was not possible to procure a looking-glass to shave by. They spread beds for us on mats upon the floor. The roof was of cane, and the rats running over it in the night shook down the dirt on our heads. I lay awake the whole night killing the muskitoes as they settled on my face, while the inhabitants of the bed entertained themselves so merrily at my expence, that Sangrado himself would have been satisfied with the bleeding I underwent.

We travelled two leagues over a flat and unpleasant country, which, Colmenar says, is sometimes so infested by grasshoppers, that the king is obliged to send

a body of men to burn them. Badajoz,\* the frontier town, then appeared at the distance of a league, with its fort; and three leagues beyond, the Portuguese town of Elvas, and fort La Lippe. A regiment of cavalry is encamped under the walls: the men, indeed, are in tents, but the horses have no shelter; and the rains are daily expected. At every gate of the fortifications we were examined, and delay to us was not only unpleasant but dangerous, lest the calessa should be embargoed. We drove to the custom-house; and if ever I were to write a mock heroic descent to the infernal regions, I

\* Badajoz has been asserted by some Spanish antiquarians to be the Pax Augusta of Strabo, corrupted by the Moors into Baxangus, Badaxos, Badajoz. The process is easy enough, but it has been indubitably proved that Pax Augusta and Pax Julia are the same; and the incontestible evidence of Roman inscription places them at Beja. This question has been fully investigated by Resendé, and Florez assents to his decision.

would not forget to make the adventurer pass through one of these agreeable establishments. There is a heavy and oppressive duty laid on money here ; a traveller will of course carry as little Spanish gold into Portugal as possible, for it is of no use to him on the road, and he will lose thirty per cent. by the exchange ; still there is an exorbitant tax upon what he may happen to have. The town is full of horses and carriages, for which there is no shelter. We drove through the town immediately, and left the place by a very fine bridge over the \*Guadiana.

\* Florez, after Bochart, derives *Anas* from the Phœnician, in which *hanas* is to conceal oneself, and then re-appear ; to dive as *hanasa* is in Arabic. This may be, and probably is, the origin of the Latin word, but did not the Romans mean to call this river *the Duck*, just as we have our *Mole*, who

Digs herself a path, by working day and night,  
According to her name, to shew her nature right,  
And underneath the earth for three miles space doth  
creep.

About a league beyond runs a rivulet that separates the two kingdoms, its name is Caya. The royal tent of Portugal is pitched on the bank, and a wooden bridge built for the meeting exactly where carriages used to ford the stream. But vulgar wheels must not profane the bridge which shall be trod by the hoofs of their sacred majesties' horses ! and we were obliged to pass the water where it was so deep as to wet our baggage.

Here all was gaiety, and glad to have escaped from Spain, we partook of the gaiety of the scene. Booths were erected : the courtiers passing from one town to the other, and crowds from both thronging to see the royal tent. Yet even here, when the two courts are about to meet on such very unconimon terms of friendship, the national prejudices are evident. Manuel bought some oranges for us, he was within ten yards of Spain, and you may conceive his astonishment when they abused him for being a Spaniard.

Our hurry at Badajoz allowed us no time to dine: here we fell to our brawn and bread and cheese, with the comfortable feeling of being near home. My uncle entered into conversation with a Portuguese officer who wished himself a general that he might have the pleasure of giving no quarter to the French: "Cruel dogs, said he, to make war upon the church! Look at this bridge," he cried, "each nation built half, but I need not tell you which half the Portuguese built: they do every thing well! so strong, so durable! it will last for ever! As for the Spanish part (and he lifted up his eyebrows as he spoke) the first rain will sweep it away!" The Spaniards are not inferior in rhodomontade and national prejudices; one of them after passing through the tent, which contains a suite of eight handsome rooms, beside the bed chambers, turned round with a sneer,

\* And in reality the first rains swept away both parts.

"We have better apartments for the pigs in Spain!" No passion makes a man a liar so easily as vanity.

The day darkened as we approached Elvas, and evidently betokened a wet night. We knew how crowded the town must be, and thought with no comfortable anticipation on the difficulty of obtaining a lodging for the night. The approach to Elvas is by an ascent between plantations of olives, almond trees in blossom, and orange trees laden with fruit. The Iris blossomed on the banks. We were examined at the gates, and passed a second time through the purgatory of the custom-house. Here my uncle left me to open the baggage, and in a short time returned with the colonel of one of the Portuguese regiments, an Englishman.

## LETTER XV.

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*Estremos.—Arrayolos.—Montemor.—Travelling Misfortunes.—Venda Silveiras.—Vendas Novas.—A Romeria.—Aldea Gallega.—Arrival at Lisbon.*

Friday, Jan. 22.

COLONEL M. procured us a room in the house where he himself lodged, and we enjoyed the novelty of tea and toast and butter. Some of the Portuguese nobility dropped in in the evening. The conversation turned upon the Spanish court, and it was remarked that the Queen of Spain had her cortejo with her. Yes, it was replied, and a certain noble family accompanies the court, because you know the King cannot do without a wife.

The night was very tempestuous ; the doors and windows were like Mr. Shandy's, and clattered with the wind. We breakfasted early, and left Elvas\* in a wet morning. Fort La Lippe, which is deemed impregnable, lies on a high hill, to the north. We passed under a very fine aqueduct of four rows of arches. The country is beautifully varied, but we were

\* Those antiquaries who delight in fable will have it that Elvas was founded by the Hebrews when they entered Spain, and named after the city of Helbah. (*Judges i. 31.*) Others suppose that it was built by Marcus Helvius during his government of Lusitania. Resende traces it to the Helvii. He gives an inscription which records the rare circumstance of a man erecting his own monument.

C. AXONIUS. Q. F. PAP.

LEG. XX. NAT. COL.

FIR PICENO. SE. VIVO.

MONIMENT. FEC. SIBI.

ET. FR. Q. AX. Q. F.

The arms of this frontier city are singularly appropriate : a man in armour, on horseback, bearing the banner of Portugal. Fairs are held here twice a year, Jan. 20, and Sept. 21.

obliged to let down the apron of the calessa, and could only walk between the storms. Villa Viçosa, the royal seat of Braganza, lay to the left. In five hours and a half we reached the Venda de Ponte ; on the way I saw a hedge, and a curious one, for it was made of the gum cestus placed with the roots upwards ! The different state of the two countries was soon visible. We frequently saw single farm houses, and past a quinta, or gentleman's house, the garden of which was planted in clumps in the English style.

At the Venda de Ponte was a friar about eighteen years of age, one of the finest young men I ever saw. He enquired if we were Frenchmen, and on our answer said, " Ah ! I like the English." " Would you not have said the same if we had been French ?" said my companion. " Yes," he replied, " I like the French very well, but I hate the Spaniards ;" and turning round to Manuel, he asked him what countryman he was :

Manuel began to answer, but the friar stopt him, “Enough! by the sound of the guitar we know what instrument it is. You are eating meat,” said he; “I must fast to-day—not because the Scripture tells me to, but because the Church commands me.” “You live very well in your convent?” He shook his head. “I am much more comfortable at home.” He was on a visit to his friends, and had stopt here after a morning walk.

We got a wood-pigeon, a rabbit, and a hare at this place, with some birds of a kind unknown in England.\* The priest of the parish shot them, and sent them to the Venda to sell. There was a stone table in the kitchen, or rather on the kitchen floor, for it was not raised a foot above it,

\* The name by which they were called was *trumba-dor*. I can find nothing nearer this word than *taram-bola*, a plover; but certainly these were birds which I had never seen before, and which bore no resemblance to our plovers. Whatever they were they proved dainty food.

yet this is the first table of any kind which we have seen in an inn kitchen.

If Anaximander had travelled the two leagues from this place to Estremos, he would have thought pounding in a mortar comfortable by comparison. The best apartment here is occupied, and we are in a lumber room, where an old chest serves us as a table, and is to serve me for a bedstead. There is a picture here of a sick man in bed, and the Virgin in the air praying for him. The inscription says that our Lady saved the life of Antonio Sardinho, in 1761.

Saturday 23.

When at morn, the muleteer,  
 With early call, announces day,  
 Sorrowing that early call I hear  
 That scares the visions of delight away.  
 For dear to me the silent hour  
 When SLEEP exerts its wizard power ;  
 For busy FANCY then let free,  
 Borne on the wings of HOPE, my EDITH flies to thee.

When the slant sun-beams crest  
 The mountains shadowy breast ;

## 31

When on the upland slope  
 Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,  
 And lovely as the youthful dreams of HOPE,  
 The dim-seen landscape opens on the view;  
 I gaze around with raptur'd eyes  
 On Nature's charms where no illusion lies,  
 And drop the joy and memory-mingled tear,  
 And sigh to think that EDITH is not here !

At the cool hour of Even,  
 When all is calm and still,  
 And o'er the western hill  
 A richer radiance robes the mellowed heaven;  
 Absorb'd in darkness thence,  
 When slowly fades in night,  
 The dim decaying light,  
 Like the bright day-dreams of BENEVOLENCE !  
 Fatigued, and sad, and slow,  
 Along my lone'y way I go,  
 And muse upon the distant day,  
 And sigh, remembering EDITH iar away.

When late arriving at our inn of rest,  
 Whose roof exposed to many a winter's sky,  
 Half shelters from the wind the shiv'ring guest;  
 By the lamp's melancholy gloom  
 I mark the miserable room,  
 And gazing with indignant eye  
 On the hard lot of honest Poverty.

I sicken at the monster brood  
 Who fill with wretchedness a world so good,  
 And wish, retired, in some secluded glen,  
 To dwell with PEACE and EDITH, far from men.

\* \* \* \* \*

If air-bathing be wholesome I have had it in perfection the whole night ; lying on a chest, and in a current between the door and the window, which as usual is unglazed ; when I arose I knew not whether the cold, or the posture to which the bed had contracted me, had stiffened me most.

The fortifications of Estremoz are out of repair, and the whole town bears the marks of decay.

Since Elvas has been made impregnable, it seems to have been neglected.—It has been a place of great importance. King Deniz had a palace here, and here it was that his wife Queen St. Isabel died. Fine marbles are found in the neighbourhood. The pottery is in great repute ; the Portugueze have always been a nation of water drinkers, and there

is nothing to which they pay more attention than to the quality of their water-jugs. Those which are made here are of excellent workmanship, and have a peculiar fragrance. The town derives its name from a species of pulse called *Tremoços*, which grew in great abundance when the first settlers established themselves. This at least is said to be the etymology of the word; and one of these plants is the arms of the town. Its fairs are held July 25 and Nov. 30. The *termo* or district is very fertile, and is said to contain not fewer than eight hundred springs of good and wholesome water.

The day has been wet, and we travelled with our dead lights down the three leagues to Venda do Duque. In this part of the country there is very fine timber; and we were surprised to find a chimney in the sitting room here. The people make use of a hollow cane instead of a bellows.—The stools and the cradle are of cork. The Portuguese spits are very small, with

four legs at the handle ; the other end rests upon some piece of fuel while the meat roasts ; the spit is of course stationary, and when one side of the meat is done, the other is turned to the fire.— There was a simple and useful piece of kitchen furniture here, suspended from the cieling by a cane, through which a smaller cane was inserted in frequent curves, on which any thing might be hung.

On the road to Arrayolos we crossed two of those streams that so frequently delay or endanger the traveller in these countries : they are fordable the greater part of the year, but after a heavy rain, collecting the water from the hills, they become impassable. The Prince of Brazil has stationed ferry boats here for his messengers, during his stay at Vilia Viçosa. Arrayolos forms a fine picture at some little distance, seen from the plain ; it stands high, and has a ruined castle.

The Portuguese estalagens are perhaps better than the Spanish posadas. The

beds here, instead of being made on bedsteads,\* are placed on a kind of stair or platform raised about eight inches from the floor. We have seen no candles since we left Madrid, but the lamps improve as we approach Lisbon. Here it has three branches as usual ; an eye-screen projects before two of them, and a little extinguisher, a pointed instrument to raise the wick, a small pincers to prune it, and a bucket to deposit the snuff in, all of brass, are suspended by brazen chains between the branches.

Sunday 24.

We dined at the town of Montemor. The little river Canha flows below the town, and abounds with fish. This place is famous for a manufactory of water jars, made of a clay which emits a grateful odour. Small white stones are mixed

\* This is common throughout Portugal, the beds are sometimes placed on bedsteads, sometimes on these platforms.

in the clay, I know not for what purpose, unless it be to render the jugs porous ; and when the vessel has been soiled and clogged by use, if it be rubbed with stones, it recovers its colour and fragrance. Here I saw a funeral ; the body was carried on a bier without a coffin, under a canopy. There are three sisters at the estalagem here, whose appearance and manners are very different from any we have seen before. Isidora indeed, might by her beauty and demeanour have afforded some excuse for one of Don Quixote's mistakes ; and were she indeed a princess, she would be the admiration of Europe.

Here we witnessed the whole process of dressing Joze's rabbit. The spit was placed either above, below, by the side of, or in the fire : to know when it was done they cracked the joints ; then they laid it by till it cooled, then tore it piecemeal with their fingers, and fried it with onions, and garlic, and oil.

Sunday Evening.

I have received another proof this evening, that travelling in these countries is not like Mr. James Douglas's new method of cutting for the stone, *speedy, safe, and agreeable.*\*

We left Montemor after dinner merrily, in expectation of reaching Aldea Gallega to-morrow night. It was a bad sign to stop half an hour while the calassero tied the spokes together; however we might certainly have safely reached the end of the stage with care. Joze, as usual, left the beasts to their own guidance, and the grey mule, as usual, chose a dry path for himself; this path unluckily lay down the bank, and the crazy wheel gave way. The old gentleman who had very quietly suffered the mule to do this mischief, now threw his hat upon the ground, and was

\* The motto to this book is *Cito, tutè, jucundæ.* I see a treatise upon Syphilis advertised with the still more unlucky application of *miseris succurrere disco.*

guilty of heresy, in asserting the mule had a soul, that he might commit blasphemy by assigning it over to the everlasting care of three hundred devils. Alas ! we were upon a wide heath, and not one solitary imp appeared to help us. Here my uncle and I passed no very agreeable tete-a-tete from five till seven, in a dark cloudy evening, till the calassero returned with two men and a cart-wheel, with which we contrived to go back two miles to Venda de Silveyras, the most filthy and miserable hovel to which our ill-fortune has yet conducted us.

The country near Montemor is beautiful, with all variety of hill, and dale, and water. Here we saw enclosures and hedges, where the laurestina grew and blossomed luxuriantly ; and here too for the first time I saw the prickly pear, or as it is called here the devil's fig. We crossed a stream on the road, so deep and so rapid that Joze desired us to pass by the stones at the fall.

Monday, Jan. 25.

At Silveyras as usual we met no blanket; and as they were likewise without sheets, we of course lay down in our cloaths. Never did I behold so horrible a woman as the hostess there; her face in its happiest moments expressed sullen and brutal ferocity; when roused into anger, which happened upon every slight occasion (for evil tempers take fire like rotten wood), it was that of a fury or a fiend. When we asked what was to pay, this woman enumerated the articles to her husband, "they had pepper," she began—"they had salt—they had onions." Here we began our protest—"no onions." "They had pepper," said she again,—"they had salt—they had the room—they had beds;" "Without sheets or blankets" we added, "and they had oil." The man, however, notwithstanding these formidable items made a reasonable charge; and this perhaps provoked her. She began to quarrel with him about an ass,

which she insisted had been sold by him for less than its value ; she raved about the room like a mad woman, and at last sate herself down upon the ground to weep.

For the two last days we have been amused by seeing a countryman driving an obstinate horse in a *carro mato* ; if the horse chose to stand still, all the driver's efforts could not make him advance ; he would rear, and plunge, and kick, and go back—any movement but the right one : This man we found at Silveyras, and leaving his horse with our carriage, we laid our baggage on the *carro mato*, and proceeded with the mules on this new conveyance.

A *carro mato*, is the shafts and wheels of a Portuguese chaise, when the body of the chaise is taken off and the shafts connected by a netting which supports the load. In this agreeable conveyance we set out for Vendas Novas : we enquired the distance, and the man told us it was a

*mouthful*, but as this mouthful was in the English phrase a good bit, we found the motion too hard to endure, and proceeded on foot through the wet. The way was through a wilderness of evergreen shrubs and aromatic herbs; the gum cestus grew in abundance, and the myrtle also, yielding a delightful odour under our feet. We were three hours advancing two leagues, for the rains have broken up the roads.

There is a royal palace at Vendas Novas, or hunting seat, in bad repair, and going to decay. Joam V. had occasion to sleep at this place one night, and ordered this palace to be built for his reception; and accordingly built it was, half by torch light, the men working at it day and night. “*Sem duvida,*” says D’Aucourt, “*he huma das acções em que Sua Magestade mostrou a sua magnanimidade, e o seu poder.*” Without doubt it is one of those actions in which his ma-

jesty manifested his magnanimity and his power. Here, for the first time, I saw fences of aloes which grow to ten or twelve feet in height, and would be impregnable to the boldest fox-hunter. Here the calassero chuses to pass the night on account of the weather; for it rains heavily, and the old woman of the estalagem has promised him a fine day tomorrow because the cat's skin looks bright. Rabbit skins are sold here at a *cruzado novo* (2s. 9d.) the dozen.

As we sat by the kitchen fire this evening, a Portuguese chose to entertain us by relating his history. "I was on board a ship when I was young," said he, "but I quarrelled with another boy; he struck me with a stick, and I stabbed him with a penknife, and ran away." The man related this with the most perfect coolness. A great black-bearded fellow made our beds here, the ugliest hound I ever saw by way of a chamber-maid.

Wednesday, 27.

We started very early yesterday. The country is flat and sandy, and well-wooded with pines. About a mile from Vendas Novas is a stone cross on a stone pedestal, with a long inscription; but as all inscriptions in these countries are perfect enigmas, I could only make out that several persons travelling from Lisbon had been murdered there, and the usual conclusion; "Passenger, for the love of God, pray for their souls." We dined at Venda de Pegoens, a place, says D'Aucourt, "*commuitos mosquitos e nada que comer,*" with plenty of mosquito and nothing to eat, and proceeded five leagues farther to Aldea Galega, which we entered in triumph on the *carro mato*, at five in the evening, with a hare hanging at the shafts, an appendage that in your land of liberty might have procured a traveller lodgings at the county jail.

A little before we reached Alder Galega is the church of Nossa Senhora da Atalaya, where we passed a romeria. When a foolish man or woman, or any one of their children is sick, the sick person, or the parent, makes a vow, in case of recovery, to return thanks to the Virgin, or whatever Saint has been *called in* upon the occasion, at some church, and the more distant the church, the more meritorious is the pilgrimage, or romeria.\* All their neighbours who are bigotted or idle enough to accompany them join the procession, and they collect the rabble from every village that they pass ; for the expences of the whole train are paid by the person who makes the vow. The one we passed consisted of eight covered carts full, and above an

\* The etymology of this word is obvious ; it must have been formed when no pilgrimage was so fashionable as that to Rome. We have the word in English, *roomery*. Sir Thomas Herbert the traveller uses it.

hundred men, women, and children, on horseback, on mule-back, on ass-back, and on foot. Whenever they approached a town or village, they announced their arrival by letting off rockets. Bag-pipes and drums preceded them, and men and women, half undressed, danced before them along the road. Most of the men were drunk, and many of the women had brought little infants upon this absurd and licentious expedition.

The image of our Lady of Atalaya was found on the top of a tree, which said tree from that time has distilled a balsam of miraculous medicinal powers. In September the negroes have a fete at this place which is continued for several days.

In former times a woman of Galicia, whose name was Alda, kept a *tenda* here, and from her name *Alda a Galega*, the place was called, and the town which has grown there. This is the origin assigned it by the great Portugueze corographer,

and he adds that it was called Aldea Galega de Rebatejo, to distinguish it from Aldea Galega de Merciana ; but both places were named from the same obvious causes, that they were chiefly people by Galegos. It is a considerable town. Fourscore years ago there were nine *estalagens* here, the largest, cleanest, and best supplied in Portugal. How many, or of what description they now are, I do not know, but the town has not declined. Its extent, however, bears no proportion to this number of inns. The *concelho*, or corporation, has the exclusive privilege of selling straw for the beasts of travellers. Nay, there is none in the country, and the privilege was rented at nearly six hundred mil reis. The *camera*, or chamber, pay seventy mil reis a year to a physician, fifteen to an apothecary, and twelve to a surgeon, who is of course a *barbero*. The inhabitants have the singular privilege of passing free in the ferry boats to Lisbon.

We were fortunate enough to procure a boat immediately ; and after a rough and unpleasant passage of two hours landed at Lisbon. I rejoiced at finding myself upon 'Terra Firma, and at five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by an earthquake !

## LETTER XVI.

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*Earthquake.—Observations on the City.  
—Meeting of the two Courts.*

Saturday, Jan. 30.

On my passage I was tossed about by the winds and waves, on the road I suffered much for want of fire, and I arrived at Lisbon just in time to hear the house crack over my head in an earthquake. This is the seventh shock that has been felt since the first of November. They had a smart shock on the 17th of this month, but the connoisseurs in earthquakes\* say, that this last, though of

\* I transcribe the following note from the divine legation of Moses, because it affords some ground for supposing that it is possible to predict these convul-

shorter duration, was the most dangerous, for this was the perpendicular shake, whereas the other was the undulatory motion. One person whom I heard of sions of the earth, and if so their most fatal effects may be prevented.

"Pythagoras's popular account of earthquakes was, that they were occasioned by a synod of ghosts assembled under ground; but Jamblichus informs us that he sometimes predicted earthquakes by the taste of well-water."

Pliny the Elder says, L. 2. C. 83. "Futuro ter  
ræmotu est in puteis turbidior aqua." And Paul Dudley, Esq. in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 437, P. 72, speaking of an earthquake in New England, says, "A neighbour of mine that has a well thirty-six feet deep, about three days before the earthquake, was surprized to find his water, that used to be very sweet and limpid, stink to that degree that they could make no use of it, nor scarce bear the house when it was brought in; and thinking some carrion was got into the well, he searched the bottom, but found it clear and good, though the colour of the water was turned wheyish, or pale. In about seven days after the earthquake, the water began to mend, and in three days more returned to its former sweetness and color." It is mentioned by Agathias that all the wells in the Island of Cos became salt after an earthquake.

leapt out of bed, and ran immediately to the stable to ride off. Another, more considerately, put out a light that was burning in his room, because, said he, the fire does more mischief than the earthquake.

As this shock happened ten days after the last, and precisely at the same hour, there is a man who has gone about prophesying a severer one at the same hour ten days hence. The fellow has been very properly imprisoned. Several families have left Lisbon, without considering the greater the number of slight shocks, the less reason is there to apprehend a violent one.

A German was invited by an English family here to take *pot luck* for dinner. He would eat no roast beef, no turkey, all the dishes passed him untouched. "I do vait for dat excellent pote loock," said he. You are in great danger of meeting with pot-luck if you walk these streets by night. Danae was less alarmed than I am at the golden shower, when I

" Hear nightly dashed into the perilous street,  
" The frequent urn."

This sound, even if you escape extremeunction, announces another danger. There are an astonishing number of dogs here who belong to nobody, and annoy every body: these animals fortunately devour great part of what is discharged from the windows, and no sooner do they hear the fall than they run towards it from all quarters, and will nearly throw down the person who is unluckily in their way. The rats, who live among the old ruins, come to partake the banquet, for these animals live together on the most friendly terms. Many of these dogs have their ears erect, and some are without hair, perhaps of the Turkish breed.

The filth of this city is indeed astonishing; every thing is thrown into the street, and all the refuse of the kitchen, and dead animals are exposed to these scorching suns. I believe these Portu

gueze would throw one another out, and “leave the dead to bury the dead,” if it were not the interest of the priests to prevent them.

In wet weather the streets of Lisbon are very agreeable: if you walk under the houses you are drenched by the water-spouts; if you attempt the middle, there is a torrent; would you go between the two, there is the dunghill. When it rains hard some of the streets are like rivers: I have seen the water rushing down the Rua San Bento more than three feet deep. While the stream does not yet fill up the way, some of the more considerate people make a kind of bridge over it, by placing a plank on two blocks or barrels; and at the most frequented crossings the Galegos or Galicians, who are the porters of the place, stand to carry people across; but sometimes this is impossible, the tide rushes with such force that no person can stem it. Carriages have been overturned by it in the Rua de San Bento, which col-

lects the rain from several hills, and it is not long since a woman was drowned\* there.

Monday, Feb. 1.

The meeting of the two courts on the frontiers gives rise to a thousand conjectures. No one attributes it to any private wish the King of Spain might have to see his daughter, or the Prince of Brazil, her husband; for it is very rarely that friendship or affection will lead a

\* A similar accident happened at the “dowgoing of the way from St. John’s Church upon Walbrook, unto the river of Thames. Whereby the water in the channel there hath such a swift course, that in the year 1554, on the fourth of September, after a very strong shower of rain, a lad of the age of eighteen years, minding to have leapt over the channel, was taken by the feet, and born down by the violence of that narrow stream, and carried towards the Thames with such a violent swiftness, as no man could rescue or stay him, till he came against a cart-wheel that stood in the water gate, before which time he was drowned and stark dead.

*Stow.*

monarch so far from home. The general opinion suspects a design on the part of Spain, to engage this country in a league with France, and this is the most probable reason that can be assigned. The French minister is at Badajoz.

At Vendas Novas we heard of a singular case of injustice occasioned by the embargo. A carrier was employed to convey the cloaths of the Spanish Ambassador to Elvas, and paid beforehand. On the road a Juiz\* de Fora embargoed his mules, and the ambassador on this grand occasion was without cloaths. He wrote to Lisbon to complain of the carrier, and the poor fellow is now in prison.

A courier was drowned last week in one of the streams that cross the road by Villa Vizosa. The Prince of Brazil was about to pass the same water a few hours before the accident happened, but his coachman

\* The civil Magistrate of the place. The Justice of Peace.

refused to venture. Had he, or any Fidalgo of his suite been drowned, a bridge would have been built. As it is only a courier, they will content themselves with placing a wooden cross as a monument of the past, instead of preventing the danger of the future.

LETTER XVII.

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*Portuguese Account of the Antiquity, Climate, Population, and People of Portugal.—The nine Excellences of the Portuguese Language.—National Enmity and characteristic Differences.*

EUROPE, says Antonio de Sousade Macedo, is the best of the four quarters of the globe: Spain is the best part of Europe: Portugal\* is the best part of Spain. Europe is the prime part of the world, Spain is the head of Europe. Portugal is the crown of Spain. The tales of the Fortunate Islands and the Elysian Fields are not the mere fables of

\* He wrote when Portugal was annexed to Spain. His book is in Spanish, and entitled, “Flores de España—Excellencias de Portugal.”

the poets ; they described places which really exist, and only indeed gave a faint description of Lisbon and the adjacent country. So much for the beauty and optimism of Portugal. Its great antiquity is as boldly asserted, and as clearly proved. The foundation of Lisbon by Ulysses was designed by Pope for an episode in his projected epic poem, and forms the subject of the *Ulyssea* of Gabriel Pereira de Castro ; and the *Ulyssipa* of Antonio de Souza de Macedo, but this belongs to the poets, and tempting as is the etymology of Lisbon from Ulysses, the antiquarian rejects it. It was founded by Elisa the eldest son of Java, says Luis Marinho de Azevedo ; he called it Eli-seon, thence Elisbon,—Lisbon. Nothing can be plainer.

If however, the honour of founding the metropolis of Portugal be contested between Elisa and Ulysses, there is no controversy concerning the establishment of Setúbal by Tubal.

One of the many excellencies of Portugal is its great population. Do you question this? Macedo tells you that Tubal at his death left sixty-five thousand descendants. You object to this as too remote a fact. It contained five million and sixty-eight thousand inhabitants in the time of Augustus. But you want to know if it be populous at present. His proof is decisive. Blanca de Rocha, the wife of Rodrigo Monteiro, had fourteen children at a birth who were all baptized. Maria Marcella had seven at a birth, who all entered the church, greatly to the benefit of population no doubt! It is true Dacianus Asirius speaks of two women, each of whom had thirty children at a birth; but that, as he confesses, was an abomination; whereas Calgia, a Portuguese, had nine, and they all became saints; and Inez del Casal de Gueday was married seven times, and had an hundred and seven children, and descendants.

Aristotle observes that the inhabitants of cold countries, and the Europeans, possess great courage, but little genius, and that the Asiatics have great genius, but little courage, the effect of climate; but as the Greeks are situate between both, they partake the qualit' of both, and are consequently more perfect than either. Experience proves this more clearly than any reasoning can do. It is manifest to every person that the Europeans are superior to the res of the world, and that of them, they who inhabit the more temperate regions are the more perfect by nature, as we see the Spaniards and Italians; and it is evident that as Lisbon is situate in the most temperate aspect, the influence of the Heavens must necessarily make its inhabitants most perfect of all, both in corporeal beauty and mental excellence. So says Luis Menles de Vasconcellos.

There was once a lady in Lisbon, of such superior ugliness, that she was the jest of the whole city. Mortified by the

unfortunate singularity of being ugly where all besides were beautiful, she prayed with unceasing fervor to her patron Saint, St. Vincent. Her prayers were heard, and she beheld herself one morning in her looking glass the most beautiful woman in Portugal. “I say,” exclaims Macedo, “that the Saint works many such miracles, for he is much and devotedly worshipped, his benevolence is great, and power cannot be wanting in him, for he dwells in the presence of God; but what convinces me of this is that without some such miraculous interposition the Portuguese women could not possibly be so beautiful as they are.”

Such then, according to those who must be the best acquainted with them, are the excellences of the country, the metropolis, and the inhabitants. There are likewise Nine Excellencies in the Portuguese language; and these, as quoted from Macedo, are prefixed to the new dictionary of the Academy.

**Excellence the first.—Its great antiquity.**

One of the seventy-two languages given by God to the builders of Babel, being brought into Portugal by Tubal.

**Excellence the second.—It has every quality which a language ought to have to be perfect.**

**Excellence the third.—Harmonious pronunciation of the Portuguese language.**

**Excellence the fourth.—Brevity of the Portuguese language.**

**Excellence the fifth.—Perfect orthography of the Portuguese language.**

**Excellence the sixth.—Aptitude of the Portuguese language to any kind of style.**

**Excellence the\*seventh.—Great similarity  
of the Portuguese  
language to the  
Latin.**

\* Some of the Portuguese writers have amused themselves by composing the two languages at once : “ O quam gloriosas memorias publico, considerando quanto vales nobilissima lingoa Lusitana, cum tua facundia excessivamente nos provocas, excitas, inflamas ; quam altas victorias prochras, quam celebres triumphos speras, quam excellentes fabricas fundas, quam perversas furias castigas, quam feroce insolencias rigorosamente domas, manifestando de prosa de metro tantas elegancias Latinas.

*Manoel Severim de Faria.*

This hymn to St. Ursula and Eleven Thousand Virgins is a better specimen.

Canto tuas palmas, famosos canto triumphos,  
Ursula divinos martyr concede favores.  
Subjectas saera nympha feros animosa tyrannos.  
Tu Phœnix vivendo ardes, ardendo triumphas.  
Illustres generosa choras das Ursula, benas  
Das rosa bella rosas, fortes das vancia columnas.  
Æternos vivas annos o regia pluma!  
Devotos cantando hymnos, vos invoco sanctas,  
Tam puras nymphas amo, adoro, canto, celebro.

Excellence the eighth.—The wide extent  
of country where  
the Portuguese lan-  
guage is spoken.

Per vos felices annos o candida turba ;  
Per vos innumeros de Christo spero favores.

The Author says,

Lidos em Latim serão Latinos,  
Lidos em Portuguez são Portuguezes.

**GEORGE of MONTEMAYOR** has composed a Sonnet  
which is at once Spanish and Portuguese.

Amor con desamor se esta pagando,  
Dura paga pegada estranamente,  
Duro mal de sentir estando ausente  
De mihi que vivo en pena lamentando.  
O mal, porque te vas manifestando?  
Bastavate matarme occultamente,  
Que en fe de tal amor, como prudente,  
Podiais, esta alma atormentando.  
Considerar podia Amor de mi,  
Estando en tanto mal que desespero,  
Que en firme fundamento este fundado.  
Ora se espante Amor en verme assi,  
Ora digo que passo, ora que espero  
Sospiros, desamor, pena, cuidado.

**Excellence the ninth.—The commendation  
which so many au-  
thors have bestowed  
upon the Por-  
tuguese language.**

A long proof is annexed to each of these propositions, and the whole fills three folio pages.

This is enough to remind one of the Esquimaux, who distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind by the title of **MEN**. One of these **MEN** saw a dried monkey in England, and declared in the utmost agitation that it was a little old Esquimaux!

Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portuguese of him, says the Spanish proverb. I have heard it said more truly, “add hypocrisy to a Spaniard’s vices, and you have the Portuguese character.” These nations blaspheme God, by calling each other natural enemies. Their feelings are mutually

hostile, but the Spaniards despise the Portuguese, and the Portuguese hate the Spaniards.

Almost every man in Spain smokes ; the Portuguese never smoke, but most of them take snuff. None of the Spaniards will use a wheel-barrow, none of the Portuguese will carry a burthen : the one says it is only fit for beasts to draw carriages, the other that it is only fit for beasts to carry burthens. All the porters in Lisbon are Galegos, an industrious and honest race, despised by both nations for the very qualities that render them respectable. An Englishman at Porto wanted his servant to carry a small box to the next house ; the man said he was a Portuguese, not a beast ; and actually walked a mile for a Galego to carry the box.

The history of the present war will show with what wisdom public affairs are conducted in this kingdom. The Portuguese were engaged by treaty to furnish

the English with a certain number of ships, or a certain sum of money, and the Spaniards with troops, or money. The money was expected, but Martinho de Mello, the Minister and Secretary of State, argued, that as the money was to be expended, it was wiser to expend it among their own countrymen, and discipline soldiers and sailors : the ships were therefore sent to Portsmouth, and troops to Roussillon. Mello's measures were vigorous ; he resolved to place every part of the Portuguese dominions in a state of defence, recalled the general of one of the provinces, appointed him commander in chief in Brazil, and ordered him to be ready to depart at an hour's notice ; but Mello was old and infirm, he was taken ill, and during his illness the party who disapproved his measures had the management, and every thing was at a stand.— After remaining three months at Lisbon, the general saw no probability of departing, and he therefore sent for his furniture

and wife and family to Lisbon. Soon after they arrived the secretary recovered. Every thing was hurried for the expedition, and the general sent his wife, family, and furniture home again. Again Mello was taken ill, again the preparations were suspended, and again the general called his family to Lisbon. The old man recovered, sent them all into the country, forwarded the preparations, fell ill a third time and died. The measures of the government have since been uniformly languid, and with a stupidity that almost exceeds belief, though they had sent ships to England and troops to Spain, they never believed themselves at war with France, till the French took their ships at the mouth of the river.

A Portugueze vessel was taken by the French and carried into the isle of Bourbon. The Portugueze insisted that they were not at war with France, and as the French were not quite certain, they were about to restore the ship, when another

prize was brought in ; in searching this they found an English newspaper, with an account that the Portuguese fleet had arrived at Portsmouth. The next French vessel that arrived brought a French newspaper, with a list of the two and twenty nations with whom the Republic was at war.

LETTER XVIII.

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*Affidavit of a Stone falling from the Air.  
Remarkable Phenomenon of this kind  
in Spanish History.*

A Phenomenon has occurred here within these few days, which we sometimes find mentioned in history, and always disbelieve. I shall make no comment on the account, but give you an authentic copy of the deposition of the witnesses before a magistrate.

*Elias Antonio, Juiz Ordinario do Termo de Evora-Monte, e Morador na Freguesia de Freixo, na Herdade dos Gayos,— dice.*

*Que no dia 19 de Fevreiro, entre huma para as duas horas de tarde, ouvira dous éstallos, semelhantes aos da expulsam das*

minas, depois que sentira hum grande estrondo ou rugido, que durava perto de dous minutos, e que observando o horizonte nam tira escuridam, nubem, ou vestigio por donde inferisse a causa daquelle aconticimento. Porem tinha reconhecido que o dito rugido corrio do Norte para o Nascente, estando o dia claro e sereno.

*Gregorio Calado, lavrador na Herdade do Pazo, Termo do Redondo, dice, sentia o estrondo referido, e que passado hum pequeno espaço de tempo, hum criado seu, chamado Joze Fialho, lhe apresentara huma pedra de cor de chumbo, que pesava, 10 arratias, sendo a sua figura irregular. Cuja pedra foi conduzida pelo dito Joze Fialho, que se achava em huma folha da dita herdade denominado Tasquinha no Termo de Egre-Monte, para ter observado que depois dos estallos e estrondo, tinha cahido certo de<sup>o</sup> hum corpo grave, e indo procurar achava a dita pedra, cravada na terra ainda morna, e a terra moxida de fresco. O mesmo affirmaram*

*mais quarto moços que estavão naquelas contornos.*

Elias Antonio,\* Ordinary Judge of the Term of Evora Monte, and Inhabitant of the Parish of Freixo, in the Herdade dos Gayos, says,

That on the 19th day of February, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, he heard two reports, similar to those of the explosion of mines; after which he perceived a great rumbling noise which lasted about two minutes. Looking up to the horizon it was not obscured, neither was there any cloud or appearance from which he could conjecture the sound to have proceeded. He recollects likewise that the rumbling ran from north to east, the day being clear and serene.

Gregorio Calado, labourer in the Herdade do Pazo, and Term of Redondo,

\* Justices of the Peace were perhaps a proper translation, but I have thought it better to Anglicize the Portuguese words, than substitute English ones whose meaning may not be precisely the same.

says, that he heard the above-mentioned sound, and that a little while after, one of his servants, called Joze Fialho, brought him a stone of the colour of lead, weighing ten pounds, and irregular in its figure, which stone the said Joze Fialho had found in a meer of the Herdade called Tasquinha, in the Term of Evora-Monte; for after the two reports and the rumbling sound, he heard some heavy body fall near him, and found this stone sunk into the ground, still warm, and the ground freshly moved. Four boys who were in the same part affirmed the same.

\* \* \* \* \*

The most remarkable fact, and perhaps the most important one which has yet been produced upon this curious subject, is to be found in the *Centon Epistolario* of Fernan Gomez de Cibdareal, physician to Juan II. Epist. 74.

*Al dato varon Juan de Mena, cronista del Ray Don Juan nuestro Señor.*

*Estando el Rey é todos los de la Corte  
cazando al pie de la cuesta desta Villa de  
Roa, desque el sol se metió en unas nubes  
blancas, se veian baxar unos cuerpos á  
manera de peñas pardas, é mas oscuras,  
é tanto espesas é grandes, que todos ovieron  
gran maravilla. E despues de colar una  
hora paró todo, é el sol se tornó a descobrir  
é fueron unos buitreros en sus rocines á dó  
cayera aquella cosa, que á media legua,  
escasa seria ; é volvieron á decir, que todo  
el campo cubierto era de peñas grandes é  
chicas, que la dehesa no se veia. El Rey  
tubo voluntad de ir á lo ver ; é lo dixerón,  
que lugar que el cielo escogiera para sus  
operaciones, non era seguro andar Su  
Señoria hasta que otro lo oviese especu-  
lado. E mandó el Rey ir á saber lo  
cierto al Bachiller Gomez Braxo su  
Adalid ; é fué, é tornó estando el Rey  
vuelto á Roa, é traxo quatro de aquellas  
peñas, é yo era presente á ello, que al  
verlas caér non fui presente, ca en Roa  
quedára. E son de los prodigios mayores*

*que leemos en ninguno Filosofo, ó Fisico que escrito haya; que son algunas como morteros redondos, é otras como medias almoadas de lecho, é otras como medidas de medias fanegas, tanto leves é sotiles de levantar, que las mas grandes media libra no pesan, é tan moles é blandas, que á las espumas del mar espesadas semejan, ca si dan á uno en la mano no le facen ferida, ni dolor, ni señal. El Rey os manda levar destas espumas ó piedras. E muchos facen ya agujeros; ca no hay cosa de la natura que no la quieran semejar á la gobernacion los que della son mal acomodados.*

“ To the learned personage Juan de Mena, Chronicler to King Don Juan our Lord.

“ As the King and all those of his Court were hunting at the foot of the hill, below this town of Roa, the sun went behind some white clouds, and certain bodies were seen falling like grey stones, so dark and thick, and large, that all were greatly

astonished. In about an hour this ceased, and the sun came out again, and some horsemen rode up to the place, which was a short half league off; and they came back to say that the whole field was covered with stones big and little, so that the ground could not be seen. Then the king would fain go to see it; and they said to him, that a place which Heaven had chosen for its operations was not safe for his highness to venture in till some other had spied it out. And then the king ordered his adalid the Bachelor Gomez Bravo to go and learn what it was: and he went and came back to the king, who was by that time returned to Roa, and he brought with him four of the stones, and I was then present, which I was not when they fell, having remained in Roa. And this is one of the greatest prodigies that we read of in any philosopher or naturalist, for some are like round mortars, and others like the pillow of a bed, and others like a measure of

half a bushel ; and so light that the biggest does not weigh half a pound, and so soft and white that they seem like the thickened foam of the sea, for if you were struck with them they would neither occasion a wound, nor give pain, nor leave a mark. The king has ordered some of this froth or stone to be sent you. Many persons are drawing auguries from this, for there is nothing in nature which will not be likened to government by those who are ill at ease under it."

The fact is related in the *Chronica del R. D. Juan II.* cap. 275, with difference of circumstance enough to show that this part was not written by Juan de Mena.

*Estando el Rey alli en Roa en el dicho año, le fue dicho como en Maderuelo villa del Condestable, avia acaecido una cosa tan maravillosa, que jamas fue vista ni oyda en el mundo : la qual fue, que veian por el ayre venir piedras muy grandes, como de tova livianas, que no pesavan mas que pluma, y aunque davan a algunos en la*

*cabeza no hazian daño ninguno ; y destas cayeron muy gran muchedumbre en la dicha villa, y cerca della ; y como en esto el Rey dudasse, y todos los que lo oyran, mando al Bachiller Juan Ruyz de Agreda, adulid en su corte ; que fuese a saber, si esto era verdad ; el qual fue, y no solamente fue certificado ser assi, mas traxo algunas de aquellas piedras, tan grandes como una pequena almohada, y tan livianas, como pluma, y todas huecas y floxas, de que el Rey y todos los que lo vieron se maravillaron mucho.*

“ While the king was at Roa, in the said year (1438), it was told him that in Maderuelo, a town of the constables, there had happened a thing so marvellous as had never before been seen or heard of in the world, which was, that great stones had been seen to come through the air, light as if they were pumice-stones, and even not weighing heavier than feathers, so that though they struck some persons upon the head it did them no hurt ; and

a very great number of these fell in the town and round about it. Now inasmuch as the king, and all they who heard this, doubted it, he sent the Batchelor Juan Ruyz de Agreda, an adalid of his court, to go and learn whether it were true: the which adalid went, and not only was certified that it had verily been so, but moreover brought with him some of those stones as big as a small pillow, and as light as feather, and all hollow and brittle: whereat the king and all who beheld them marvelled greatly.

This second account is that of a writer at a distance, unacquainted with circumstances, and supplying motives. The fact is very remarkable, for let the heavier sky-stones come whence they may, these must have been formed in the atmosphere. Are there not some showers of ashes recorded, which fell in places so remote from any volcano, that they are more probably akin to these substances than volcanic?

LETTER XIX.

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*Want of Lamps.—Beggars.—Provisions.—Vermin.—Superstition.—Anecdotes.—Snow.*

If you walk the streets of Lisbon by night, it is not only necessary to know the way, but to be well acquainted with all the windings of the little channel that runs between the shoals and mud banks. There are no public lamps lighted except before the image of a saint; and if you have a flambeau carried before you, you are sometimes pelted by persons who do not wish to be seen. I know an Englishman who has been thus obliged to extinguish his light.

There are lamps, however, but they are never lighted ; and I mention them to

remark two peculiarities, which it would be well to adopt in England. They are made square, or with six sides, so that the expence of mending them is comparatively little ; and instead of the dangerous and inconvenient method of lighting them by means of a ladder, the lamp is let down. One of the English residents found the lamp at his door so frequently broken, that at last he placed a saint behind it ; the remedy was efficacious, and it has remained safely from that time under the same protection. It is pleasant to meet with one of these *enlightened* personages, for they are indeed lights shining in darkness.

But the streets of Lisbon are infested by another nuisance, more intolerable than the nightly darkness, or their eternal dirt, the beggars. I never saw so horrible a number of wretches made monstrous by nature, or still more monstrous by the dreadful diseases that their own vices have contracted. You cannot pass a

street without being sickened by some huge tumour, some mishapen member, or uncovered wound, carefully exposed to the public eye. These people should not be suffered to mangle the feelings and insult the decency of the passenger: if they will not accept the relief of the hospital, they should be compelled to endure the restraint of the prison. Perhaps you may think I express myself too harshly against these miserable beings: if I were to describe some of the disgusting objects that they force upon observation, you would agree with me in the censure. I do not extend it to the multitude of beggars who weary you at every corner with supplications for the love of God and the Virgin; these wretches, so many and so miserable, do indeed occasion harsh and indignant feelings, not against them, but against that mistaken system of society which disinherits of happiness so large a proportion of the civilized world.

This city is supplied only from hand to mouth ; in bad weather, when the boats cannot pass from Alentejo, the markets are destitute ; a few days ago there was no fuel to be procured. The provisions here are in general good, and of late years they have introduced the culture of several English vegetables. It is not twenty years since a cauliflower was a usual present from England, and the person who received it made a feast ; it is now one of the best productions of the Portuguese garden. The potatoe does not succeed here. Mutton is the worst meat they have ; a leg of mutton is a very agreeable present from Falmouth, but the other passengers generally conspire against it, summon a court martial on false suspicions, and produce the accused, whose appearance secures a sentence of condemnation.

Every kind of vermin that exists to punish the nastiness and indolence of man, multiplies in the heat and dirt of

Lisbon. From the worst and most offensive of these, cleanliness may preserve the English resident. The muskitoe is a more formidable enemy ; if you read at night in summer, it is necessary to wear boots. The scolopendra is not uncommonly found here, and snakes are frequently seen in the bed-chamber. I know a lady who, after searching a long time for one that had been discovered in her apartment, found the reptile wreathed round the serpentine fluting of the bed-post.

Lisbon is likewise infested by a very small species of red ant, that swarm over every thing sweet : the Portuguese remedy is to send for a priest and exorcise\* them.

\* A similar remedy was made use of by the Spanish navigator Maurelli, whose journal is printed with the voyage of the unfortunate Perouse. " We found millions of cock-roaches in the bread-room," says the Spaniard. " It is necessary a man should have seen them with his own eyes to have an idea of the number of these insects. These pests had so much infested the ship, that the holy father, who

The superstition of this people is astonishing. About sixteen years ago one of the royal musicians here died in the odour of sanctity ; though, if the body of this dead gentleman did emit a delightful fragrance, it is more than any of his living countrymen do. There was some idea of canonizing this man, but the age of canonization is over ; however, a regiment of soldiers about to embark for Brazil, visited the corpse, and stroked the feet of it with their swords to hallow them ! When the image of the Virgin Mary is carried through the streets, some of the devout think they catch her eyes, and exclaim in rapture, “ Oh ! she looked at me !—the Blessed Virgin looked at me !”

We have just at this time a plurality of goddesses in the world ; the Virgin Mary is the Roman-Catholic goddess, Nature the Atheist’s goddess, Liberty a

officiated as chaplin, was obliged to have recourse to exorcisms more than once.” This was in 1781.

French goddess, and Truth the Metaphysician's goddess, in pursuit of whom they would fain send every body on another Pilgrim's Progress, but the misfortune is, that none of these adventurers ever get beyound Doubting Castle.

It is, however, one sign of improvement, that superstition predominates less in the metropolis than in the provinces. Ten years ago the English clergyman at Porto never officiated at a funeral ; such were the prejudices of the natives. The body was carried about a mile down the Douro, and buried in a common on its banks without any monument. The funeral service was read by the consul, till at length he thought it beneath his dignity, and appointed the vice consul ; this office was frequently held by a foreigner, and he deputed it again, so that at last it devolved upon a watch-maker. This poor fellow drank very hard, and one evening at the grave he mumbled at the service, and turned his book first one way

and then the other, till a bystander had the curiosity to look over him, and found that, instead of a prayer-book, he had brought the History of the late War! The prejudices of the populace are wearing away ; within ten years the English have enclosed a burial ground at Porto, and the funeral service is now performed by the chaplain.

We had a little snow on the 29th of February. A Portuguese clerk, who was going out on business when it began, refused to leave the counting-house, because he did not understand that kind of weather. It is fourteen years since the last snow fell at Lisbon. Dr. H. was in his chaise when it began ; the driver leapt off : " You may get home how you can," said he, " as for my part, I must make the best use I can of the little time this world will last ;" and away he ran into the next church.

One of the Irish priests here preached a sermon in English a few days ago ; it was

extempore, and, like most extempore sermons, consisted of a little meaning, expressed in every possible variety of indifferent language. In the middle of his discourse the orator knelt down, the congregation knelt with him, and he besought St. Patrick to inspire him ; but alas ! either he was talking or sleeping, or peradventure St. Patrick was in Ireland, for the sermon went on as stupidly as before.

You may estimate the medical progress of the country by this circumstance :—The Dutch minister here hurt his leg ; a Portugueze surgeon was called in : he pronounced it a fracture, performed the operation of setting it, bandaged it, and laid his patient in bed. After two days Dr. H. was called in ; he examined the limb, and bade the Dutchman rise and walk about the room. This occurred but a few years back.—In the beginning of the last year a surgeon of the country was called in to an infant whose arm was

broken in three places, and he never discovered the fracture.

In a country where the art of healing is so little understood, you may perhaps be curious to know how they estimate medical merit, and what are its rewards. A servant belonging to the royal family was stabbed in the abdomen, so that his entrails came out. Mr. T., an English surgeon cured the wound, and the reward he received was to have his picture hung up in the Lapa Church, standing by the patient's bed, with the Virgin Mary above, who had enabled him to perform the cure.

Of the Portuguese music I can give you no account. I heard the seige of Gibraltar lately, and amused myself by reading what the harpsichord expressed.  
“The French and Spaniards prepare for the attack.—The English prepare.—Now the batteries begin.—Now Elliot fires his red-hot balls.—Now the batteries blow up.—Cries of the wounded and dying.—Now the Spaniards

try to save themselves by swimming.—Mr. Curtis goes to assist them.—The prisoners are brought into the fortress.—The English express their joy by the following country dance.—They invite the prisoners to join in the dance.—Prisoners and English embrace and dance together.—Every one departs to his home.”

The Italian opera, whose absurdity requires such wickedness to support it, is in general but thinly attended here. The present queen suffers no woman to appear on the stage, and this measure, in reality the effect of her jealousy, was said to proceed from her regard to the morals of the public. Permission has been granted since I arrived here for a female dancer to exhibit herself, and the theatre has been crowded in consequence. Where was her majesty’s regard to the public morals when she permitted this? No amusement should be tolerated which cannot benefit the spectator, and must vitiate the performer. Such Spartan-like prohibitions

would be deemed despotic in our modern free states, where sumptuary laws are thought encroachments upon freedom: the hale constitution can endure them; but how the diseased man shrinks when you touch his sores!

## LETTER XX.

---

*Adventure of Rodrigo in the Enchanted Tower.*

ON the introduction of the Moors into this peninsula, the following ode has been written by father Luis de Leon, one of the best poets which Spain has produced.

Folgaba el Rey Rodrigo  
con \* la hermosa Caba en la ribera  
de Tajo sin testigo :  
el pecho sacó fuera  
el rio, y le habló de esta manera :

\* In printing this ode, two peculiarities of Spanish printing are preserved. One is the beginning a verse with a small letter, though the stanza begins with a capital one. The other is a mode of punctuation, confined I believe to the Spaniards, and among them only of late invention. To every sentence that requires

En mal punto te goces  
 injusto forzador, que ya el sonido,  
 óyo ya y las voces,  
 las armas y el bramido  
 de Marte de furor y ardor cenido.

either a note of interrogation or admiration, this mark is prefixed as well as placed at the end, but at the beginning of the sentence it is reversed. The construction of our language renders such punctuation unnecessary; but in the Spanish it is very useful. The following curious sonnet exemplifies this custom, though the constant use of the interrogatory word *cómo*, renders it here of less obvious utility.

## SONETO,

## DEL FR. LUIS DE LEON

AL PROPIO ASUNTO.

---

Si pan es lo que vemos, ¿cómo dura  
 Sin que comiendo del se nos acabe?  
 Si Dios, ¿cómo en el gusto á pan nos sabe?  
 ¿Cómo de solo pan tiene figura?  
 Si pan, ¿cómo le adora la criatura?  
 Si dios, ¿cómo en tan chico espacio cabe?  
 Si pan, ¿cómo por ciencia no se sabe?

¡ Ay esa tu alegría  
 qué llantos acarrea ! y esa hermosa,  
 que vio el Sol en mal dia,  
 a España ay quán llorosa,  
 y al ceptro de los Godos quán costosa !

Si Dios, ¿cómo le come su hechura ?  
 Si pan, ¿cómo nos harta siendo poco ?  
 Si Dios es, ¿cómo puede ser partido ?  
 Si pan, ¿cómo en el alma hace tanto ?  
 Si Dios, ¿cómo le miro yo y le toco ?  
 Si pan, ¿cómo del Cielo ha descendido ?  
 Si Dios, ¿cómo no muero yo de espanto ?

#### ON THE REAL PRESENCE.

---

If this we see be bread, how can it last,  
 So constantly consum'd, yet always here ?  
 If this be God, then how can it appear  
 Bread to the eye, and seem bread to the taste ?  
 If bread, why is it worshipp'd by the baker ?  
 If God, can such a space a God comprise ?  
 If bread, how is it, it confounds the wise ?  
 If God, how is it that we eat our Maker ?  
 If bread, what good can such a morsel do ?  
 If God how is it we divide it so ?

Llamas, dolores, guerras,  
 muertes, asolamientos, fieros males,  
 entre tus brazos cierras,  
 trabajos immortales  
 a ti y a tus vasallos naturales.

A los que en Constantina  
 rompen en fertil suelo, a los que baña  
 el Ebro, a la vecina  
 sansueña, o Lusitana  
 a toda la especiosa y triste España

Ya deude Cadiz llama  
 el injuriado Conde, a la venganza  
 atento, y no a la fama,  
 La barbara pujanza  
 en quien para tu daño no hay tardanza.

Oye que al cielo toca  
 con temeroso son la trompa fiera,  
 que en Africa convoca  
 el moro a la vandera  
 que al ayre desplegada va ligera

If bread, such saving virtue could it give?  
 If God, how can I see and touch it thus?  
 If bread, how could it come from heav'n to us?  
 If God, how can I look at it and live?

**La lanza ya blandea**  
**el Arabe cruel, y hiere al viento,**  
**llamando a la pelea :**  
**innumerable quanto**  
**de esqnadras juntas vide en un momento.**

**Cubre la gente el suelo :**  
**debajo de las velas desparece**  
**la mar, la voz al cielo**  
**confusa y varia crece,**  
**el polvo roba el dia, y le obscurece**

**¡ Ay que ya presurosos**  
**suben las largas naves ! ; ay que tienden**  
**los brazos vigorosos**  
**a los remos, y encienden**  
**las mares espumosas por dó hienden !**

**El Eolo derecho**  
**hinche la vela en popa, y larga entrada**  
**por el Herculeo estrecho**  
**con la punta acerada**  
**el gran padre Neptuno da a la Armada.**

**¡ Ay triste y aun te tiene**  
**el mal dulce regazo, ni llamado**  
**al mal que sobreviene**  
**no acorres ! ; ocupado**  
**no ves ya el puerto a Hercules sagrado ?**

Acude, acorre, vuela,  
 traspasa el alta sierra, ocupa el llano.  
 no perdones la espuela,  
 no des paz a la mano,  
 menea fulminando el hierro insano.

¡Ay quanto de fatiga !  
 ¡ay quanto de dolor esta presente  
 al que biste loriga,  
 al Infante valiente  
 a hombres y a cabellos juntamente !

Y tú Betis divino,  
 de sangre ageno y tuyu amancillado,  
 darás al mar vecino  
 ¡ quanto yelmo quebrado !  
 ¡ quanto cuerpo de nebles destrozado !

El furibundo Marte  
 cieco luces las haces desordena  
 igual a cada parte :  
 la sexta,—; Ay ! te condena.  
 ; o cara patria, o barbara cadena !

Rodrigo, from the world apart,  
 Retir'd where Tagus flows,  
 Clasp'd the fair CABA closely to his heart,  
 When lo ! the Spirit of the Stream arose,  
 And pour'd the prophet song of Spain's impending woes.

In evil hour, tyrannic king,  
 Thou dalliest here ! he cried ;  
 Even now I hear the shout of battle ring !  
 Vengeance even now stalks on with frantic  
 stride,  
 And from his giant arm he scatters ruin wide.

Ah me ! what anguish, what dismay,  
 Rise tyrant from thy lust !  
 And cursed CABIA be thy natal day,  
 Whose violated charms provoke the All-just  
 To lay the Gothic powers and Gothic crown in dust.

Ah me ! thou claspest in thine arms  
 Dread, danger and disgrace :  
 What shrieks, what ills, what horrors, what alarms ?  
 Proud king ! thou foldest in thy hot embrace,  
 War, desolation, death, the ruin of thy race.

Woe to the sons of Leon ! woe  
 To fair Castilia's plain !  
 And where the pleasant waves of Ebro flow,  
 The conquering infidel shall fix his reign,  
 And Lusitania yields,—Woe, woe to wretched Spain !

The vengeful Count, in evil hour,  
 The impious aid will call !  
 Swift o'er the ocean swarms the swarthy power,  
 Vain the strong bulwark, vain the massy wall,  
 The bulwark soon shall shake, the fortress soon shall fall.

Hark ! hark ! even now on Afric's coast  
 I hear the trumpet's blair !  
 From every quarter rush the robber host,  
 They rush the battle and the prey to share,  
 And high their banners wave, and bright their cres-  
 cents glare.

The Arab, eager for the fight,  
 Leaves his waste sands behind ;  
 Swift is his steed, and swift his arrows flight ;  
 The burning thirst of battle fires his mind,  
 He lifts his quivering lance ; he wounds the passing wind.

Their warrior myriads hide the ground,  
 And now they spread the sail :  
 Hark to the multitudes impatient sound !  
 And now their louder shouts mine ear assail,  
 For now they mount the bark, and catch the favouring  
 gale.

On moves the death-denouncing load,  
 The dark deep foams below ;  
 And swift they sweep along the wat'ry road,  
 And with strong arm the sinewy captives row,  
 And fairly blows the wind, ah me ! the wind of woe !

Still onward moves the hostile host ;  
 Still blows the breeze aright ;  
 Now rises on their view the distant coast :  
 The mountain rocks now brighten to the sight,  
 And nearer now they view Calpe's majestic height

Still wilt thou clasp her in thine arms ?

Rise, rise, Rodrigo rise !

The affrighted shore now echoes with alarms.

They reach the port, hark to their eager cries !

Triumphant there aloft the impious banner flies.

They pass the mountain's craggy bound,

They rush upon the plain ;

Far o'er the realm their swift steeds scour around.

Rise, rise, Rodrigo, yet thy right retain,

Rodrigo, rise ! revenge thy desolated Spain !

Ah me ! ah me ! what toils, what woes,

What ills are still in store !

Wide o'er the country sweep the furious foes,

Vain the strong horse, and vain the horsemen's  
power,

For horse and horseman fall beneath the victor Moor.

Woe tyrant, to Iberia woe !

Her best blood gluts the plain !

And Betis black with blood thy waves shall flow,

And clogg'd with many a Moor and Christian slain,

Thy tainted tide shall roll pollution to the main.

And now at Death's triumphant feast,

The bowl of blood shall flow !

Five fights will rage here yet the war has ceast ;

Then, then, Rodrigo, shall thy head lie low.

Woe, tyrant ! woe to thee ! to poor Iberia woe !



This ode is certainly one of the most spirited imitations that has ever been produced ; it has however the heinous fault of injuring an historical character by misrepresenting it. Florinda (the Caba of this poet) is there pourtrayed as the partner of Rodrigo's crime, not the victim of it. Let me be permitted to introduce a monodrama here, in which I have related the real history of her feelings, and the traditional one of her fate.

Florinda speaks from the top of a tower.

Father ! Count Julian ! here—what here I say,—  
Aloft.. look up !... aye, father, here I stand,  
Safe of my purpose now ! the way is barr'd ;—  
Thou need'st not hasten hither !—ho ! Count Julian !  
I tell thee I have barr'd the battlements !  
I tell thee that no human power can curb  
A desperate mind. The poison and the knife..  
These thou couldst wrest away ; but here I stand  
Beyond thy thrall ; free mistress of myself.  
Tho' thou hadst wings thou could'st not overtake  
My will. I now command my destiny.  
Would I stand dallying on Death's threshold here,

If it were possible that hand of man  
Could pluck me back ?

Why didst thou bring me here

To set my foot, reluctant as I was,  
On this most injured and unhappy land ?  
Yonder in Afric...on a foreign shore,  
I might have linger'd out my wretched life...  
I might have found some distant lurking place,  
Where my accursed tale was never known ;  
Where Gothic speech would never reach my ear,—  
Where among savages I might have fled  
This leprons curse of infamy ! but here—  
In Spain,—in my own country ;—night and morn  
Where all good people curse me in their prayers ;—  
Where every Moorish accent that I hear  
Doth tell me of my country's overthrow ;  
Doth stab me like a dagger to the soul.  
Here—here—in desolated Spain, whose fields  
Yet reek to Heaven with blood,—whose slaughter'd sons  
Lie rotting in the open light of day,  
My victims—mine ? nay—nay—Count Julian,  
They are thy victims ! at the throne of God  
Their spirits call for vengeance on thy head ;—  
Their blood is on thy soul,—even I, myself,  
I am thy victim too ! and this death more  
Must yet be placed in Hell to thy account.

O my dear country ! O my mother, Spain !  
My cradle and my grave!—for thou art dear,  
And nurst to thy undoing as I was ,

**S**till, still I am thy child—and love thee still,  
**I** shall be written in thy chronicles  
**T**he veryest wretch that ever yet betrayed  
**H**er native land! From sire to son my name  
**W**ill be transmitted down for infamy!—  
**N**ever again will mother call her child  
**F**lorinda,—an Iscariot curse will lie  
**U**pon the name, and children in their songs  
**W**ill teach the rocks and hills to echo with it  
**S**rumpet and trait'ress!

This is thy work, father !

Nay tell me not my shame is washed away—  
 That all this ruin and this misery  
 Is vengeance for my wrongs. I asked not this,—  
 I call'd for open, manly, Gothic vengeance.  
 Thou wert a vassal, and thy villain lord  
 Most falsely and most foully broke his faith ;  
 Thou wert a father, and the lustful king  
 By force abused thy child ;—thou hadst a sword—  
 Shame on thee to invite the scymetar  
 To do thy work! thou wert a Goth—a Christian—  
 Son of an old and honourable house—  
 It was my pride, my happiness, my boast  
 To be the daughter of Count Julian.  
 Fool that I am to call this African  
 By that good name! Oh do not spread thy hands  
 To me!—and put not on that father's look!  
 Moor! turbaned misbeliever! renegade!  
 Circumcised traitor! thou Count Julian è

Thou my dear father?—cover me, O earth!

Hell hide me from the knowledge!

*She throws herself from the Tower.*

The adventure of Rodrigo, in the Enchanted Tower is alluded to by all the historians who have touched upon his reign. It is a fine specimen of Arabian fiction, and they who invented it scrupled not to say that the relation came from the renegade Archbishop Oppas, who accompanied Rodrigo when he entered the tower, in search of a treasure supposed to be hidden there.

“ This tower was built between two steep rocks, half a league to the east of Toledo; and above the story next the ground was to be seen a very deep cave, parted into four different vaults, to which a very narrow mouth or opening led, cut out of the rock, and was closed with an iron door, which, as the report went, had a thousand locks and as many bolts. Over the door were certain Greek characters which admitted several significations, but

the most prevalent opinion was that it was a prediction of the misfortune of him that should open it.

"Rodrigo caused certain flambeaux to be made, which the air and wind of the cave could not put out ; and having forced open the door, he entered first of all himself, being attended by a great many persons. He had not gone many steps before he found himself in a very fair hall, adorned with sculptures, and in the middle stood a statue of brass, representing Time upon a pedestal, three cubits high, who held in his hand a battle-axe, with which the image ever and anon struck upon the ground, and every blow resounding through the cave, made a most dreadful noise. Rodrigo was so far from being terrified, that he assured the phantom that he came not to commit any disorder in the place of his abode, and promised to be gone so soon as he had viewed all the wonders in the place ; and then the statue ceased to strike upon the earth.

“ Thus the example of the king encouraging his followers, he took an exact view of the hall, at the entrance into which stood a round vatt, whence issued a water spout that made a dreadful thundering noise. Upon the breast of the statue was written in Arabic, I DO MY DUTY, and upon the back of it, TO MY SUCOUR! On the right hand, upon the wall, were to be read these words : UNFORTUNATE PRINCE, THINE EVIL DESTINY HAS BROUGHT THEE HITHER! and on the left hand, THOU SHALT BE DISPOSSESSED BY FOREIGN NATIONS, AND THY SUBJECTS SHALL BE PUNISHED, AS WELL AS THOU THYSELF, FOR ALL THEIR CRIMES !

“ Rodrigo having thus gratified his curiosity, returned ; but he had no sooner turned his back, before the statue began to strike upon the ground again : however the king caused the door to be shut fast again, and ordered the narrow passage to be stopped up with earth, to the end that

nobody should ever enter for the future ; but in the night there were heard on that side several loud shrieks and shrill cries, which preceded a most dreadful noise, not unlike a great thunder clap, and the next day there was no more of a tower to be seen, nor almost any footsteps of what had rendered that place so remarkable."\*

\* A different account, and of inferior sublimity, is given by the Abbé de Bellegarde, in his history of Spain.

" Il sembloit que la prudence, le bon conseil et la raison abandonnoient le Roy que ses crimes rendoient odieux au Ciel et à la terre ; s' étant imaginé qu'il y avoit des tresors immenses dans le fort Château de Tolede, qui auroit pû servir de rempart contre les ennemis de l'état, il en fit démolir les fêrifications pour y fouiller, contre l'avis & les remontrances de tous les ordres du Royaume, qui respectoient ce Palais, comme un azile sacré ; mais le Roy sans avoir aucun égard à leurs raisons ni à leurs prières, en fit rompre les serrures et enfoncer les portes, croyant que les Roys ses prédecesseurs y avoient caché de grandes richesses ; tant il est vray que les desirs et les volontes des Rois sont violentes, et qu'il est bien difficile de les faire démordre de ce qu'ils ont resolu de faire, quelque injustes que soient leurs resolutions & quelque dangereuses suites qu'elles puissent avoir. Après toutes les

recherches que fit le Roy, il ne trouva point les tresors qu'il s'étoit flatté de trouver. On apperçut seulement un coffre où il y avoit un linceul, lequel ayant été développé, on y remarqua plusieurs figures extraordinaires avec des habits barbares, et des paroles latines qui pronostiquoient la ruine entiere d' Espagne, qui devoit bien-tôt être renversée de fond en comble par une nation que cette peinture designoit. Ces habits parurent semblables à ceux que les Maures portent vulgairement : voilà pourqnoy le peuple et les grands Seigneurs de la cour, qui se trouverent presens à l' ouverture de ce coffre fatal, demeurant entièrement persuadez que les malheurs dont l'Espagne étoit menacée, viendroient du côté de l' Afrique, on se repentit, mais trop tard, d' avoir voulu penetrer dans des mysteres, qui avoient été tenus cachez si long temps, et que l'on avoit reverez jusqu' alors avec tant de religion.

## LETTER XXI.

*Jews.—List of Penitents at the last Auto da Fe.*

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SOON after the capture of Granada, Ferdinand commanded all Jews who would not be baptized, to depart from his dominions within four months on pain of death. Some went to Italy, some to Barbary and Turkey ; but the main body thus expelled from Spain were literally *taken in* in Portugal. They obtained permission of John the Second, for a large sum of money, to remain in that country during some months till they could be provided with ships to carry them away : The king took their money, and admitted them into his dominions, allowed no ship to carry them out, and as soon as the term.

was expired, he seized their effects, and sold them to his subjects for slaves.

Emanuel, who succeeded, set the Jews at liberty, but commanded them on pain of perpetual servitude, either to be baptized within a certain time, or to quit Portugal, adding that ships should be provided for their emigration at the three principal ports. The Jews accordingly repaired to these ports, and there met with a proclamation forbidding them upon pain of death to embark any where but at Lisbon : they went to Lisbon : the king then ordered that all their children under fourteen years of age should be taken from them and forcibly baptized. Many of the wretched parents to prevent this threw their children into the river or the wells, and precipitated themselves after them. The tyranny of Emanuel did not stop here ; after having liberated them from a slavery which he himself acknowledged to be unjust, with a strange inconsistency he suffered no ships to receive them, and offered the alternative of slavery again or

baptism. The poor victims of bigotry preferred Christianity to servitude, and three hundred thousand persons were thus baptized.

A pasquinade of some humour on this occasion is preserved in the *Silva Curiosa*, and said to have been found among the archives of Toledo.

*Letter from the Jews of Spain to those of  
Constantinople.*

Honoured Israelites, health and greeting ! Know that the King of Spain by force obliges us to turn Christians, and deprives us of our effects, and destroys our synagogues, and works us many other vexations, so that we are altogether confused and uncertain how to act. We therefore intreat you by the law of Moses to give us some assistance, and send us, with all speed, the result of your deliberations to regulate our conduct.

CHAMORRA, Chief of the Jews in Spain.

*The Answer.*

Beloved Brethren in Moses,

We have received the letter, in which you have acquainted us with the troubles and misfortunes that oppress you ; and we sympathize with you in your sufferings. This is the opinion of the Chiefs and Rabbis.

You say that the King of Spain by force obliges you to turn Christians. Do so, therefore, because you can do nothing else. You say that he deprives you of your effects ; make your sons tradesmen, that so, by little and little, you may deprive them of theirs. You say that he takes away the lives of many of your brethren ; make your sons physicians and apothecaries, that they may take away theirs also. As they have destroyed your synagogues, make your sons divines and priests that you may destroy theirs ; and as they work you many other vexations,

make your sons notaries, and lawyers, and counsellors ; if you follow the advice that we give, you shall well revenge yourselves, and by this submission you will gain wealth and possessions, and we shall see that from being abject and despised you will become respected.

Ussus, Chief of the Jews in Constantinople.

The aversion of the Jews to a religion which they were thus compelled to profess, naturally became more implacable. The law of Moses was still in secret transmitted from father to son, and the vigilance of the inquisition and the martyrdom of so many of their brethren rendering them more circumspect, must at the same time have rendered them more bigotted. Till within the last fifty years, the burning † of a Jew formed the

† I have in my possession a sermon preached at an Auto-da-fe in Lisbon, 1705, by the Archbishop of Cranganor. It is a curious mixture of criticism, argument, and abuse. Thus it commences, “ Disgraceful

highest delight of the Portuguese : they thronged to behold this triumph of the faith, and the very women shouted

relics of Judaism ! unhappy fragments of the synagogue ! last spoil of Judea ! Scandal of the Catholics, and the detestable ridicule even of the Jews themselves, I speak with you, o ill-advised race ! I declaim against you, o ill-advised people !" he proceeds by contrasting the past and present state of the Jews, and this part furnishes a curious instance of the *argumentum ad hominem*. " Formerly you were respected by the water and more respected by the fire, to-day the fire has you for its food, and your ashes thrown into the sea will find their tomb in the waters !"

The most curious passage occurs at the close of the sermon. " If you are resolved to die in your present state, I here cite you for the Day of Judgment, when we shall both appear in the presence of the true God, you risen again a Jew and a Heretic, being the state in which you die, and I, according to my hope in the divine mercy, risen again a Catholic, as I trust by divine goodness to die in the law of Jesus Christ, the only one in which salvation can be had. We shall both rise again before the Supreme Judge, and then you shall see that God may upbraid me with the greatness of my sins, but he will not have to upbraid me with being false in my belief. The little observance I have paid to it may be urged against me, but its truth, that cannot, if

with transport as they saw the agonizing martyr writhe at the stake. Neither sex nor age could save this persecuted race,

God be not unjust, which he is not. And you! he will not only have to judge you for your crimes, but he will have to condemn you for the observance of the law in which you die. I will place you in the presence of God without any other crime than that of keeping the law of Moses, and I will place a Christian in the same presence, without any other sin than the observance of the law of Christ. If God should condemn the Christian on account of his law and save the Jew on the same account, he cannot be a just God, he cannot answer the reasons with which the Catholic would argue against his justice. For in this case the Catholic would argue with God thus, O Just Judge, I believed in Christ, because he had all the signs which you revealed by the prophets your son should have. I did that which you commanded me, and therefore you now condemn me. How then can you condemn me for obedience? Certainly this reasoning could not be answered, and it is clearly impossible that God could condemn the Catholic for being a Christian. Let us now place the Jew, whom God condemns for observing the law of Moses, attempting to argue with God for condemning him because he is a Jew. He will say; Lord! I believed in the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; I observed the law which thou gavest

and Antonio Joseph da Silva, the best of their dramatic writers, was burnt alive because he was a Jew.

to Moses, why then dost thou condemn me? God can reply. Thou liest, because Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob believed and hoped a future Messiah, who should be my son, and should have all the signs by which I promised that he should be known. This my son has been in the world, and in him were all the signs seen that were revealed in the scriptures;—these therefore being accomplished I am just in condemning thee, and thou hast been a rebel in being a Jew. Thus wretchedly, my brother, will you experience it in that day."

In the same volume I have a Spanish answer to this sermon, said in the title page to be the posthumous work of the author of *las Noticias Reconditas de la Inquisicion*. I know not his name, but he was evidently a man of learning and moderation, sincere in his belief. I translate his answer to that part of the archbishop's discourse above translated, because it has probably suggested a singular passage to the author of the Systeme de la Nature.

" The archbishop speaks with confidence as though he were secretary to the Divine Majesty, and all that passed in Heaven were notorious. I have not the audacity to limit the reasons with which God could confute the Catholic, for his Divine Majesty can alledge other incomparably more efficacious than what my

This infernal tyranny of the priesthood, though it produces outward conformity, can extend no farther. The Jews still weakness can attain to. I only say therefore, that, not in the presence of his divine majesty, but in that of any human judge what I have alledged is sufficient to confute the presumption of the archbishop ; and if the Jew were to speak before his God as the preacher says—in this manner would I do it.

“ O God ! my Lord ! prostrate before thy divine presence I come humbly to give an account of the religion I professed in the other life, and wherefore I professed it.

“ Lord ! I was born of Jewish parents, I was instructed in the law of Moses, and professed it from education till my arrival at years of discretion, when from reading books of controversy my duty obliged me to examine the reasons on one side and on the other, with all the accuracy of which my understanding was capable ; and having balanced them, without admitting any prejudice of my bringing up, Lord ! I found that the divine prophecies which treat of the true Messiah had never been accomplished in any man before the day of my death. I found, O Lord, that in thy divine law thou hast assured us, that though our dispersion were from one extremity of the world to the other, thou wouldest collect us together again, and bring us to the promised land, and even there charge us with the observance of

preserve their faith, and the true Israelite phisiognomy is evident in half the people you meet. A great crowd were assembled

thy divine precepts. How then could I go over to another religion, which destroys and annihilates thy most holy word, and which opposes itself to thy divine decrees which thou hast thyself pronounced on Mount Sinai, because there are men who interpret some prophecies allegorically and apply them to a certain person whom they call thy son ! and when they see themselves confuted by the force of thy divine, clear, and manifest word, which literally contradicts what they pretend to prove, betake themselves to the allegorical meaning! what proof is there that this is the true meaning and no other ?

" How could we forsake that divine word which we have heard from thy most holy lips, for the explications and allegories of men who do not agree among themselves, who contradict and oppose the truth received from thy faithful servant Moses, from thy most holy prophets, and from such a series of wise and learned men, who during so many ages have written conformably to this the same revealed truth ; who in all their writings confirm and exhort us to the strict observance of thy divine word ! these then have I followed, and believing these have I served and worshipped thee in the best form and manner which was possible in the world, have I leagued myself strictly with that religion which I be-

to behold the Marquis of Pombal open a fountain which he had erected. "See, my lord," said one of his flatterers, "like Moses you make water flow from the rock!" "Yes," replied the marquis, "and here are the Jews looking at me!" One of his laws forbade any person to call another a Jew, and trifling as this may appear, its effects have been very beneficial.

For my own part I am unchristian enough to wish that all this nation were converted to the Jewish faith, or at least to the Jewish ceremonies, for a reason which may be found in the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, at the thirteenth verse.

lied to be the one and the only, and which I acknowledged for thy true and eternal word. I lived a Jew and I died a Jew, in which I believe that I have served thee as thou hast commanded, and here I am before thy divine mercy, that thou mayest ordain it to be done with me, accordingly as I have served thee.

I have sometimes amused myself by fancying what effects might have been produced had the books of Richard Brothers been circulated in this country. Whenever revolutionary principles shall find their way here, the Jews will probably be the first to receive them.

Geddes saw a prisoner at the Auto da Fe gagged, because immediately on coming out of the gate, and looking up to the sun, which for many years he had not seen, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, “How is it possible for men who behold that glorious orb to worship any Being but him who created it!” The power of this infernal tribunal is now however seldom exerted. You will be surprized at the mildness of the sentences in the following paper, but you will be more surprized at the charges against the prisoners: the rank of the criminals, and the manner of expressing their opinions render it a curious paper, and it is most probably the last of its kind.

LIST OF THE PENITENTS  
AT THE  
AUTO DA FE, October 15th, 1779.

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1. JOZÉ DE SOUSA, a soldier of the regiment of artillery of Porto, quartered at Valencia on the Minho, who from reading impious prohibited books became a profest atheist. He denied the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation of our Saviour. He held that all religions were good, and that every country ought to profess some on a political account. He looked upon our Lord Jesus Christ as an impostor, the Virgin Mary as a strumpet, the Apostles and Prophets as deceivers and fanatics, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Theresa, as executioners, alluding to their being the inventors and patrons of the Holy Office which he blasphemously despised. He

denied the immortality of the soul, and of consequence the existence of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. In short he was the greatest libertine, and approved of every the most impious licentiousness.

He was condemned to be shut up for three years in the Convent of Rilhafoles, and deprived of the benefits of communion and confession.

**2. JOAM MANOEL DE ABREU,** of the same regiment, from reading the like books, denied the existence of a God. He was an infidel, impious, blasphemous, and a materialist; hence he took upon him to deny the utility of prayers and masses for the dead, and to hold as unlawful the alms and donations which the clergy receive for those offices. He affirmed that the law of nature was sufficient to keep men honest, that simple fornication was not criminal, and that the Americans were not the descendants of Adam, expressly denying the authority of the sacred writings.

He was condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles ; and on being asked whether he did not think the fire of purgatory more intense than that of hell, he said he believed that it must be, on account of its boiling the cauldrons of such a number of ecclesiastics and friars ; however he imagined they would not experience any of its heat after they were dead, because they consumed so great a share of it while they were living.

**S. MANOEL DE ESPIRITO SANTO LIMPO**, native of Olivença, and serjeant in the same regiment. An impious atheist and a blasphemer of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom he gave the appellation not of God, but of a good philosopher. He affirmed that religion was a mere chimera, a political invention to keep men in obedience and subordination to those who govern. That if our Saviour had been really God, he would never have left the stupendous firmament of the heavens to come upon earth for the love of such

a vile creature as man. He despised the sacraments and ordinances of the church, eat meat on fast days, did not hear mass on holy days, and denied the free will of man.

He was condemned to three years imprisonment at Rilhafoles.

4. HENRIQUE LEITAM DE SOUZA, native of Penamacor, and a cadet, from reading the same heretical and prohibited books became an atheist, and of consequence denied the sacred writings, the mysteries of the most Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation. He was an impious blasphemer of Jesus and the Virgin Mary, the Apostles and Prophets: he held the sufficiency of the law of nature, and that simple fornication was lawful.

Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years.

5. JOZE BARRETO, native of Valença, a cadet, from the same cause, the reading of prohibited books, became an impious

and incredulous atheist and blasphemer, calling ladies of his acquaintance Nossa Senhora da Carma, and Santa Benta, and by other names which the church holds as the most venerable.

Condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles.

6. JOZE LEANDRO MILLANI, native of Lisbon, and lieutenant of the same regiment, from reading impious prohibited books was an atheist, materialist, a despiser of the sacraments and ordinances of the church, and a strenuous defender of simple fornication, and of the indifference or equal goodness of all religions.

Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years, and deprived of the benefits of communion and confession.

7. ALEXO VACHE, a Frenchman, native of Hieres in Provence, and surgeon of the same regiment, an atheist, materialist, and a defender of suicide, which whilst in prison he likewise endeavoured

to put in practice, but did not succeed in the attempt ; he held simple fornication to be no sin.

Condemned to the convent of French Capuchins for three years, and banished for three years more to Viseo.

8. **MIGUEL WINCESLAW LATE**, native of Brussels, and major in the same regiment, who at the age of eighteen enlisted himself in Hungary, in the troops and service of the Emperor Charles the Sixth, where he served a considerable time and contracted some doubts in religion from being acquainted with persons of different persuasions, and from reading prohibited books, by which he was led to neglect hearing mass, for which he was fined three months pay. Going with his regiment into Sclavonia, he there followed the Greek church, and on his return he entered into the Society of Free Masons, notwithstanding that society was condemned as heretical by Benedict XIII. He afterwards held that all religions were

indifferent, denied purgatory, which he looked upon as invented for the interest of the church, profest religion solely from formality and political motives, and defended the sufficiency of the law of nature. He preferred the confession which the Lutherans make before God, to the auricular confession practised by the Catholic church, and disapproved of the custom of giving absolution to the soldiers before they went to battle. Three years confinement at Rilhafoles, and three years banishment to Lamego.

9. JOZE ANASTASIO DA CUNHA, lieutenant of the same regiment, and professor of geometry in the university of Coimbra. Reading prohibited books, and an intimacy with people of various persuasions, made him first of all embrace a liberty of conscience, and afterwards an apostate, a favourer of toleration, indifferent to religion, a libertine, and an atheist. He held that God could not punish such as through ignorance embraced a false re-

ligion; denied predestination and the mysteries of the most Holy Trinity; approved of simple fornication; disapproved of celibacy as prejudicial to the state; in a sacrilegious irreverent manner partook of the Holy Sacraement; and said it was a natural violence to attempt to enslave the minds of men by religion.

Three years to the Convent of Necessidades, banished four years to Evora, and ordered never more to return to Coimbra or Valença.

**10. JOZE MARIA TEIXERA**, native of Valença do Minho, five years a student of canon law. An atheist, and such an impious blasphemer of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary as is too horrid to relate. He believed none of the mysteries of religion, held that God could not create men to offend him, that the law of nature was the only law necessary, denied Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, called the Apostles and Prophets impostors, was a materialist, denied the authority of Scripture, said

that confession was invented by a Pope, and attempted to make converts to his erroneous persuasions, to which he was so bigotted as to make the most horrid imprecations whilst in prison, and to tempt God to convert water into blood, as a proof of the truth of the Christian religion, which he said he would then believe.

Condemned to walk at the Auto da Fe with a *Carocha*,\* and a label of a dogmatist, and after being publicly whipped through the streets, to be confined three years at Rilhafoles, five in the gallies, and to have his sentence read in Valença and to the university of Coimbra.

\* A cap ornamented with devils and hell-fire-flames.

## LETTER XXII.

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*Mode of Butchering Cattle.—Anecdote from Berchtold.—Leopold Berchtold.—Rudji.*

WHEN I first found myself in a land of strangers whose conversation presented nothing to me but a confusion of unintelligible sounds, I was frequently tempted to execrate the builders of Babel. The very dogs could not understand English : if I said “*poor fellow*,” the four-legged Spaniard growled at me ; if I whistled, even that was a foreign language, and I was obliged to address the cat in Spanish, for *Miz* knew not the meaning of Puss. I can now read the two languages with ease, and call for the common necessaries ; all beyond this is of little consequence to

me : but I have learnt to converse with the cats and dogs, always my favourite companions, for I love the honesty of the one, and the independance of the other.

Among the many vices of civilized society, there is none that tends more to generate misanthropical feelings than that of cruelty to animals. In general they are as badly treated here as in England, but the mode of butchering them is less barbarous. The spinal marrow is pierced with a small knife between two of the vertebrae of the neck, and of course the beast falls immediately. I have often wondered that some such mode is not generally adopted : cattle in England are slaughtered with the most savage barbarity ; it is not uncommon there to begin skinning a sheep before it is dead, because the butcher has not time to wait !

Such things makes one's blood boil, and almost provoke a wish for despotic justice, such for instance as was exerted at Abo in

Finland, upon the following occasion. A dog who had been run over by a carriage crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the wretch to this punishment:—he was imprisoned till the following market day; then, in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence. “Inhuman youth, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derived being from the same God who gave you life; because you added to the tortures of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the council of this city have

sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes." He then hung a black board round his neck with this inscription, "A savage and cruel youth!" and after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded, "Inhuman youth! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death! As you wish for mercy from that God who created all who live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

I have translated this story from a work written in the Portuguese language, by a very extraordinary man, Count Leopold Berchtold, the foster brother of the late Emperor Joseph. He was at Lisbon in the year 1792, but so completely did he shun society, that I have scarcely found any one who recollects even his name. His person was very fine, his manners elegant, and his mind enlarged. From

the dinner hour of one day he remained alone in his apartment till the dinner hour of the next, and the people who lived in the same house were so astonished at his singularities, that they believed him to be the wandering jew. These hours were employed in study, for the count used to publish a book upon some subject of practical utility, in the language of every country he visited. In England he printed two octavo volumes, intitled, *Advice to Travellers*, the worst of his publications, of which the second volume is a mere and imperfect catalogue of voyages and travels. The works which he has published in Portugal, are upon more valuable subjects, and distributed gratis for the good of humanity. The one is a translation from his own German, *An Essay on the Means of preserving the lives of Men from various dangers to which they are daily exposed*; the other is, *An Essay upon extending the limits of beneficence to Animals, as well as to Men*. For the first of

these essays the Royal Academy of Lisbon presented him a silver medal. Perhaps he himself was not sanguine enough to suppose that his books could be productive of much immediate benefit. It is pleasant to read these charitable theories, and easy to applaud them ; but the majority of the affluent entrench themselves in the centre of their own comforts, and poverty and wretchedness dare not intrude upon the magic circle. Yet it is not impossible that the suppressed or dormant feelings of some individual may be awokened by the perusal ; and Berchtold will not have laboured in vain if he shall only have stimulated one mind to active benevolence.

From Lisbon he went to Cadiz, and thence crossed over to Barbary on his road to Persia. For this dangerous expedition he was possessed of every advantage that personal intrepidity and a complete knowledge of the Arabic could afford. I could learn nothing of his after

fortunes; perhaps he may have perished in a journey of great and certain peril, from the accomplishment of which little utility could possibly have \* resulted.

I am sad when I contemplate the eccentricities of genius. Like meteors, some flash upon our view and are extinguished; some shake their torches in our eyes and delight to dazzle instead of directing us. Surely that man is the wisest, as well as the happiest, who considers there are luminaries enough to enlighten the world, and lets his taper shine from the windows of the lonely farm-house. A little taper will lighten a room, but place it to illuminate the street, it will do no good, and the wind will speedily extinguish it.

\* Since this was written, Count Leopold has been again in England. I was not fortunate enough to see him, but he did me the honour of sending me a little tract which he had published in Italian, upon the use of olive-oil in the plague. He had distributed many thousands of these in that language, and in Arabic, through those countries which are most exposed to it.

Do not imagine that I am disparaging the character of Leopold Berchtold.—Enthusiasm is always amiable, and I love and honour the Quixotism of benevolence, while I lament the reward it will meet with from mankind. I am grieved that a man so excellent should start from the sphere of domestic life ; that he who would so well have filled the stations of friend, and husband, and father, should be a wanderer over the world, attempting the amendment of all, and making the happiness of none.

I have another history to relate to you, as singular, and perhaps more interesting.

Radji is the son of an Arabian woman and an Italian Physician, settled at Bagdad : he was sent to his father's brother, a merchant at Bombay ; but Radji had received a religious education, and his moral feelings were wounded by the licentiousness of his uncle, who indulged himself in all the brutality of oriental voluptuousness. The lad ran away, and en-

tered himself on board an European vessel : the morality of a ship was as little agreeable to him, and on reaching Lisbon about two years ago, he took his cloaths, and without inquiring for his pay, came to the Irish college, and asked protection. Struck by this strange story from a boy of eighteen, they received him there, and recommended him to some Portuguese nobles, who undertook to defray the expences of his education for the priesthood : but like most other patrons, satisfying their own pride with the promise, they forgot poor Radji. Mr. B. an English student at the College (a man of cultivated mind and manners, who has exhibited a singular proof of integrity by becoming a convert to the Romish faith) resolved now to take care of the boy till he could find a more able patron, and he accordingly supported and instructed Radji till he had procured for him the patronage of the Grand Inquisitor,

and a regular establishment from a Portuguese countess. He is now being educated for a Catholic priest; the life of Radji will be useless and obscure, but it will be harmless and happy.

The young Arab possesses no splendour of intellect, but he has that which is infinitely more valuable, simplicity of heart. He speaks Arabic, Persian, Italian, Portuguese, and English ; you will be more pleased to hear that he was never known to utter an immoral word, or neglect the performance of what he believes an act of religious duty. “ When did you see those chaps ? ” said he to Mr. B. speaking of some young Englishmen here. “ They are fine looking fellows, but I believe, like all you English, they think more about eating and drinking than of saving their souls. Why don’t you talk to them about their souls, and try to convert them ? If I saw them as much as you do I should talk to them of nothing else.” —

"Do you pray for them, Radji?" said his friend.—"That I do," replied the boy—"I have never neglected that, and I never will!"

LETTER XXIII.

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*Barbary Corn.—Almada Hill.—Moorish Part of Lisbon.—alent Processions.*

This country is supplied with corn from Barbary ; and that at so low a rate, that the farmers do not find it worth their while to bring their grain to market. I am informed that the harvest of last year is not yet begun upon. They cannot grind the Barbary corn in England : it is extremely hard, and the force and velocity of English mills reduce the husk as well as the grain to powder. They apprehended that the fault lay in the grindstones, and accordingly sent for some from Lisbon ; but the advice which they received at the same time was of more importance :—it was to damp the corn be-

fore they ground it, and thus the bran would be prevented from pulverizing.

A Moor of distinction, who is now in Lisbon, was lately struck with the beauty of an English lady, and made a formal proposal to *buy* her of her mother. How do we revolt from appearances, instead of from realities ! A proposal to *buy* her daughter, would shock any European parent : but, if a man of superior rank, or superior fortune, offered himself, though his intellect were of idiot imbecility, and his body rendered decrepid by debauchery, would there be the same horror entertained at *selling* her ?

We crossed the river yesterday to Almada hill, and, sitting amid the ruins of the castle, enjoyed the rich prospect.— Behind us were the pine-wooded plains of Alentejo, and the olive yards and orange groves towards Cezimbra. The Tagus rolled below us ; and, on its opposite shore, about a mile and a half distant, the city of Lisbon extended. To our right,

the river spread itself into a vast bay, twelve miles from shore to shore : leftward, we looked down upon the castles of Belem and St. Julian, the rough bar glittering with white breakers, and the Atlantic ocean. Below the city, about eighteen miles in the country, rose the rock of Lisbon. The water was covered with vessels of all nations and all sizes ; the day was clear, the sun not too powerful to be pleasant : altogether I never beheld a more cheerful scene.

Pombal ordered all the churches here to be built like houses, that they might not spoil the uniformity of the streets.— This villainous taste has necessarily injured the appearance of the city. I passed one morning in walking over the old Moorish part of the town, and though accustomed to the filth and narrowness of Spanish and Portugueze streets, I was astonished at the dirt and darkness. Yet, the contrast was very delightful, after winding up these close and gloomy ascents,

to arrive on some open eminence that commanded the city and the harbour.—The river assumes a very gay appearance on any particular holy-day, when the vessels are ornamented with the colours of all the nations in alliance with Portugal : the guns are then fired ; but so irregularly, that the first time I was awakened by them, they gave me the idea of an engagement. These people delight in gunpowder : the last Brazil fleet was detained for six weeks, that they might fire upon the queen's birth-day.

I have seen one of the Lent processions. There were about ten saints carried, as large as life, preceded by an imaged crucifix. Some little boys, dressed with silver wings, led the procession : and the Host concluded it, borne as is usual under a purple pall. You will be amused with the history of **Nosso Senhor dos Passos**, the principal personage of the day's solemnity. This image one night knocked

at the door of St. Roque's church, and they would not let him in. He then went to the convent of the Graça, at the other end of the town, and obtained admittance. As you may well imagine, the brethren of St. Roque were in no small degree chagrined, when they discovered whom they had rejected. They claimed him as their guest; and alledged, that it was evident Nosso Senhor preferred dwelling with them, as he had chosen their church first. To this their antagonists assented; but pleaded they had forfeited this claim, by refusing to admit the miraculous visitor, who of course ought to abide with those who first received him. The matter would have occasioned a law suit, if they had not thus compromised it.—The convent of the Graça is his home; but the brethren of St. Roque are allowed to carry him in their procession; and he sleeps with them the night preceding the ceremony. Surely it would have been a

more equitable mode of decision, to have placed the image between the two churches, and so allowed him to take his choice.

These images are all carried by men, their faces veiled, and their feet bare.—This was formerly the office of penitents, and on this account their faces were concealed ; but the present generation are less bigotted, and the monks are obliged to hire \*carriers.

\* A friend of mine who was at Lisbon in 1797, particularly noticed the bearers at these processions. By their linen, the colour of their feet and hands, and the soreness with which they trod, some of them bleeding as they went, he judged many to be actually penitents.

LETTER XXIV.

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*Robberies.—New Convent—St. Anthony.—Pombal.—Duke of Aviero.—Ajuda.—Palace.—Patriarchal Church.—Watermen.—Museum.—Menagerie.*

A man was robbed and stripped naked last night within a hundred yards of this house. They usually strip their prey in this country. I have heard of an Englishman who was thus undressed, and laid under a wall with his hand and feet tied : where he remained, in company with two other persons in the same situation, till they were able to disengage themselves.—Another of our countrymen, who had fallen into the hands of some ruffians at Almada, complained to the magistrates at Lisbon. The alcayde took up all the in-

habitants of the village where it happened, above sixty persons ; and, after confining them all for six months, turned them all loose again : so excellently is justice administered in Portugal.

It is not many years since a man, called, from his diminutive size, Don Pedro Pequeno, kept the whole city in awe. He would murder a person for the most trifling affront, and pick a quarrel with any one who passed him in the street, for the sake of stabbing him. The fellow had killed so many officers who attempted to apprehend him, that at last they shot him, like a wild beast, from a distance.

When the present queen began her reign, she made the wise and humane resolution of never inflicting the punishment of death. This resolution she observed till Almada church was robbed, and the Host scattered about, and trampled under foot. On this occasion the court went into mourning for nine days ; and the

thieves, when taken, were executed for their sacrilege.

A more memorable circumstance occurred upon the robbing of a church at Lisbon : the wafers were missing : of course the city was in an uproar, and the court in mourning. During this period of public calamity, a priest, passing by a drove of oxen in one of the public streets, saw the foremost beast fall upon his knees. He leaped forward, and stooping to the ground, produced a wafer ! clean and immaculate, though the streets were dirty.— A miracle was immediately shouted, the miraculous host was conveyed to the nearest church, the driver and his oxen stopt, and high mass celebrated upon the occasion. The priest and the driver were pensioned for this fortunate miracle ; and even the oxen purchased, and turned out to be pastured for life at the public expence.

The new convent of Franciscan nuns is the most splendid monument of the

queen's devotion. Her late confessor, Ignacio de San Caetano, is said to have been the promoter of this noble, but useless fabric. This man had been a common soldier ; he held the offices of Archbishop of Thessalonica, Confessor to the Queen, and Grand Inquisitor ; and be it remembered to his honour in this world, as it now is to his happiness in the next, that he was never known, either directly or indirectly, to have abused his influence to the injury of any one. He enjoyed the good things of his situation ; regularly after dinner drank a bottle of mareschini, and lived in peace with all men. Such a man, whose religious sentiments must have assimilated with his habits of life, was well qualified to direct the mind of the wretched Maria I. in her incipient madness. She sometimes told him, that she felt herself excluded from all hopes of possible salvation. He used to soothe her, and tell her to be easy concerning her soul, for he would take that upon him-

self. By such assurances her mind, from time to time, was quieted: but upon his death, a less able man succeeded him, and this most horrible madness is confirmed for ever.

The pictures in the new convent were painted by Pompeio Battoni; excepting one by the queen's sister, in which Michael and the Old Dragon are represented, with about as much taste as you must often have seen displayed upon St. George and the young one. They sent him the dimensions of the altar-piece, and the subject, Christ's heart!—to which the convent is dedicated; and of which promising subject he was to make what he could. The heart is in the heavens, emitting splendour; where likewise are the Pope and the cardinal virtues. Below are Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, adoring the heart. The figure of Europe is that of a female loosely dressed, on a horse, whose hinder parts are foremost on the canvass. A Portuguese remarked,

that it was very wrong to place such an altar-piece there, and make people kneel to an half-naked woman, and the rump of a horse. "How much better would it have been," said he, "to have placed the performance of the princess there!" You will scarcely believe that the drain from the new convent opens into the middle of one of the public streets.

I have been visiting all those objects which are usually shewn to strangers here: the aqueduct, whose stupendous height, much as I had heard of it, filled me with astonishment; the mosaic pictures at St. Roque's, more excellent than I could possibly have believed: and the cathedral, containing little worthy of notice, but remarkable for having a little chapel built immediately before its front, on the spot where St. Antonio was born. St. Antonio is generalissimo of the Portuguese forces; and you may see his commission in Costigan's Sketches. I have now lying before me an epic canto, of

which this is the subject.—St. Antonio, whilst preaching at Padua, suddenly discovers that his father, Bulhoens, is at that moment going to be condemned to death at Lisbon, for a murder of which he is innocent. St. Antonio flies to Lisbon, makes the dead man speak to acquit Bulhoens, and name the assassin ; then flies back again to Padua, and tells the story to conclude his sermon.

The equestrian statue of the late king is the noblest I ever saw. The late chaplain, Mr. Allen, observed of the group below it, that they should draw the elephant's tusks, since, as he is less than the horse, he must needs be a young one : the hint was taken. The mean resentment of his victorious enemies removed the bust of Pombal from this statue ; and they have defaced it by placing the city arms in bronze in its place. Horrible must have been the latter days of Pombal ! He had always employed the power he possessed for the good of his country ; but,

to preserve that power, he had scrupled at no means, however atrocious. He retired at last in disgrace, to behold all his plans for the public good counteracted, and to feel, that the individual guilt he had contracted was indelible. After the death of the king, and the disgrace of Pombal, who had most faithfully served him, his enemies were continually urging the reigning queen to restore the family of Aveiro to their honors: but, whenever she appeared to lend a favourable ear, the queen mother produced the coat of the king, pierced by the bullets of the assassins, and stained with his blood. One of the hired assassins, who escaped the diabolical cruelties inflicted upon his accomplices and abettors, lived for many years afterwards in Lisbon. He had preserved himself by mangling his countenance so that it was impossible to recognize him. Aveiro himself might have escaped had he possessed either common prudence or common courage. A vessel was prepared to carry

him off; but he heard that a party of horse had lost themselves in the woods by his house without taking the alarm; and even when they appeared at the gate he might have preserved himself by leaping out of a window one story high. His palace at Belem was razed to the ground, and the ground sown with salt.\* There is a church erected on the spot where the king was shot at, dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Livraimento—Our Lady of the Deliverance. Three parties were stationed to destroy him. The plot was, that the first should let him pass, the second fire;

\* A column is erected upon the spot, with this inscription:

*Aqui foram as casas arazadas e salgados de Jose Mascarenhas, exauthorado das honras de Duque de Aveiro e outras; e condemnado por senten<sup>a</sup> proferida na suprema junta da inconfidencia, em 12 de Janerio de 1759: justicado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando desacato, que na noite de 3 de Setembro de 1758, se havia commullado contra a real e sagrada pessoa de el Rey nosso Senhor D. Jose I. Neste terreno infame se n<sup>ão</sup> podera edificar em tempo algum.*

so that whether he proceeded or retreated, there might be a second chance of destroying him. This scheme, which, if properly executed, could scarcely have failed of success, was frustrated by the impatience of the first party, who fired as the coach passed them. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back, and thus the king was preserved. There is a curious sketch designed for the altarpiece of the church erected in commemoration of his escape, preserved in the Marquis of Angeja's country house at Lumiar, and drawn by Vieyra. It represents the conspirators firing at the king, who is surrounded by angels, some of whom are leading the mules of his carriage, and others pouring water on the locks of the conspirators' guns. This last idea is taken from the celebrated Dutch painting of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, in which, however, the angels are seen extinguishing the fire in a much more natural way.

The royal palace stood then about the distance of a mile and a half from Lisbon, at a place called the Ajuda. From a hasty and slight fabric erected for the king after the great earthquake, it had gradually increased to a large and inelegant building, which was burnt down last year : it was with the greatest difficulty the king's sister could be saved from the flames ; she likewise is mad, and when they removed her by force, bit and scratched the persons who preserved her.

About twenty years ago an architect was sent to Rome to take plans of the inside of St. Peter's, that he might fill up the patriarchal church upon their model. This man embezzled whatever he could ; he substituted imitations for the most expensive lace, tinsel, for gold, and false stones instead of jewels, with so greedy and blind an avarice, that at last he set fire to the church to prevent a discovery : he was detected and executed. I told this story to Mambrino : " Ah !" said he,

"he must have been either a heretic or a Jew."

The patriarchal church is situated at the Ajuda. John V. established this on the model of that of Rome. The dress of the patriarch is similar to that of the pope, and, like the pope when he makes his appearance in public, he rides upon a white mule. The principals answer to the cardinals, and the resemblance is carried downwards in the same manner.

When the church was completed, and the ceremonies all arranged, it was discovered that one important particular had been forgotten, and the service of the church was therefore suspended whilst a courier was sent to Rome to know whether the pope fastened his breeches with a buckle or a string. His holiness returned for answer, sometimes with the one, sometimes with the other, and that the patriarch might use either at his own discretion.

They have a good regulation here with regard to fires. The watermen, who sell the water in barrels that they carry on their shoulders, are divided into wards, of each of which the individuals take the command in rotation. Every man is obliged at night to carry home his barrel full, and, in case of fire, it is the business of the head of the ward to collect all who belong to it. An English sailor happened to see a fire here; assistance came late, and the house burnt slowly. "Curse it," cried he, squirting out his tobacco, "there's no spirit in this country; why we should have had a dozen houses burnt down in London by this time!"

The Museum and the Botanic Garden are likewise at the Ajuda. Brazil has supplied the Museum with the richest collection of birds I ever saw. The collection, if well disposed, would make a much more respectable appearance; but when

the gloom of insanity and bigotry prevails at court, little can be expected of royal encouragemeat. Many of the most valuable articles have lately been presented to the Prince of Parma by the Prince of Brazil. In the Botanic Garden my attention was principally engaged by two statues, dug up near Montalegre, in 1785, and now stuck up on each side the door of the garden, and exposed to the weather! The one is somewhat larger than the other, but both are in the same attitude, and represent a man, his hands hanging down, and holding with both a small round shield ; evidently too rude for an age far advanced in civilization, yet they are much superior to the efforts of a barbarous one. These statues give ample room for conjecture ; they led me to reflect on many stupendous works of art, which were wondered at in the earliest ages of history, and of which the authors were even then forgotten.

Like every other useful establishment of royal munificence in this kingdom, the Menagerie is ill-managed and ill-supplied. I was almost sickened at the pestilential filth in which the beasts are confined. The fine old elephant of John V. was put upon a short allowance of cabbages; but as they who diminished his food could not lessen his appetite, the poor animal died. There are only three zebras remaining, and those are males; they bred in this country, and some attemps were made to break them in. The late Don Joze de Menezes, son of the Marquis of Marialva, actually drove them in an open carriage, they broke two or three carriages for him, and some of them had killed themselves by struggling. This was the gentleman who was in the box with the king, and saw his brother, the Conde de Arcos, killed at a bull-fight: he immediately descended, and attacked and killed the bull.

St. Joze's, which lies two miles lower down on the bank of the river, was about two years ago the scene of a remarkable piece of villainy. A priest called upon a German jeweller in Lisbon, and desired him to bring a set of good jewels to St. Joze's, for a lady about to be married : and he told him as the lady wished to keep the marriage a secret, he would meet him near the house, and transact the business. The man accordingly went and found the priest where he had appointed, who told him there was the lady walking in the garden, and took the jewels from him to carry to her ; but as he said it was not yet time, they continued to stroll about the house. The priest now produced some provisions, and urged his companion to eat, which, however, he declined ; soon afterwards they came to a deep pit ; the priest desired the jeweller to look down, immediately he pushed him in, and threw large stones upon him. The poor fellow, though he had broken an arm and a

leg in the fall, contrived to creep into the passage that led to another pit ; he frequently heard the priest address him in a feigned voice, and ask who was there, that he might fling stones upon him if he appeared. In this situation he remained till the next morning, when some workmen who came to dig clay in the pits discovered him ; he was taken to the house of an Englishman adjoining, and recovered of his wounds, but the priest escaped.

Of late Lisbon has rapidly encreased in size ; but the growth of the metropolis no more implies the prosperity of the state, than that of an unwholsome tumour proves the health of the body. The population of this country is said to be declining, and very material changes must take place before it can improve.

## LETTER XXV.

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*Road to Setubal.—Arrabida Convent; its Origin and Situation.—Cavern of St. Catharine.—Convent of Brancanaz.*

Thursday, March 24.

ON Monday last I went to Setubal. We crossed the river to Moita, and found mules on the strand ready for the journey. Two of the owners quarrelled in settling which we should take, and fought, in the Portugueze manner, with open hands; the battle was soon over, and one of the combatants was going away, when the other seized a large stake, and flung it with all his force at his head. The distance from Moita is twelve miles, and we paid a cruzado novo for each mule.

We soon entered a forest of pines, over which the hill of Palmella appeared with its castle. The country abounds with flowers that, scattered on every side amid the heath and sand, attracted our attention by their beauty and novelty; and in every little watry bottom the frogs croaked out a concert pleasant to the ears of one who loves the sounds of happiness. Ascending the hill we looked back over the forest to the Tagus, and the city on its opposite shore. On our right was a wild tract of high hills, partly covered with green corn, and in parts shewing their red soil; a few grey-green poplars grew at their feet, amid cottages thinly scattered, and orange gardens.

At the entrance of Palmella is a handsome fountain, with the arms of the town and an inscription, in which I was sometime amused at seeing S. P. Q. P. by the idea of the senate and people of Palmella.

The prospect as we descended is the most beautiful I ever beheld. The same wild, bold scenery on our right ; the country before us, and to the left, in the highest state of cultivation, abundantly wooded with almond-trees, now covered with their faint pink blossoms ; and orange groves, whose rich verdure is diversified with flowers and fruit. Every where around were single cottages, and convents ; venerable piles, and picturesque to the eye, however we may detest the purposes to which they are applied. About three miles distant lay Setubal, and its harbour : beyond, a low and feeble boundary to the scene, stretched the shore of Estremadura.

We turned our mules loose in the market-place of Setubal, a curious way of getting rid of the beasts ; which the general testimony could hardly make me believe to be the custom, till our own practice confirmed it. There is an hotel here kept by an Irishman : I had expect-

ed a good house, and was completely disappointed. We procured a *ground-floor* apartment there, two stories *above the street*, in which two little bed-closets stood, and a third bed was placed for us in the room: we were three in number, and Manuel attended us.

Setubal, as seen from the water, very much resembles Coruna: the principal street extending in the same manner along the strand. Cetobriga\* is supposed to have stood on the opposite shore: the fishermen frequently find stones in the sand, and a Corinthian pillar which was dug up there now stands in the square of Setubal, scraped and ornamented with a crucifix. The great earthquake was attended with singular effects here: part of a wall is still remaining, of which about twenty yards were removed thirty feet farther from the river, by the tide,

\* Hena, through the corruption Cetobra, its present name, which has led forgers of history and credulous antiquarians to Noah's ark.

and left still standing. I was informed that the water threw a vessel of an hundred tons burthen on the roof of a house, which was of course destroyed.

The chief object of our excursion was to visit the celebrated Convent of Nossa Senhora da Arrabida, on the Arrabida mountain. This convent owes its origin to a miraculous image of Nossa Senhora, which attracts more visitors to the Arrabida than all its wild and glorious scenery. This image belonged to the chaplain of an English ship, whose name was Haldebrant: during the darkness of a tempestuous night, when the vessel was near the shore, it was preserved from shipwreck by a wonderful splendour that, from the height of the mountain, illuminated the stormy sea. The tempest abated, and the sailors, in exploring the spot from whence the light proceeded, discovered the image of the Virgin, which had fled thither from the ship. Believing

it to be a spot chosen by the Blessed Mary for her worship, they erected a chapel there with the alms they obtained, and Father Haldebrant was appointed Chaplain.

Such, according to *grave and respectable* historians, is the origin of this convent. There is a sonnet in the works of D. Francisco Manuel, upon "this most holy Convent of the Arrabida." Francisco Manuel is but an indifferent poet; he has seldom succeeded better than on this subject.—

*AL COMBENTO DEVOTISSIMO  
DE LA ARRABIDA.*

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No baxes temeroso, o peregrino,  
Fia tus passos de la senda escura ;  
Que esta que te parece aspera y dura  
Esta es del cielo el aspero camino.  
Si baxas, subiras a ser vecino  
De la Jerusalen santa y segura ;  
Porque laantidad de essa espessura  
Falda es del monte de Sion divino.

Ves quantas fuentes sus cristales mueven  
 Para buscarte, el ayre te combida,  
 El sol te guia, y tu no te persuades?  
 Entra, y veras lo que tus ojos deven:  
 Aqui todas las horas son de vida,  
 Todas las esperanzas son verdades.

*INSCRIPTION*

## FOR A TABLET

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PATH LEADING TO  
 THE ARRABIDA CONVENT.

---

Falter not Pilgrim here! with steady steps  
 Upward along this dark o'ershadowed path  
 Tread cheerily: this is the rugged path  
 That leads to Heaven. Hark! how the glittering stream,  
 That sparkles down the mountain, to thine ear  
 Sends its mild murmurs: round thy throbbing brow,  
 Pleasant the cool air breathes, and on thy way  
 The glorious sun shines radiant. Canst thou pause?  
 Oh Pilgrim, lie thee on with holy haste  
 And enter there, where all the hours are hours  
 Of life, and every hope, reality.

The promontory of Arrabida projects into the Atlantic ocean, about six miles from Setubal. The custom-house boat

had been procured for us, and we departed early on Tuesday morning. We passed by Atun Castle, which commands the mouth of the river Sadao,\* three miles from the town. The mountain now opened on our view, it was covered with trees till within a few years, when they were destroyed by fire ; the quick vegetation of the climate has supplied the loss to the eye, and overspread the ground with tall shrubs, among which a few trees still remain. We went between the shore and two insulated rocks, in one was a dark cavern ; many shrubs grew on the summit, and there was a monumental cross in memory of a man who had fallen from the precipice where he was catching birds. Near this we landed : wine and oranges were procured from a venda, the only habitation in sight : we had brought some cold fowls from Setubal, and the spring by which we sat supplied us with excellent water.

\* The Calipos of Ptolomy.

Never did I behold scenery so wild and so sublime as the mountain of Arrabida presented, and which, continually varying as we advanced, always displayed some new beauty. The gumcistus was the most common plant; it was luxuriantly in blossom, and the sun drew forth its rich balsamic fragrance. About three parts up stands the convent: a few cypresses, an orange garden, and olive yard, diversified the hill around it. On the summit are a number of little chapels, or saint-boxes; a Dutchman could not have placed any ornament there more detestable to the picturesque eye. Rude crosses are erected on almost every crag; below is the Atlantic ocean. We were conducted to a cavern consecrated to St. Catharine: the entrance is down a long flight of steps, and admits but little light: the sea enters below, dashing the rocks with that loud and continual roar which accords as well with the feelings of the poet as of the devotee. Through this aperture the light

ascends, and nothing is visible but rock and sea. I could believe that old George Wither, who has been abused for his politics and his poetry by blockheads who know nothing of either the one or the other, described this very spot in his unequalled lines :

The dull loneliness, the black shade  
 That these hanging vaults have made,  
 The strange music of the waves  
 Beating on these hollow caves,  
 This black den which rocks emboss  
 Overgrown with eldest moss,  
 The rude portals that give light  
 More to terror than delight.

I did not wonder to see Manuel and our conductor on their knees before the image of St. Catharine; my own mind was full of feelings “half ready to become devotion,” and you will forgive me if for a moment I almost wished to be a hermit.

But such beings as old Nascians and the Hermit of the Poor Rock, exist only in romance, and we must look in Gil

Blas for a faithful picture of these vermin. There is an English hermit who now resides on the Arrabida ; he was an agent at Lisbon, and after spending the property he was entrusted with, petitioned the court for a testoon a day to enable him to turn Catholic hermit, and thus screen himself from those whom he had defrauded.

The day was hot and the mountain steep. We ascended to the convent ; it is a strange irregular building, its cells connected by steps and paths cut in the rock. They led us from one chapel to another, to our great fatigue, and the still greater delight of Manuel, who by the merits of this day's pilgrimage will escape a few thousand years of purgatory. In one place is the latter part of our Saviour's history, represented in little earthen figures. The convent belongs to the bearded Franciscans, called in Portuguese Barbadinhos ; and over the image of their patron Saint is written,

Aute obitum  
 Mortuus,  
 Post obitum  
 Vivus  
 Cernitar Franciscus.

In the great chapel are waxen legs, arms, &c. as usual, and numberless pictures of miracles wrought by our lady of the Arrabida; such as ships in a storm, persons falling down precipices, and sick in bed, with the Virgin appearing above to save them; the most extraordinary is that of a man who fell from an ass, and as through the blessed Virgin's assistance he did not hurt himself, he hung up a representation of the miraculous escape.

We went to the convent of Brancanas as we left Setubal on the Wednesday: it is about a mile distant, and almost every object on the road different from the English landscape. A ruined aqueduct crosses the way; the ground is laid out in vine-yards, olive-yards, and orange-gardens, and the fences composed of long

canes, aloes, and the devil's fig, which, Hogarth says, has the same reason for being ugly as a candlestick. A Madonna, variously attributed to Raphael, Titian, and Guido, attracted us to Brancanas : it is in high preservation and would do honour to either ; travellers have taught these Franciscans its value. This convent, like most others, stands on a fine and commanding situation. At the commencement of the present war, the Prince of Brazil complained to General M. of the want of engineers. Your Royal Highness is mistaken, replied the old general, you have the best engineers in the world—your monks ; look at their convents ; you will always find them in the best and most commanding situations of the country.

When we reached Moita on our return, a man proffered us a boat, with a covering from the rain, for sixteen testoons. We agreed with him and embarked ; but it was only by lying along that we could

be sheltered, and when the owner of the boat had secured us, he took in as many Portuguese as could be crowded in with us, for a vintem each. The boat had been used for carrying dung, and the moisture oozed through upon us; half a dozen ducks, who made part of the passengers, amused us with their music, and the men stunk so abominably that even Manuel complained. We preferred being wet to this pestilential atmosphere, and went aloft. The oranges of Setubal are some of the finest in Portugal: we had laid in a stock of them for this river-voyage, and delivered them into Manuel's care, who was provided with a capacious bag. Into this bag he had stowed the remains of all our provisions, bread, potatoes, meat, poultry, and fish. Provender enough he said for three days, he being, as is the custom here, upon board wages. Now as it happened to rain upon our return, he had galloped good part of the way, and Manuel, all unused to galloping, had

ridden upon his bag; so that when we asked for our oranges, and he put his hand in for them, out came such a compost as may better be imagined than described. There was something infinitely ludicrous in his countenance at this discovery; in the woeful astonishment which it expressed at first, and the joy with which he joined in in our laugh, and replaced the precious mixture, rejoicing in the addition to it which he had thus unintentionally obtained.

Wet, weary, and hungry, we had a dolorous passage of five hours.

### *MUSINGS*

#### AFTER VISITING THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA.

Happy the dwellers in this holy house !  
For surely never worldly cares intrude  
On this retreat, this solitary shade,  
Where QUIET with RELIGION makes her home.  
And ye who tenant such a godly scene  
Must needs be good ! here all is calm and fair,  
And here the mirror of the mind reflects

Serencst beauty. O'er these woodland haunts  
 The insatiate eye, with ever new delight  
 Roams raptur'd, marking now where to the wind  
 The tall tree shakes its many-colour'd boughs,  
 Making wild melody; and now the sport  
 Of many a sea-bird o'er the tranquil deep,  
 And now the long reflected line of light  
 Where the broad orb of day resfulgent sinks  
 Beneath old Ocean's bound. To have no cares,  
 'To have no kindred with the reptile race  
 Of man, no wants to fetter down the sonl  
 Amid the knaves and ideots of the world,  
 Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house !  
 Almost I envy you ! you never hear  
 'The groans of wretchedness; you never see  
 Pale hunger's asking eye, nor roam around  
 'Those huge and hateful sepulchres of men,  
 Where WEALTH and POWER have rear'd their palaces,  
 And VICE with horrible contagion taints  
 The herd of human-kind.

I too could love,  
 Ye tenants of this holy solitude !  
 To sojourn here, and when the sun rides high,  
 Seek some sequestered dingle's deepest shade,  
 And at the cooler hour, along the beach  
 Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep :  
 And, whilst the evening breezes bath'd my brow,  
 And on mine ear the rude and restless roar  
 Re-echoed, muse on many a lesson taught

By hard experience. Yet may yonder deep  
 Suggest some not unprofitable thought,  
 Monastic brethren! would the mariner,  
 Though many a tempest swell its maddened waves,  
 And many a whirlwind o'er the reeling mast  
 Impel the mountain surge, quit yonder deep  
 And rather float upon some tranquil sea,  
 Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,  
 In safe stagnation? I must yet fulfil  
 Some tasks, some duties; and those well fulfill'd,  
 BELOVED! then will we together seek  
 The cot of INDEPENDANCE. Pleasant then  
 To think that we have walk'd amid mankind  
 "More sinn'd against than sinning." Pleasant then  
 To muse on many a sorrow overpast,  
 And think the labour of the day is done,  
 And as the evening of our lives shall close,  
 The peaceful evening, hail with firmest hope  
 The approaching dawn of everlasting day!

## LETTER XXVI.

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*Good Friday.—Easter Sunday.—Emperor of the Holy Ghost.—English Nuns.—Monastic Anecdotes.*

As Good-Friday happened on the 25th of March this year, they have put off Lady-Day till the 6th of April. I have now witnessed all the mummeries of a Roman Catholic Lent. Of the processions I have already spoken: on the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, as on the first of April in England, people are privileged here to play the fool: it is thought very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder in his face, but to do both is the perfection of wit.

On the evening of Good-Friday I went to the new convent, to witness the rending

the veil of the temple, and hear a Portuguese sermon. The earthquake was represented by a noise like scuffling of feet : the sermon was extempore, and its subject the sorrows of the Virgin Mary ; the preacher addressed himself to her image, the words *magoas* (sorrows) and *esta tristissima noite* (this most mournful night) were continually whined out ; it was the very reverse of the celebrated carol of her seven good joys.

The following day I attended to see the church stripped ; it was under the management of a man of high rank, remarkable for his attachment to priests and prostitutes. One of the officiating priests wore a wig with a hole cut in it by way of the mystic tonsure. After I had waited some hours, exposed to all the effluvia of a Portuguese crowd, the black curtains were in an instant drawn, and the altars discovered completely illuminated.

Apicius himself might envy the feelings of a catholic on Easter Eve. After doing

penance for forty days on fish and soup meagre, they make amends for it by falling to when the clock strikes twelve, and this midnight feast is said to do some of them more injury than all the previous fasting.

Easter Sunday is the accession day of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost. This great personage, of whom you have probably never heard, is a little boy ; his reign lasts only till Trinity, but his privileges are for life, and singular ones they are ; for he is allowed to commit any crime without incurring the punishment of death, except high-treason ; for which he may be beheaded.

On most eminences his standard is erected ; a high pole with a flag bearing a dove ; his retinue parade the streets with similar flags, proffering them to all good catholics to kiss, and receiving money in return, which is expended in a feast on Whitsunday, at which the emperor presides in person.

There is an emperor in every parish where any family chuse privileges so dearly purchased for their son, for the expense is considerable. Good Catholics give ducks, fowls, pies, rabbits, &c. dressed out with ribbon, as offerings to his imperial holiness. These are sold, and eagerly purchased at a high price, as being consecrated. The money goes to the emperor's treasury; each emperor dines without his parish church, in public, under an awning, with music playing, and abundance of rockets flying in the face of the sun.

I drank tea lately at the grate of the English nuns. They are of the order of St. Bridget. When their possessions were seized by Henry the Eighth, they wandered through France and Flanders for thirty seven years, till the pious liberality of Isabel de Azevedo gave them a settlement at Lisbon. A miraculous crucifix is venerated there, which the English heretics tore away from sister

Isabel Arte, whilst she was embracing it, and cast it into the fire ; the nun burst from them, and bore the image from the fire, which had lost all power of injuring either that or the holy maid. The convent has been constantly supplied from England with victims to this wretched superstition ; but it is now several years since a novice has arrived, and I hope our country will not long be disgraced by the institution. They gave us the history of each day's employment, a melancholy round of prayer and silence, undiversified by one solitary pleasure. Every nun, on the anniversary of her profession, is treated with a breakfast as gay as her co<sup>n</sup>vent friends can furnish : they crown her with flowers, and call her the lady bride.

They talked much at the grate of the happiness they enjoyed ; yet from the account they gave of their manner of life, and the eagerness with which they appeared to seize the opportunity of con-

versation, I went away fully convinced that a nun is as miserable in herself as she is useless to society.

The delirium of devotion may supply comfort to a few monastics, whose warmth of disposition has been thus perverted : these, however, must necessarily be few, and there is too much reason to believe that the greater number, precluded from the exertions of active benevolence, seek to relieve the dreadful tedium of such an existence, by the stimulations of vice. An English wine-merchant in this country, whose cellars were under the chapel of a nunnery, discovered that some person was in the habit of entering them by night, and accordingly changed the lock. On the next day he received a note to this purport, “ If you sustain any loss in your cellar, you shall be amply recompensed ; but replace the old lock, or be assured you will repent it.” He understood the note, and followed the advice. The roof of the cellar was formed only of planks

laid over the beams, and one of these was loose.

Of the ignorance of the friars a laughable instance lately occurred. A pair of globes, just arrived from England, were shown to one of them : " Ah !" said he, " I know what this is very well; it is a camera obscura, and a very dangerous thing it is! a friend of mine was very nearly killed in making some experiments with one." So ingeniously did he confound the globes, the camera obscura, and the electrical machine. It may be doubted whether it was ignorance prompted the answer of another friar, who, on being asked the use of some vessels in the church which he was not able to explain, replied, " Oh! these are mysteries of the church."

Were not the evils of superstition so grievous, its absurdities might amuse us. One of the Galego servants here related the following story of his country Saint, St. Iago of Compostella. He asserted

and believed that the nails, and hair, and beard of his image constantly grew, and that a priest of high ecclesiastical rank was always appointed to pare his nails and shave him. Once a meaner priest was nominated to this important office; he approached the image, placed the basin under his chin, began to lather the Saint, and was immediately struck dead for his presumption.\*

\* I extract the following most impudent instance of Monkish fraud from the valuable tracts of Dr. Geddes. He was chaplain at the English factory at Lisbon, and entertained a most religious aversion for the Catholic superstition; an aversion not unreasonable in a man who had been once examined by the inquisition.

Some reliques and manuscripts, purporting to have been written during the persecution of Nero, were found in the ruins of the uninhabitable Turpian tower at Granada, in 1588, and in the mountain Valparayso, near that city, in 1595.

These writings declared all such as disbelieved the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary to be accursed, excommunicated, and damned to the pit of Hell: the Dominicans, therefore, attempted to prove that they were not genuine, for these among other reasons:

There are many churches here in an unfinished state, though the building has been begun twenty or thirty years : because estates have been left to the church till it is completed.

That some of them were in modern Spanish, which was not spoken in the time of Nero.

That St. Cæcilius is called in them Bishop of Granada, whereas Granada was not built and known by that name, till seven hundred years after the time of Nero.

That they express apprehensions lest the Moors should seize the writings, whereas there could be no danger from the Moors in the time of Nero.

That some of them were in Arabic, a language which at that period was not known in Spain.

These objections were answered by Dr. Madera, who affirmed,

That the Spanish language was the very same as it now is, before any Roman ever entered Spain.

That Granada was built and known by that name, and a bishopric in the days of the Apostles.

And that Arabic was spoken in Spain and Barbary long before those countries were conquered by the Arabs.

But this was his decisive argument,

If these writings are forged they must be forged, either by a Mohammedan, a Heretic, or a Catholic.

But it is the spirit that would compass sea and earth to make one proselyte that renders the Romish religion so dangerous and so detestable. It is the duty of every man who believes his opinions necessary to the happiness of mankind, to disseminate those opinions by all fair means ; if the friars, therefore, would attempt to convert me, I should respect their zeal though they pestered me with their absurdity : but they tempt in the day of poverty, they terrify on the bed of sickness, they persecute in the hour of death ; and if they find a man senseless in his last agonies, they place a candle in his hand, and smuggle him under false colours into the kingdom of heaven. An Englishman who kept a Portugueze mis-

Now neither Mohammedan or Heretic would forge writings that so explicitly condemn their own opinions ; and as for the Catholics—it is utterly impossible that any Catholic could be capable of so wicked an action as that of forging writings and affixing saints names to them.

tress was so tormented by these friars in his last illness, that he died with a loaded pistol in each hand, ready to shoot the first monk that approached him.

This spirit of proselyting is equally powerful whether the monk acts from worldly or conscientious motives ; in the one case he acquires considerable reputation for his convent and for himself, in the other he escapes all the pains of purgatory. From this double interest of the priest, and the dreadful despotism they exercise over the laity, marriages between Roman Catholics and persons of a different religion are productive of great misery.

A Lutheran resident in Lisbon, who had married a Roman Catholic, called her to his bed-side when he was dying, and made her, in the presence of the German clergyman, solemnly vow that she would not compel her sons to abjure their religion. She made the oath to her dying husband, and perjured herself before the end of the week.

## LETTER XXVII.

*Cintra.—Inscriptions on the Rock.—Palace.—Penha Verde.—Cork Convent.*

April 9.

WE went to Cintra on Sunday last, and saw nothing remarkable on the road except some of the retinue of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost, and two rams drawing a little cart.

Never was a house more completely secluded than my uncle's: it is so surrounded with lemon trees and laurels as nowhere to be visible at the distance of ten yards; a place

Where the tired mind  
Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind!

A little stream of water runs down the hill before the door, another door opens

into a lemon-garden, and from the sitting-room we have just such a prospect over lemon trees and laurels to an opposite hill, as, by promising a better, invites us to walk.

I know not how to describe to you the strange beauties of Cintra : it is, perhaps, more beautiful than sublime, more grotesque than beautiful, yet I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight.— This immense rock or mountain is in part covered with scanty herbage, in parts it rises into conical hills, formed of such immense stones, and piled so strangely, that all the machinery of deluges and volcanoes must fail to satisfy the enquiry for their origin. Nearly at the base stands the town of Cintra and its palace ; an old and irregular pile with two chimnies, each shaped like a glass-house. But the abundance of wood forms the most striking feature in this retreat from the Portuguese summer. The houses of the English

are seen scattered on the ascent half hid among cork trees, elms, oaks, hazels, walnuts, the tall canes, and the rich green of the lemon gardens.

On one of the mountain eminences stands the Penha Convent, visible from the hills near Lisbon. On another are the ruins of a Moorish castle, and a cistern, within its boundaries, kept always full by a spring of purest water that rises in it. From this elevation the eye stretches over a bare and melancholy country to Lisbon on the one side, and on the other to the distant convent of Mafra, the Atlantic bounding the greater part of the prospect. I never beheld a view that so effectually checked the wish of wandering. Had I been born at Cintra, methinks no inducement could have tempted me to leave its delightful springs and shades, and cross the dreary wilderness that insulates them.

By the side of the road that passes above the town, is a broad smooth piece

of rock ; the trunk of an old elm burst out immediately over it, and these lines are carved on the stone.

Pendentes ulmi muscosaque saxa valete,  
Et gelidi fontes flexibilesque hederæ.

Indifferent as the lines are, some person has attempted to defraud the author by signing and dating them 1795. They are of the date 1772, the joint composition of a Portuguese Fidalgo and an Ex-Jesuit, who on the dissolution of that order, by which he had been educated, and in which he had intended to profess, came down to Cintra, and was protected by the Fidalgo, then Juiz de Fora. Their destinies were widely different. The Juiz de Fora gradually rose from place to place till he attained a high post in Brazil, here he began to intrigue and foment disturbances, was apprehended, sentenced to Angola, and died on the way. A curious monument of the true Jesuitical suppleness of his friend remains in his own phrase,

“ on the eternal rocks of Cintra ;” where he has carved two inscriptions in honour of Pombal, and of the late king. They are little known ; I ascended to them with half an hour’s hard labour ; and give you the *kakography* of the original.

On one rock,

DIV  
JOS  
IMP  
ÆTER  
NIT. S.

On the other,

Mag. Pomb. Nomen.  
Extinctis Conj. urb er.  
Delet Jes. inst academ.  
Eternis Cinthiae rup.  
Poster. mand. traddid.  
Non ingr. hospes.

His flattery was rewarded with a good post.

In the palace we were shewn the chair

where Sebastian sat when he announced his intended African expedition to his counsellors. Here too, is the apartment where Affonso VI. was confined, after the wife and the crown, of which he was unworthy, had been seized by his brother. The brick flooring of the room is worn deep in one part by the steps of the captive king. The sides and ceiling of another room are painted with the escutcheons of the noble families of Portugal ; I observed that those were erased whose bearers had been engaged in the conspiracy against the late King.\*

\* Near the palace is a fountain, with the following inscription, curious for its pompous inanity :

Antiga fonte  
da pipa ;  
reedificada  
e melhorada  
pelo Doutor  
Fran<sup>co</sup> Joze  
De Miranda  
Duarte præzi-

The gardens of Penha Verde, once the superb seat of Don Joam de Castro, contain the heart of one of his relations, with

dente do senado  
 da camera e Juis  
 de Fora desta villa,  
 em execuzam das  
 ordens de sua Mage  
 expedidas em avizo  
 da Secrataria de estado  
 dos negoçios do reyno, de  
 vinte e seis de Outubre de  
 mil sete centos e outenta  
 e sete, pelas quais foi  
 a mesma Senhora servida  
 determinar a restituizam desta  
 fonte, socegando o povo e livrando  
 da oppressam, que lhe cauzava a fal-  
 ta de agoa no bairro do Casteilo  
 e poriso em memoria de tam augusta  
 soberana, se gravarum  
 os versos seguintes.

Qualis apud veteres  
 Divus regnabat Ulysses,  
 Qui nulli civi d'eto  
 Factove nocebat.

. 17:8.

the following epitaph. I believe you will find my translation as bad as the original, and this is the best praise it can deserve.

*Cor sublime, capax, et Olympi montis ad instar,*

*Amplius orbe ipso cor brevis urna tegit.*

*Cor consanguineo concors comparque Joanni*

*India cui palmas subdita mille dedit.*

*Cor virtutis amans, cor victima virginis almæ,*

*Corque ex corde plium, nobile, forte, valens.*

*Non pars, sed totus, latet hoc Saldanha sepulchro,*

*In corde est totus, cor quia totus erat.*

A heart sublime, and than the earth's wide bourne  
More ample lies within this little urn.

On one side is Cynthia in blue tiles, and underneath,

*Tertia jam gravida*

*pluvialis Cynthia cornu.*

*Lucan.*

On the other Justice.

*Non consideris*

*personam pauperis nec honoris*

*vultum potentis, juste judica*

*proximo tuo.*

*Leviticus.*

A heart in worth and birth to him allied,  
 Whom vanquish'd India hails his country's pride.  
 A heart to holy Mary's love subdined,  
 A heart most heartily pious, brave, and good.  
 Here all Saldanha lies inurn'd, not part,  
 For here his heart lies, and he was all \* heart.

On the wall near the monument is a stone with this inscription, which I own myself unable to comprehend :

\* This reminds me of

Hugo, whom Duke Gondibert  
 For stout and steady kindness did approve,  
 Of stature small, but was all over heart,  
 And tho' unhappy, all that heart was love.

*Sir William Davenant.*

The conceit is to be found in an epitaph on Francis I. by St. Gelais.

Que tient enclos ce marble qui je voy ?  
 Le Grand François incomparable Roy.  
 Comme eut tel Prince un si court monument ?  
 De luy n'y a que le Cœur seulement.  
 Done icy n'est pas tout, ce Grand Vamqueur  
 Il y est tout, car tout il estoit Cœur,

Oculis  
 Quam  
 Naribus  
 Melior.

There is an old statue of a sleeping Venus in the garden ; a Catholic lady mistook it for a venerable image of the Virgin Mary, and used to address her daily prayers to it.

Near the Penha Verde an old cork tree over-hangs the road ; the fern is rooted in its mossy bark, and forms with its verdure a most picturesque contrast to the old tree's dark evergreen foliage. Cintra is remarkably damp, yet I am told the damps are not unwholesome.

We visited the Cork convent : here I was shown a den in which a Hermit lived twelve years ; a small hole for so large a vermin, but the virtue of burrowing there has procured him a place in Heaven, if we believe the inscription :

Hie Honorius,  
 vitam finivit,

Et ideo cum Deo  
vitam revivit.  
obit 1596.

An inscription like the following would not, perhaps, be improper in a Protestant country.

Here, cavered like a beast, Honorius dwelt  
In self-denial, solitude, and prayer,  
Long years of penance. He had rooted out  
All human feelings from his heart, and fled  
With fear and loathing from all human joys  
As from perdition. But the law of Christ  
Enjoins not this. To aid the fatherless,  
To heal the sick, to be the poor man's friend,  
And in the wounded heart pour gospel balm,  
These are the active duties of that law  
Which whoso keeps receives a joy on earth,  
Calm, constant, still increasing, preluding  
The eternal bliss of heaven. Yet mock not thou,  
Stranger, the anchorite's mistaken zeal!  
He painfully his painful duties kept,  
Sincere tho' erring. Stranger, dost thou keep  
Thy better, easier law but half as well?

I have now mentioned to you all that strangers usually visit at Cintra : but I

cannot without a tedious minuteness describe the ever-varying prospects that the many eminences of this wild rock present, or the little green lanes over whose bordering lemon gardens the evening wind blows so cool, so rich ! You would not be interested by the domestic management of three men ; yet these trifling circumstances, so dull to others, are those that render the remembrance of Cintra pleasant to me. I shall always love to think of the lonely house, and the stream that runs beside it, whose murmurs were the last sounds I heard at night, and the first that awoke my attention in the morning.

*“ C'est un bien pour un voyageur d'avoir acquis un fonds d'émotions douces et vives, dont le souvenir se renouvelle pendant tout sa vie ; mais il ne sauroit les partager avec ceux qui, ne les ayant pas éprouvées, s'interessent toujours plus au récit de ses peines, qu'à celui de ses plaisirs.”\**

\* Voyage du Jeune Anarcharsis.

## LETTER XXVIII.

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*Poem on Cintra.—Sebastianists.—Fishing Boats.—Police.—Executions.—Funerals.—Purgatory.—English Burying-Ground.—Sepulchral Inscriptions.*

WE returned to Lisbon on *Burros*: the ass in this country is as respectable an animal as it is useful. You will probably be as incredulous as I was, till undeniable testimony convinced me, when I tell you that a Portuguese lady here is so enormously fat that she actually broke the back of a strong ass, and the animal fell dead under her. They go a quiet, constant pace, and as I jogged patiently on I was reminded of the way of life: imagination is a mettled horse that will break

the rider's neck, when a donkey would have carried him to the end of his journey slow but sure.

They have no idea of the exertions of our English horses. A young Englishman, who draws very well, drew one in the act of leaping a gate: Sir, said the Portuguese, to whom he shewed the sketch, no horse can do that, it is impossible.

The kingdom of Portugal, by a solemn decree, has been made tributary to, and placed under the patronage of the Virgin Mary. The following is a copy of the inscription fixed up upon this occasion in most of the Portuguese towns :

Æternit. Sacr.  
Immaculatissimæ  
Conceptioni Mariæ  
Una cum general. Comitiis  
Se, et Regna sua  
Sub annuo censu tributaria  
publice vovit,  
Atque Deiparam in Imperii tutelarem  
electam

A labe originali præservatam perpetuo  
 Defensurum  
 Juramento firmavit  
 viveret ut pietas Lusitan.  
 Hoc vivo lapide memoriale  
 perenne  
 exarari jussit  
 Ann. Christi M. DC. XC. VI.  
 Imperii sui VI.

**There is a strange sect of enthusiasts in this country, called\* Sebastianists, from**

\* These people are alluded to in the reply to the Portuguese sermon mentioned in a former note. "Se cansa ne relatar diferentes Pseudo-Messias, que uvo en la nacion, en el espacio de mas de 1500 años. Y pudiera el mismo responderse con ellos, pues annque es verdad que la Nacion corriò a abrasar a algunos, por engañarse creyendo, podia ser el verdadero, y esperado Messias; luego que vido que no se cumplieron en ellos las profecias literalmente, que del Verdadero tratan, los rejecto, y abandono, y fueron, y son tenidos en la nacion por espureos y falsos. Y que hay que admirar, que una Nacion abatida y conculcada, abrasase qualquiera ocasion de restaurarse, dejandose llevar de aquella confianza, que siempre tuvo y tiene en Dios, y de aquella esperanza que conserva en su divina y santa palebra que no puede faltas? Por ventura no huvo y hay en

the name of the unfortunate king who is the object of their superstition. What tradition fables of the Welsh is true of these people; they hope and expect the re-appearance of Sebastian, and they have nightly meetings on the hills, near the aqueduct, to watch in the heavens for the tokens of his approach. Dryden has not chosen the most interesting part of this monarch's history for his drama: the interest of intrigue and incest may be excited by any dabbler, but to describe the return of Sebastian after his country was annexed to Spain, to delineate the workings of his mind, when after a long course of adversity had subdued his vices and strengthened his virtues, he was punished as an impostor by those who knew the

Portugal hasta el dia de oy, quien espera al Rey Don Sebastian? no uvo en los passados siglos uno que fingio serlo? y no se escrivieron libros en su abuso? Pues s' esto sucede en una nacion libre solo por la aencia de rever un Rey que estimava, qoe mucho padeciese semejante engaño, una Nacion oprimida, con la esperanza de ver un Rey que Dios le tiene prometido?

justice of his claims, this would have been worthy of the powers of Dryden, even if he had possessed sufficient independence and integrity to have pleased his own better judgment, and treated the public taste with the contempt it merited.

It was very fortunate for N·buchadnezzar that he was not King of Portugal, for I know not where he could have grazed for seven years. I have never seen either wolf or wild boar in the open country, but they are numerous. An officer whose regiment was stationed in one of the provinces, heard frequent complaints of the mischief which the wild boars did, and ordered his men to encompass their haunts and drive them into a circle ; this was done, but when the boars found themselves surrounded they charged their enemies, burst through them, and escaped victorious.

I had a very narrow escape lately from one of the large fishing boats in the river that very frequently run down smaller

boats ; it is but a few years since eleven Russian midshipmen were destroyed thus, a fishing boat purposely run them down, and when some of them leapt on board of it to save themselves, the fishermen knocked them over. I have already mentioned the remissness of the police ; on this account executions are very rare, not because crimes are uncommon. A Portuguese was executed in one of the provincial towns some years ago for a singular trade of wickedness : he used to call all the pedlars he saw passing into his house and murder them, till at length the neighbours wondered that no pedlar was ever seen after he had entered there, and he was detected.

The mode of execution is horrible. In almost every town is a pillar generally of grotesque and striking architecture. To this the criminal is fastened : a surgeon draws a chalk line across his throat, and the executioner follows it with a long sharp knife ; but this mode of decapita-

tion is the privilege of the Fidalgos, and Plebeians are hanged. A singular point of law and etiquette occurred at the execution of the last man who suffered at Lisbon. He had murdered his father and brother to come at the estate, and when condemned to death claimed the honour of being beheaded as a Fidalgo ; but as only one of his parents enjoyed that title, the Fidalgos objected to this, and insisted that he should be hanged ; the matter was compromised, for the poor fellow had not interest enough to make a law suit of it, and his head was only cut half off to satisfy both parties.

Though the laws are in general so remiss, on one remarkable occasion they were fatally precipitate. A nunnery had been set on fire, and a gentleman was apprehended near it whose horse was shod with felt, and who would give no account of himself. The certainty of death could not make him break his mysterious silence, he was condemned and suffered : but the

real criminals were afterwards discovered, and his innocence known too late. The Portuguese nobles still wear a medal nine days in the year as a memorial of this fatal error.

I cannot express to you the anger I felt at hearing a circumstance which many of the English here remember. About twenty-five years ago a nun made her escape from a convent of Carthusians at the Grillo, the most austere of all the Franciscan order. The convent is by the river, into which the common shore discharges itself. This miserable woman crawled through the common shore, and proceeded through the mud at low water, till by a boat moored near she got on board an English vessel, where she begged to be concealed. The English captain voluntarily gave her up ! though her place of retreat could not have been suspected, for the tide had obliterated all traces of her path. Her fate was never known, but it was reported that she was put to death.

I was lately at the funeral of a Catholic of distinction ; it was in the evening ; the coffin was placed in the middle of the church, it was then opened, and the corpse exposed holding a cross. The body was surrounded by priests each holding a wax taper as tall as himself, and for an hour and a half did they labour in singing the dirge. The coffin was afterwards filled with quick lime, a necessary means of accelerating decay where they bury always in the churches.

The fires of Purgatory (which, as Manoel de Abreu said, boil the caldrons of so many friars) are displayed with sufficient care to the imagination of this people. The Catholic can scarcely lift up his eyes without beholding a soul surrounded with flames, pictured on tiles upon the walls and houses, and the men who beg for masses for souls carry with them boards whereon the same spectacle is exhibited in glowing colours. The

souls\* in Purgatory are farmed out like the tythes and turnpikes in England ; nor must you imagine that the harvest is contemptible, the appeal to religious be-

\* These abuses of the scripture doctrine have occasioned the diabolical belief of eternal punishment. I transcribe the following passage from the " De Statu Mortuorum" of Burnet, an author whose genius was perhaps never excelled. He quotes from one of those Theologians whom he calls the *Doctores Immisericordides*.

" Si omnes homines nati ab Adam usque ad hodiernum diem, et amplius nascituri, viverent usque ad nonissimum diem ; et omnia grama, quæ exorta unquam fuerunt, essent homines ; ac si unam pœnam quam patitur Anima pro uno peccate mortali, in inferno, ex æquo partirentur, ita ut dareter unicuique pars illius pœnæ æqua : tunc particula quævis illius pœnæ hominis unius major esset, quam omnia tormenta quæ omnes sancti Martyres, & omnes raptores, & omnes malefici unquam passi fuerunt."

Hæc ille. His pœnis truculentissimis si æternitatem addas, omnes explebis inhumanitatis partes, numeros, ratios.

Nobis difficile est omnem exuere humanitatem ; Deo difficultius omnem misericordiam : et si naturam nostram

lief and the feelings of humanity is powerful, and the alms given in penance are usually thus appropriated. One convent in Lisbon that enjoys a consider-

*corrumperem aut destruere possumus, divinam non possumus.* Pulsarunt olim tympana in valle H'non, ne exaudiretur a populo et a parentibus infantium clamor, qui immolabantur Idolo igneo et vagiebant acerbe inter flamas; sed totum licet æthera resonare feceris continuis tonitribus, nunquam efficies ut in hoc Tophet, de quo loquimur, exerciatorum planetus et ejulatus non ascendant in aures Jehovæ, Patris misericordiarum.

Respic paulisper, si placet, Doctor immisericors! quale nobis exhibes spectaculum; quale theatrum Providentiae, multo majorem partem humani generis æstuantem inter flamas per æterna sœcula. O digna Deo et Angelis spectatoribus scena! dein ad demulcendum aures, dum plangoribus et ululatu cœlum terramque replet hæc infelix turba, harmonium habes plane divinum! illud præterea mihi dolet non parum, quod videam, hoc modo, tantam partem naturæ rationalis inutiliē factam, funditus perditum et rejectaneum, instar salis insalsi, aut instar vappæ, projectam foris, sine usu, aut spe futura.

Omnis creatura, quantum nobis constat, est sua natura labilis, perinde ac improba et damnata. Quod si eodem modo lapsi sint penitus irrecuperabiles, tota creatio intellectualis exposita est, non vanitati tantum,

able revenue in behalf of the dead, entrusts the performance of the masses to ecclesiastical agents in the country, who do the business by commission at a cheaper rate.

sed etiam aeternæ miseriæ. Nec tam bonitatis divinæ opus esset, quam crudelitatis ejusdam, aut periculosa lusus alçæ, hanc revam naturam construxisse. Pœnituit olim Deum se condidisse homines, ob eorum nimirum nequitiam; pœnitabit vicissim homines miseros se conditos esse a Deo, quandoquidem satius illius fuissest nunquam extitisse.

Burnet adds in a note, “ Hæc, quæ doctioribus inscripta sunt, si quis in linguam vulgarem transtulerit, id malo animo atque consilio sinistro factum arbitrabor.” If any person should translate this, which is written only for the learned, into the vulgar tongue, I shall think it is done with a wicked intention.

It is strange that Burnet should have feared openly to attack a superstition which represents deity as devoid of justice and benevolence. The passage which he wrote only for the learned is the finest in the volume ; it begins with a quotation from one of the “ Unmerciful Theologians.”

“ If all the men who have been born since Adam till the present time, and all who shall be born hereafter, even till the last day, were living, and if all the herbs which have ever grown were men, and if *one* punish-

The burying-ground of the English and Lutherans is planted with Judah trees and cypresses, that form a most melancholy contrast. The bodies soon after

ment which a soul suffers in Hell for *one* deadly sin should be divided equally among them, so that every one should suffer an equal proportion, then each particular share of that punishment which would fall to one man, would be greater than all the holy Martyrs, and all robbers, and all malefactors have ever endured."

Thus the theologian. If you add eternity to these most savage punishments, you will fill up the measure of barbarity.

It is difficult for us to throw aside all humanity; it is more difficult for God to throw aside all mercy: and though we may be able to corrupt or to destroy our own nature, the divine nature cannot be changed. They beat drums of yore in the valley of Hinnon, that the cries of infants who were sacrificed to the idol, and screamed bitterly amid the flames, might not be heard by the people and by their parents; but though you could make the whole heavens echo with unceasing thunders, you should not prevent the screams and howlings of the tortured in this tophet from ascending to the ears of God, the father of mercy.

Contemplate a little, stern and unrelenting believer! what a spectaee dost thou exhibit to us! what a theatre of providence! the far greater part of the human

death are placed in a deposit-house, a custom necessary in this hot climate, and which it would be well to adopt every where. In the deposit-house is a hand-

race liquifying in fire through everlasting ages! Oh scene worthy to be beheld by God and his angels! and you will have a harmony truly divine to soothe their ears, whilst this miserable multitude fill earth and heaven with their groans and howlings! It would afflict me with no light grief to behold so great a part of rational nature made in vain and rejected, cast out like salt that has lost its savour, utterly abandoned, and without hope.

Every one is by nature prone to sin, therefore wicked and condemned; but if, according to this belief, they that have fallen are irrecoverably lost, the whole intellectual creation is exposed, not so much to vanity as to unending wretchedness: nor would it be the work of divine goodness, but rather of malevolent cruelty, or of some unhappy chance to have framed this order of things. God once repented him that he had made man, because of their exceeding wickedness; the miserable human race might in their turn sorrow that they were created, since it had been better for them never to have been."

As a contrast to the eloquent declamation of Burnet, I annex this extract from the miscellaneous companion, by W. Matthews; it is the production of JOHN HENDER-

some monument erected by the governors of Christ's hospital to Mr. Parr, who had been educated there, and at his death endowed it with the bulk of his fortune.

son, nor can I bestow on it a higher commendation than by saying that it does not disgrace his memory. It is subjoined to a dialogue in which the doctrine of Purgatory is defended.

1st.—I lay it down as a maxim to be doubted by few, and denied by none, that whosoever doeth any thing, foreseeing the certain event thereof, willetteth that event. If a parent send children into a wood wherein grow poisonous berries, and *certainly know* that they *will* eat of them, it is of no importance in the considerations of common sense, that he cautions, forbids, forewarns, or that they, having free will, *may* avoid the poison. Who will not accuse him of their death in sending them into circumstances where he foreknew it would happen? God foreknows every thing; to his knowledge every thing is certain. Let us suppose him about to create twenty men: he knows ten of them (or any number) will become vicious, therefore damned, thence inherit the unceasing penalty. Who doubts in such a case that he *wills the end*, who being all mighty and all knowing, does that without which it could not come to pass? But He hath sworn by HIMSELF, for He could swear by no greater, that He willetteth not the death of him that dieth: that is, He willetteth it not finally or simply as

The burial ground contains one curious specimen of English poetry, said to be the production of a school master, and perhaps bad enough to entertain you.

death, or destruction irrecoverable. And if it occur it is a part of his œconomy of grace, a ministration unto life; for HE hath declared, that his will is, that all should be saved; therefore the doctrine which forges any contrary will, falsifies supreme unchangeable truth. And were not reason on my side, I say to all objecting reasoners, “ let God be true, and every man a liar !” I need not add what a very different view is presented from the doctrine I defend.

2dly.—I lay it down as another indubitable maxim, that whatsoever is done by a being of the divine attributes, is intended, (by his goodness) conducted, (by his wisdom) and accomplished, (by his power) to a good end. Now all possible good ends may be enumerated under three words—honour, pleasure, benefit; and every one to whom good can accrue from endless punishment must be either *punisher*, *punished*, or *fellow creature* to the *punished*. Let us try every one of the former three to each of the latter.

1st.—*The Punisher.* Would it be a greater honour to the *punisher* to have his creatures miserable than happy? I will venture to say by proxy for every heart, No. Would it be greater *pleasure*? No. And *benefit* to Him can be none.

Industry made him shine with splendid store,  
 Yet could not defend him from death's certain door,  
 Where hastily he entered with great alarum,  
 Without intending mortal any harm,

2d.—*Punished.* Endless punishment can be neither honour, pleasure, nor benefit to them, though punishment on my scheme will be of endless benefit.

3d.—*The Fellow-creatures.* It will be as honourable to them as to have one of their family hanged. If they have pleasure in it, they must have a diabolical heart, and must by the just searcher of hearts be committed to the place prepared for the Devil and his Angels. Benefit they can have none, except safety, and that is fully answered by the great gulph, by confinement till reformation.

As then unceasing torments can answer no possible good end to any one in the universe, I conclude them to be neither the will nor work of God. Could I suppose them, I must believe them to be inflicted by a wantonness or cruelty, which words cannot express, nor heart conceive.

But let this be the comfort of every humble soul, known unto God are all his works; the Judge of all shall do right; and He ordereth all things well. It hath pleased Him to reconcile *all things* to HIMSELF. Therefore to Him shall bow *every knee*; and *every tongue* shall say, “In the Lord *I* have strength, and *I* have righteousness.”

Such was his fate, when least expecting death  
 A fatal shot deprived him of his breath.  
 Thus mortal man though strict a watch may keep,  
 Is often hurried into eternal sleep.

The moderns are in no species of composition so inferior to the antients as in monumental inscriptions. They should be brief, and simple, and characteristic; our most popular are deficient in these three qualities, which are so admirably preserved in the Greek. There is not a more striking instance than in that on the tomb of the Indian suicide.—“Here lies Zarmonochiegas the Indian, who, after the manner of his country, made himself immortal.”

But I have met with a most remarkable

There is a passage in St. Bernard's works upon this subject which deserves attention. *Hæretici non credunt ignem purgatorium restare post mortem, sed statim animam solutam a corpore, vel ad requiem transire, vel ad damnationem.* Quærant ergo ab eo qui dixit quoddam peccatum esse, quod neque in hoc sœculo neque in futuro remittetur, cur hoc dixerit, si nulla manet in futuro remissio purgatione peccati?

epitaph, in the Chronicle of Sebastian, which bears the name of Manoel de Menezes. He says that it was discovered in the Isle of Cyprus, in the sepulchre of a king of that island, written in Greek verse, and sent to the Portuguese monarch John III. After his death, on the day before Sebastian assumed the government, the Dowager Queen sent him the epitaph, and advised him so to labour in his station as to deserve such an inscription upon his grave, a happiness which she had often heard his grandfather most earnestly desire. The truth of its origin I cannot affirm, and I have in vain sought for the Greek. My translation from the Portuguese will make you approve the advice of the queen, but you may perhaps doubt whether any king could have written such a history of himself with truth.

\* “ What I could accomplish by good means I never did by evil.

\* I give the Portuguese, because in my translation I have omitted what is weak, and compressed what is superfluous.

“ What I could obtain by peace I never forced by war.

“ I never chastised in public him whom I could privately amend, or whose amendment I had not previously attempted.

*O que pude fazer por bem, nunca o fiz por mal.*

*O que pude lançar por paz, nunca o tomei com guerra.*

*O que pude vencer com rogos, nunca o afugentei com ameaças.*

*O que pude remediar em segredo, nunca o castiguei em público.*

*O que pude emendar com avisos, nunca o castiguei com azouites.*

*Nunca castiguei em público que primeiro não avisasse.*

*Nunca consenti a minha língua que dissesse mentira, nem permitti a meus ouvidos que ouvissem lisonjas.*

*Refrei meu coração, para que não desejasse com o seu pouco.*

*Veley por conservar meus amigos, e desveleime por não ter inimigos.*

*Não fui prodigo em gastar, nem cobiçoso em receber.*

*Do que castigue tenho pezar, e do que perdoei alegria.*

*Nasci homem entre os homens, por tanto comem os bichos minhas carnes.*

*Ovi virtuoso, e vivi virtuoso com os virtuosos, por tanto descançara a minha alma com Deus.*

“ I never allowed my tongue to utter an untruth, nor did I ever permit mine ears to listen to the flatterer.

“ I was not prodigal in expending, nor avaricious in accumulating.

“ I have grieved for those whom I punished, but when I have pardoned I have been joyful.

“ I was born a man among men, therefore do the worms devour me ; but I lived virtuously among the virtuous, and therefore my soul has found repose with God.”

LETTER XXIX.

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*Husband of Madame Tallien.—Talassi.—Prince of Brazil.—Dislike of French Principles; of English Influence.*

THE *ci-devant* husband of Madame Tallien is in Lisbon. I mention it because the business that brought him here is curious. Two years ago he had taken his place from France in a Danish vessel bound for Philadelphia. Part of his baggage, which contained some very valuable jewels, was conveyed on board, and when he returned to shore for the rest he left the keys in care of an American, unwilling to trust them to the emigrant passengers. The ship sailed without him, and put in at Lisbon, where the emi-

grants informed the court of the value of his jewels, and added that, in all probability, the owner had been guillotined. It was in vain that the American who was intrusted with the keys remonstrated, or that the captain declared he must be responsible for the effects when the owner should demand them at Philadelphia ; the Portuguese government seized them, and placed them in a deposit-house. The husband of Madame Tallien (I only know him by the name of his ex-wife), however, arrived at last to claim his jewels, and the property has been restored to him.

I met a tooth-drawer yesterday, who wore a small brass chain across his shoulders, ornamented with rotten teeth at equal distances ; perhaps his professional full \* dress.

\* One of our old romances shows that it was formerly the badge of this fraternity.

Otuel, for wrath, anon  
Areight him on the cheek-bone ;

I have seen much of Angelo Talassi,  
the celebrated improvisatore, who receives  
a pension of an hundred moidores in that

All tho' fell off that was there,  
And made his teeth all bare ;  
Tho' Otuel saw his cheek-bone,  
He gave Clarel a scorn anon,  
And said " Clarel ! so mote thou the,  
Why shewest thou thy teeth to me ?  
I n'am no tooth-drawere !  
*Thou ne seest me no chain bear.*  
Clarel feeled him wounded sore,  
And was maimed for evermore ;  
And smote to Otuel with all his might :  
And Otuel, that donhty knight,  
With his sword kept the dent  
That Clarel him had y-meant,  
And yet the dint slode adown,  
And smote Otuel upon the crown.  
Quoth Otuel, " By God is ore,  
Saracen, thou smitest full sore !  
Sith then thy beard was y-shave,  
Thou art woxen a strong knave !  
Otuel smote Clarel tho',  
O stroke and no mo,  
That never eft word he ne spake.

capacity from the Portuguese court. When I first saw him my uncle was out ; he came up stairs talking to the servant in a voice that Stentor might have envied. The odd genius displayed in his face engaged my attention to him ; and when he showed me his name in a volume of his own poems, which he brought with him, I knew who was my visitor. We began our conversation in Latin, continued it in Portuguese, and ended it in French. The subject of Italian poetry was easily introduced. At the name of Ariosto, “ Ah ! (he cried) he was my countryman, and (holding out his arms) I have embraced his tomb !” He then told me of his early love for poetry, gave the standing history of all poets since poor Ovid ; the dislike of his parents to his favourite study, who locked up his Petrach and burnt his Ariosto. When I mentioned Dante he rose from his seat, and, with the utmost delight, repeated the tale of Ugolino. I should think higher of

his genius if I had not seen that most of his printed poems are complimentary pieces addressed to kings, queens, and princes. There are among them two or three flaming panegyrics on the late Duke of Orleans, of sad and seditious memory.

Talassi invited me to sup with him, and promised me poetry and Parmesan. He read us part of an unpublished work, in imitation of Tasso's Rinaldo, he said, in which he had introduced Lord Bute and Lord Fitzwilliam. After supper we had a specimen of his art. I had long wished to hear an improvisatore. He sung, or toned, his verses, so that the deficiency, or redundancy, of three or four feet was of no consequence: his hand went up and down keeping time, and occasionally he continued for ten or twelve lines with his eyes shut. It was a strange loosely-connected rhapsody of rhymes: he complimented us all, talked of a poet's poor house and poor supper, lamented

the King of France, laughed at one of our party for not bringing a wife from England, and told me that I should return there and marry one. This lasted about ten minutes, and, in a language so abundant in rhymes as the Italian, might have been continued as long as the poet's breath could endure. The defects of metre are disguised by toning, and they who admire the poetry of the South of Europe cannot complain if the effusions of the improvisatore rise not above prose in dignity of sentiment.

The extempore poet and the extempore preacher practice necessarily the same professional trick : the same subject will call forth the same thoughts, and old ideas are closely connected with the words in which they have been usually conveyed. This I have known to be the case with public speakers ; and one who had often heard Talassi with more than common attention, assured me that his best passages were such as were easily in-

troduced on any subject. A few days after we had supped with him, I again saw this enthusiastic Italian ; he found me reading the life of Tasso, and catching up the volume, he kissed the portrait of his favourite author. I spoke of the entertainment he had given me, he talked of his verses, and repeated the lines he had addressed to me on that occasion ; either his powers of memory, therefore, are prodigious, or these lines were not the effusion of the moment when I first heard them : they were equally applicable to every young foreigner Talassi has been in company with, and it would be strange if so trite an idea had not often occurred to him \*before.

\* In 1800 Talassi was in England : he called upon a gentleman, the author of a poem which had just been very highly praised in the reviews, and sent up his name, with the information that he was an Italian poet. Mr. ——, not knowing the name, nor liking the title, returned for answer that he was engaged : upon which, the angry improvisatore asked for pen and ink, and thus gave vent to his indignation :

A circumstance which happened here in March will show you the dread they entertain of French principles. Four prints arrived here for an English gentleman, representing the royal family of France in their most distressful situations. These prints that appeal to the feelings, are more powerful advocates for aristocracy than all the volumes of its pensioners ; the custom-house officer, however, took them out of the frames, and tore them in pieces, declaring that no-

*Confrere en Apollon, je me fais un devoir  
 De paroître chez vous, pour desir de vous voir.  
 Vous êtes engagé ; j'aurai donc patience,  
 Je ne jouirai point d'une aimable presence.  
 L'Auteur d —— se cache, et pourquor, s'il lui plait ?  
 Je m'en vais desolé, mais enfin . . . e'en est fait.*

*Signor —— riverito,  
 Me n'andro come son ito.  
 E se voi sublime Vate  
 Un Poeta non curata,  
 Io del pari vi lo giuro  
 Non vi cerco, e non vi curo.*

*Angelo Talassi di Ferrara, Poeta all' attuale servizio  
 della Regina di Portogallo.*

thing about the French should enter Portugal. He then repacked the frames and glasses, and sent them to the owner.

All improvements here are classed under the hateful term of innovations. A Portuguese, who, after making some fortune in England, settled in his own country, had learnt the value of English comforts, and built a chimney in his sitting-room. But none of his countrymen would sit in the room. "No," they said, "they did not like those metaphysical things." "*Essas cousas metaficas.*" I met with as curious an application of a word in the fragment of a Portuguese theological work; after enumerating some of the opinions of an heretic, the author adds, "he was guilty of these and many other such bestialities."\*

Yet, however averse they may be to French principles, many of the Portu-

\* This word, however, is only ridiculous to an English eye. *Bestialidades* in Portuguese bears the same meaning as the French *bêtises*.

gueze dislike the English influence, and reprobate the Methuen treaty as the ruin of their commerce. The following extract is a striking instance ; I translate it from a paper published in the memorials of the Royal Academy : “ We have beheld in our times the Aurora of a brighter day, and just posterity will learn with admiration the actions of a sovereign who has made the city rise more flourishing from its ashes, created public credit, and *destroyed the prejudice which had subjected us to a nation well acquainted with its own interests, which, under the specious semblance of protection, has reduced us to be, as it were, the colonists of a foreign metropolis.*”

A dignified churchman, the Conego da Cruz, founded a silk manufactory at Sobral, an ill-chosen situation, being a day’s journey from any water conveyance. His great difficulty was to keep the workmen there, who regretted the amusements and vices of the metropolis : with this view

he provided plays for them, and, so fully possessed by the spirit of commerce was the patriotic ecclesiastic, that he even established a colony of prostitutes, from Lisbon, at Sobral : the attempt failed, and the expensive buildings that he erected are now in ruins.

These premature attempts cannot be expected to succeed. A measure has been adopted since my residence here which will render the most essential service to Portugal ; the edict is now printing which declares Lisbon a free port ; and when peace shall be restored to Europe, the beneficial effects must follow which were pointed out by the most enlightened of her statesmen.

I am now preparing for my return : I am eager to be again in England, but my heart will be very heavy when I look back upon Lisbon for the last time.

## APPENDIX.

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### ON THE STATE OF PORTUGAL.

*Abridged from a MS. Paper written by D. Luiz da Cunha, formerly Ambassador from the Court of Lisbon, at London and at the Hague, and one of the Plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Utrecht.*

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THE advantages which Spain possess over Portugal consist in,

- 1st. The Bourbon connection.
- 2d. Extent of territory.
- 3d. Consequent superiority of population.
- 4th. Of forces by sea and land.

5th. And of wealth foreign and domestic ; for the Spanish settlements are most productive : and, as one province in Spain produces what another wants, there is always an internal market ; the Spaniards likewise wear the manufactures of their own country ; whereas the Portuguese follow all foreign fashions, and prefer any foreign manufactures to their own.

In their government, language, courage, honesty, love of their country, loyalty, and laziness, they are alike.

On the first of these advantages (now no longer existing) he observes, that if the Prince of Asturias should leave no issue, and the infant Don Carlos, King of the two Sicilies, should attempt to reign in Spain, without surrendering those two crowns to his brother, the infant Don Philip, a civil war might be the consequence, from whence Portugal could derive great advantages ; or if Philip V. should have no descendants, and his majesty succeed : neither of which pos-

sible cases must we wish to happen, because such wishes are contrary to religion.

As to the extent of territory, we must not complain against Omniscience for so unequally dividing the peninsula. Where man fancies deformity God beholds the beauty of aptitude. The Creator might have made the world one level surface without the inequalities of vales and mountains that apparently deform it ; but the vallies are fertile when the sun scorches the mountains, and the mountains afford refuge and food when the vallies are inundated. To remedy this inferiority, the Kings of Portugal have extended their dominions in other parts of the world.

Pedro, at the end of the last century, found it prudent to treat with Louis XIV. and Philip V. but as his object was to increase his dominions, he broke the treaty, and leagued with their enemies, the two maritime powers, on condition that he should have Badajox, Albuquer-

que, Valença, and Alcantra in Estremadura, and Guarda, Tuy, Bayona, and Vigo, with their dependencies, in Gallicia ; the Rio de Prata and Viente were to be the American boundaries. My son, I will not enter into the question whether this manifest breach of a former treaty can be justified on the principles of good faith, which princes ought to esteem as the main spring of all their actions. This was the answer I made when the king did me the favour to ask me if he could in conscience and honour depart from the treaty he had made with France and Spain. I took the liberty to reply, that his majesty had *an anterior and natural alliance with his own subjects*, which obliged him to maintain them in peace and security : his treaty with the two courts was *posterior and civil* ; therefore, as his majesty had conceived in his own deep consideration, he could not keep the first contract without violating the second. It followed, therefore, that his majesty from greater mo-

tives, could and ought to break his engagement in consequence of those circumstances which authors mention in treating upon this delicate matter. But as his majesty did not question me concerning the consequence, that of confederating himself with the enemies of his former allies to make war against them, I did not touch upon it ; and, to say the truth on this subject, I should have felt myself very much embarrassed. Indeed, princes ought to have a greater portion of christianity than individuals, that they may mutually pardon the injuries they mutually commit, for they are ever reproaching each other with breach of faith, attended with the most aggravating and odious circumstances ; but the evil is, they never possess this spirit of charity, except when it serves their own interests.

The third disadvantage of Portugal (inferiority of population), can never be so remedied as to equalize the powers of the two countries. Great part of Portu-

gal is mountainous, consequently barren and thinly peopled: it is therefore necessary to search for some expedient, that this superiority which Spain enjoys may not be so excessive. I know that what I am about to say might appear violent, if I were not addressing myself to persons who have conquered the prejudices to which they were born, and those superstitious principles which our ecclesiastics so zealously inculcate; but as it is not easy to subdue these, I know my antidote will be thought poison, and the evil will remain without a remedy. This, however, shall not prevent me from considering what means ought to be taken against the abuses which disgrace religion and ruin the kingdom. Do me, however, the justice to believe that my sentiments are orthodox, and that, were it not on this account, Spain would not possess so vast a superiority in population.

The blood of our country is drained at every vein. Men are the real mines of

a state, that continually produce, yet never are exhausted. But what men, my son? Men who cultivate the earth, that but for them would be barren: men who labour that they may live and multiply: men who serve the prince and the republic by land and by sea, in the offices of commerce.

The principal, most excessive, and constant bleeding that Portugal suffers, is by the great number of convents of all orders, of monks and nuns established over all the provinces, and in all the towns of this kingdom, multiplying the mouths that eat, but not the hands that labour, and living at the cost of those, who, that they may support themselves, and pay the tributes imposed upon them, must plough, and sow, and reap what God has given them, with the sweat of their brows. The natural indolence of the Portuguese increases the abuse; they can procure food by their profession, without the trouble of labouring for it, and without performing

the duties of citizens. I shall never forget what I once heard from a Dominican.—A saddler threatened to make his son a Dominican, if he did not make better saddles, “and this,” said he, “will be worse for you.” Thus it is that we have so many friars, who instead of edifying, scandalize.

This whole fraternity is divided into two classes; the one with lands, the other without; the one living on its property, the other preying on the public: but both are prejudicial to the kingdom. For the first class,—of what use to the state are so many fat Benedictines, and so many proud Augustines, who live in their convents eating and drinking, except when they disturb the peace with their peculiarities, and send large sums of money to Rome?

The Corregidor do Crime complained to John IV. that the Austin Friars of St. Vincent's were so inflamed by party rage in electing a president, that they would

probably murder one another unless the king interfered. The king led him to the apartment where his hunting spears were kept: "Take these to the friars," said he, "and let them do what they please with them."

These orders are too rich. It was the riches of the church that tempted Henry VIII. of England to make his detestable attack upon it, and he bribed his assistants with the spoils. The church ought seriously to consider that its wealth may one day be its destruction.

The nunneries are equally prejudicial to the state. Women are forced there when their parents cannot afford to dower them suitably to their rank, lest they should marry according to their own inclinations.

I well know that the monastic life is the most perfect, but the king ought not on this account to have his dominions depopulated, nor to wink at abuses. These friars avail themselves of the ignorance of

the people, to palm a thousand impositions upon them. I remember a religious society was established at Lisbon, calling themselves the Order of Divine Providence :\* I called them the Order of Human Industry : for these religious made the women believe that St. Caetano would assist them in every illness, if they could cut off their hair as an offering to him.— Soon afterwards they kept a barber in the chapel, and got many a good testoont by the business.

\* The order of Divine Providence are so called because they have no revenues, and never go out to beg, but remain in their convent to receive such donations as may be voluntarily proffered, trusting thus to the Divine Providence for their support. If they are in danger of starving, they toll the bell for assistance, and supplies pour in. But they hold out to the last extremity, and have seldom been reduced to this expedient. At present the order consists of a very few monks.

† The Portuguese money is computed by Reis, an imaginary coin.

The Vintem - - is 20 Reis

The Testoon, or Tostaon - 100

In the colonies where men are more wanted, the evil is, if possible, still more numerous. I remember King Pedro sent to consult the Procurador do Coroa, Manoel Lopes de Oliveira, on the propriety of licensing a convent in Bahia, for which application had been made. He replied, that instead of founding new convents it was proper to destroy those already established: but the Procurador remonstrated in vain, and instead of one convent leave was given to found five.

Thus it is in Brazil; but it is worse in Goa. When my grandfather, who was very rich, died there, his widow made her two daughters take the veil, spent their portions in re-building the convent, and at last entered it herself. Now if these

The Cruzado	-	-	-	400 Reis
The Cruzado Novo	-	-	-	480
The Moidore, or Moeda de				
ouro	-	-	-	4800
The Six and thirty, or Meia				
Dobra de ouro	-	-	-	6400

women, dowered as they were, had married two Fidalgos, their children might have done honour to Goa, and served their country as their grandfather did, who was twice governor of India. At present the king is annually necessitated to send supplies of men to the colonies, whom the friars lay hold of, and tell them that it is their duty to quit the service of their king for that of their God.

Yet what matters it whether or no convents are multiplied in Brazil, if they send their children to be professed at Lisbon ? I knew a very rich Brazilian of Bahia, who sent six daughters, each portioned with six thousand cruzados, to the convent of Esperanza, because none but persons of the first rank were admitted there. Such is the pride they mingle with their superstition, and such the injury they do to the republic.

So much for the first class. Of the mendicants the most numerous is the Serafie, or Franciscan order, divided into

as many species as pleased the fancies of the founders. These men lay the people under contribution in the name of alms ; they tell them it is more a duty to give alms to them, than to pay the taxes of the sovereign ; and they absolve those who defraud the revenue without enjoying restitution. The principle of these religious is truly admirable ; they say that because they have renounced all possessions they are become part of the kingdom of Christ ; therefore they are lords of the whole earth, and therefore the whole world ought to pay tribute to them. “ Nihil habentes et omnia possidentes.”—“ Having nothing, yet possessing all things.” But the vow of poverty is as little understood as the giving of alms, which ought to be distributed only among those who are incapable of supporting themselves. In the French monastery of La Trappe, the religious work with their bodies lest indolence should debauch their mind, and thus they labour manually while em-

ploying their spirits in prayer, instead of wandering about the country to take that bread from the labourer which his children want. I should be reconciled to this order, if they did not mingle their practice with so much superstitious devotion.

And now that I am speaking of the superstitions these men inculcate for their own interests, I will tell you an anecdote worthy of remembrance, of which I believe myself to be the only living testimony.—John IV. had, as you know, a natural daughter, whom at four years old he placed in a convent of Carmelites at Carnide, from whence she took her name of Señora Donna Maria de Carnide. She was so well dowered that the Duke of Cadaval wished to marry her; but this did not take place.

King Pedro allowed her annually four thousand cruzados; half she distributed among the religious, and with the other half supported servants of both sexes who attended her without, for the friars

would not suffer any professed assistant to enter the convent.

It happened that Donna Maria fell ill, and her physicians prescribed the \* Caldas, the Baths. King Pedro did my father and mother the honour to give them the management of her household ; she was now treated as a princess, and no sooner saw the world than she began to love its pleasures. She was, however, always obedient to her confessor, a good Carmelite, who suffered her to go nowhere without first obtaining his permission.— Her health improved at the Caldas, yet so gradually that it was necessary to repeat the visit the two succeeding years. She now mingled more with the world, and lived with a different race of beings from monks and nuns ; but the king began to be scrupulous of thus departing from the will of

\* Caldas da Rainha, or the Queen's Baths, are about sixty miles from Lisbon. Dr. Withering has written a treatise on the waters, which has been published at Lisbon, with a Portuguese translation.

his father, and he proposed her to become Comendadeira of the Royal Convent dos Santos, where she would be treated by the sisters with the respect due to her rank, and where my father should continue to govern her household. Donna Maria consulted her then confessor, for the former one was dead; and he finding that her inclination led her to change her residence, and that their convent would lose, not only what she annually gave them, but likewise all the benefits they expected from her professing there, told her, that to indulge such an intention would make the damnation of her soul certain. The poor lady, desirous on the one hand to live as a princess, and on the other terrified at the gates of hell which her confessor had opened on her, fell into a deep melancholy, and began to say that she was already condemned, and that she despised salvation. The friars said she was possessed of an evil spirit, and exorcised her according to the rites of the church;

the king, however, sent Dr. Andre Bernadez to her. I do not remember how long she lived in this state, but she died before it was decided whether she was melancholy or possessed. This I can say with all truth, that I have frequently accompanied my mother when the Señora sent for her to dine; there was then no appearance of this disorder, her melancholy left her whenever my mother had the honour of being with her, but it returned the moment she saw her confessor, and therefore she used to cry out that she did not want to confess. Such are the horrible effects of interested superstition.

The religious of the present day differ from the early monks in uniting the monastic and sacerdotal characters, which at once destroys the order of the hierarchy and the tranquillity of the cloister: they are thus neither monks nor priests, and this equivocal state presents different motives for making the same vows. The ancient monks dwelt in deserts, and

courted solitude ; now they live in cities, and even make the vow of seclusion as an opportunity for entering the world. True it is that we have some convents in deserts, but these are frequented by Romerias, and the same relaxation of discipline takes place. The ancient monks were under the jurisdiction of a bishop, and received from him the sacrament, and a distribution of alms when they were in want. Now, not content with administering the sacrament to each other, they even communicate it to the people, which is the office of the Cure. It is true the pope has approved of this union of the clerical and monastic characters ; when the priest cannot perform all the necessary duties himself, he may then with propriety call in the assistance of the friars.

From the third difference, a fourth arises. They no longer obey the jurisdiction of the bishops, in whose mouth Jesus Christ has placed the gospel.<sup>4</sup> If they wish to elude an ecclesiastical law,

they apply to the king, and call themselves his subjects, and demand his protection. If the arm of secular justice be extended against them, they then appeal to the pope, as ecclesiastics. The Procurador Manoel Lopes de Oliveira once said, that as their inclinations or interests required, they sometimes made a pope of the king, and sometimes a king of the pope. These are but a few of the circumstances which make the monks of the present day so different from the ancient monks ; and which fill the convents with men who ought to labour and cultivate the earth, instead of impoverishing the people by exacting alms. It was not thus that Christ and his apostles preached and practised.

As you can easily know the exact number of monks and nuns, I will say, that if only a third part of them were married, they might, in two ages, people a country as large as Portugal and her colonies. One way of checking the pro-

gress of this evil would be, by forbidding the convents to admit more than their statutes express ; for at present they receive as many as they can support. A convent, founded for twenty religious, that has thirty now, should not be permitted to replace ten when they died. This regulation is wanted more particularly with regard to nunneries, where the sisters bring portions with them. No person should profess before the age of twenty-five, that they may well consider the nature of the vows they take. The council of Trent permits profession at the age of fifteen : but, as the sacred scriptures say nothing of either monks or nuns, his majesty will be justified in representing to his holiness, the abuses occasioned by allowing them to make their vows at so early an age.

These two remedies are only palliatives of the evil ; yet, if they were adopted, the evil would not increase so rapidly, nor would the church be disgraced by so many who are unable to keep their vows.

The priests are as prejudicial to the state by their celibacy as the monks.— If the single life be the most perfect, surely there is sanctity enough in the evangelical character alone to render it sufficiently respectable. Many of our clergy know only enough to repeat the mass which they cannot understand, and this they do instead of marrying and working at the plough to support their wives and children. To check this evil a strict examination, both as to their learning and lives should be instituted, no man ordained whose patrimony is not sufficient to support him, and the number of priests limited to a due proportion of the population.

I do not think the pope would interfere in this proposed reform, nor ought he, for ecclesiastical establishments being intended to do good, must not be perverted to the injury of the state, and be made a cover for vice and enormities.

Talking with Cardinal Alberoni in the Escurial one day, he said to me, in strong terms, that he did not know why kings should wish to have any of their subjects made cardinals, "for my part," added he, "I care little whether or no his Catholic Majesty be disgusted with my services; in that case I should depart for Rome, and he could do me no injury."— This event really happened but a few days afterwards, and as he departed he said to me with phlegm enough, "Exemplum enim dedi vobis. Vous etes dans la carriere, tachez en de la finir sans attendre une semblable catastrophe." I have given you an example, you are in the same career, take heed how you finish it without meeting a similar catastrophe.

The closing of this vein, more dangerous because it is kept open by the physicians, would remedy the second evil, the succours necessary for the colonies, for it would remove the cause.

The third cause of depopulation is still more dangerous. This bleeding is more dreadful because the Holy Office is the bleeder, for fear of which men are daily emigrating with all their property from Portugal, to enrich other countries.

The breach between the emperor and the popes opened a door to heresy, and the Albigenses of Languedoc started up, who denied the sacred mysteries, and rebelled against the authority of the church. Innocent III. sent St. Dominic to preach to them, but so far was he from converting them, that they increased still more rapidly, and the pope ordered his missionaries to proclaim a crusade against them, and granted indulgencies to all who should engage in the extirpation of this heresy, a species of Manicheism, condemned in the Lateran Council in the year 1180. Raimond, Count of Thoulouse, however took up arms in their defence, and this war, which because it was religious, was more bloody and ferocious than any other,

lasted till 1229. The Albigenses, who escaped, took refuge among the Vaudois, and their posterity became the disciples of Zuinglius and Calvin.

But the pope, finding that notwithstanding all he had done, there were multitudes who still persisted in this error, thought he could pursue no better plan than to chuse out a society of persons devoted to the interests of the church, separated from all their relatives and friends,\* inexorable, cruel, and inflexible, without pity or compassion, who should be called Inquisidores da Fe, Inquisitors of Faith. These qualities were found in the newly-instituted orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, who cheerfully undertook the business, and even exceeded the expectations of the pope. Who knows not the effects that followed—the thousands of Moriscoes burnt in Spain—the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, and the hor-

\* Literally from the original. “Enexoravies crueis.  
• inflexevies sem piedade nem comiseraçao.”

rors of the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.

John III. established the Inquisition in Portugal. The members persuaded the nobility that it was an honourable thing to become Familiars : that they would acquire honour by separating sons and daughters from their parents, by tearing away wives from the arms of their husbands, and by conducting the condemned prisoners to the flames ! The better to secure respect, they punished or suspected all persons who injured any of their members, all who resisted their orders, all who disturbed the exercise of them, all who divulged their secrets, and even all who murmured against their proceedings. They condemn upon such pretexts, that every man lives in a state of continual apprehension ; they have under their cognizance all persons accused of witchcraft,

blasphemy, polygamy, &c. and they have the inspection of all books.

Tribunals for particular crimes must always be prejudicial to the state, because they seek for crimes that they may neither want employment or profit. God forbid that you should find in me a single thought against the Holy Office as to what regards heretics and dogmatists. There is nothing that could so well defend us from innovators of opinion and founders of new sects, for the genius of the Portuguese is neither less strong, less acute, less ardent, or less addicted to speculation than that of other nations, with respect to corrupting the sacred scriptures, and perverting the doctrines of the fathers. Above all, any sect that should authorize sensuality would make a rapid progress amongst us, for to this vice \* the climate contributes, and it

\* Sensuality is certainly the vice of the Portuguese. The debauched imagery of Camoens, his island of love, and Venns the protector of Gama, prove that they pine themselves on their debaucheries of this kind. When

is ordinarily carried on under the cloak of hypocrisy, to which we are infinitely inclined.

When studying at Coimbra, you must have heard of Padre Manoel de Carvalho, who had a seminary in the province of Beira for educating the daughters of the nobility, and who was spoken of as a person of singular virtue, and a man of God. Don John de Mello, the bishop of Coimbra, sent to inquire concerning him to the ministers and religious in the neighbourhood, and they all attested that he was really a holy man, and such as the world

the ships which conducted to Portugal the wife of John 5th, Donna Maria Anna, the daughter of the emperor Leopold, put into and were detained at Portsmouth by stress of weather, the bills contracted by her suite, in order to be discharged were first to be endorsed by the ministers of the two courts of Vienna and Lisbon, then in London. Among these bills one was presented to Don Luis da Cunha for liquors, which he referred to his colleague the German, Had it been for women, says he, I should have taken it upon myself, and placed it exclusively to the account of the Portuguese.

believed him : but when we least expected it we heard he was in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and at the Auto da Fe his crimes were made public. They were of the most refined and abominable \* quietism. He had debauched all his pupils, and even the prioress, whose infant he had murdered and buried, and what is worse, he had communicated his principles chiefly among the confessors and religious.

This and many other similar cases prove that bishops are not good overseers, and that the inquisition is necessary to preserve Portugal from the variety of sects so numerous in those other countries, that are afflicted with men *who take the liberty to read and write*, and debate, and print whatever their rash or vitiated judgments may suggest.

Judaism however should be subject only to the secular laws, and the invidious title of New Christians ought to be abolished.

\* Quietista.

If this cannot be done, let the witnesses be obliged to give their own names, and to name the hour and the place where the act of Judaizing was committed, then let the accused exculpate himself if he can.

They who defend the secrecy of examination observed by the holy office, appear to me to have seen only that part of the institutes that commands testimony to be given in secret, on account of the danger of assassination to which the witnesses would otherwise be exposed : but the same statutes say, “ the inquisitors shall proceed with great caution and care to discover if the accusation be true or false, and so that they do not deprive the accused of those means of defence which natural right demands,\* which right no power, either human or divine, can take away, because it is divine itself.” But what danger does the cobler run who accuses the blacksmith ? And it is rarely

\* Que nem o humano nem o Divino podem derogar, porque elle mesmo he Divino.

that persons of higher rank are indicted, unless sometimes a physician or an advocate.

But the inquisitors hold another principle, from which and their consequent practice, many innocent persons must necessarily suffer. They say, it is better that many Catholics and good Christians should perish, than that one heretic or Jew escape ; for the death of a good Catholic is nothing more than the securing his salvation, whereas great numbers may be perverted by the life of one heretic or Jew.

The consolation which the inquisition gives to those who have suffered innocently is admirable. It ordains that no person shall say he was condemned without reason, or complain of the judges, or of the holy institution ; but instead of complaining of being unjustly punished, he must rejoice that he has suffered for righteousness sake.

The great argument which the inquisitors use to justify their practice, is, that as

secrecy is observed in human crimes of leze-majesty, how much more reason is there for observing it in leze-majesty against God ! but the security of the state is interested in the life of the prince. Now, the greatest crime that ever could be committed against God was that of Adam ; yet, notwithstanding God was the Judge as well as the offended party, and therefore needed no proof on which to condemn him, he heard what the culprit could say in his own defence, who, as if accusing his Judge pleaded, “ the woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.” Upon this the woman was confronted with the serpent, and the Supreme Judge having made this notable process in all due forms, pronounced sentence, and condemned Adam and all his posterity : but God did not deprive him of temporal life, because he had from all eternity resolved to people the world ; whereas the Inquisition, by their proceedings, assist in depopulating

Portugal, for they condemn *those who are called Jews* to the punishment of death, as relapsed; and if any remain in the kingdom and profess the true faith, they go on multiplying the name of New Christians.

I say *those who are called Jews*, for in reality they are not so, because they want the distinguishing mark. None of those who have appeared at the Autos da Fe are acquainted with the written law, but have followed a few traditions and a few of their own inventions. They are not therefore to be accounted Jews ; but the inquisition makes Hebrew extraction a great proof of the crime. I have heard that Paulo Affonzo de Albuquerque (my school-fellow and friend, but as ignorant a man as it is possible to be) used to say after he became promotor of the holy office, that if old Christians were accused of Judaism, there might be some doubt entertained, but of the the guilt of New Christians there could be no doubt at all ; and I say, it is by no

means conformable to the principles of Christianity that the promotor and judges should sit down to pass sentence on the accused when possessed with so rash an idea.

Frey Domingos de S. Thomas, deputy of the holy office, used to say of the mint and the inquisition, that there was one house in the Calzateria where they made money ; and another in the Rocio, where they made Jews. Fit indeed is the inscription over the gate of this memorable and dreadful tribunal at Bologna : *Hæc est inquisitionis tremenda Domus.* This is the tremendous house of the inquisition.

From all this it follows that the inquisition multiplies Jews instead of extirpating them, and that it drives from Portugal the people best adapted to sustain its commerce.

One remedy would be, to put in execution the law of banishment without indulgence. When Don Luis de Souza was at Rome, his holiness said to him, “ What

do you wish to do with this poor unfortunate people ? If your king does not chuse to have them in his dominions, let him banish all who prevaricate, and by little and little they will be thus extinguished."

Another is, that the property of the accused should descend to his legal heirs, for of those who fly the kingdom more are driven by the fear of leaving their children beggars, than by the danger of their own deaths. John IV. intended to remedy this, and told the inquisition who opposed him, that he wished to punish the guilty, not to destroy those houses of business which were the nerves of the state ; but this useful resolution was repaid by the excommunication which the holy office rashly demanded of the pope against the king, and which he as rashly granted.

Another evil resulting from this, is, that no foreign merchants will connect themselves with people whose property is every day liable to be seized by a Juiz do Fisco,

from whom they can never expect to recover it.

But the first remedy should be to allow liberty of conscience to the Jews. A contract should be made as in Rome, allowing the Jews to practise their own ritual, but obliging them to hear a sermon every Sunday. If any one after being converted by these sermons should relapse, let him then be burnt ; thus would there be only Jews and Christians in Portugal, the invidious distinction of New Christians would be abolished, and the disgrace removed which all Portuguese suffer on their travels, of being looked upon as Jews.

There should be a law that all who could prove their ancestors for four generations not to have apostatized, should be deemed old Christians, and be made eligible to all offices ; but these remedies would meet with unsurmountable opposition from the inquisitors, familiars, friars, and priests, and indeed from the whole

body of the people, who are equally ignorant and superstitious.

Liberty of conscience should be granted to all foreign Jews. From this however the German Jews should be excepted, for they are descended from the execrable rabble who escaped from the destruction of Jerusalem, and are moreover great usurers. Many enterprising merchants would settle in this country if they could enjoy the free exercise of their religion, exempt from the power of the holy office: thus would Portugal receive an increase of useful citizens whose speculative industry might restore her commerce.

Whatever has been said of the destructive effects produced by the inquisition in Portugal, will equally apply to the colonies. The harmless Indians, a poor peaceable persecuted race, are hunted there with the same merciless severity, and the same depopulation follows.

But to all these projected plans of re-

form the education of our king presents the greatest obstacle. From his preceptor, the present Inquisitor General, he has learnt the savage spirit of bigotry, and there is no festival which the king frequents with such delight as the execution of a miserable Jew. Such were the sentiments that ruined Sebastian, and with him ruined Portugal. He too had been taught that it was his duty to propagate Christianity by fire and sword ; inflamed with this belief he invaded Africa, and perished with the flower of his kingdom in the mad crusade ; for the blood wasted on that day his Jesuit tutor must be answerable at the throne of God.

I well know that for saying these things I shall be deemed irreligious, *porque,* “*stultorum numerus est infinitus,*” because the number of fools is infinite. Be that as it may, in saying these things I am discharging my duty, and you know that my opinions are orthodox.

Our inferiority of forces would be re-

medied by forming alliances with such powers as are able and willing to assist us, and by the embodying a militia. Our deficiency in money requires more consideration.

Is it better that the state be poor or the people? The alternative is not inevitable. The high orders should not be exempt from the payment of taxes: is it not at once absurd and oppressive that those ranks who can best afford to pay, are privileged to pay nothing, and that those people who with difficulty can support themselves should likewise be obliged to support the state? It were well too that luxury should be restrained, and to restrain luxury example will be of more avail than positive laws. When Peter the Great was in France, the Marquis de Nele appeared before him every day in a new dress; "surely," said the Czar to him, "your tailor must be a very bad one that he can never fit you!"

John IV. uniformly aimed at making

luxury unfashionable. Seeing the ambassador to London in an English hat one day, he inquired how much it cost ; and hearing two pounds English money, he replied, “ take care of it, for I can purchase four hats in Portugal for that sum.” He never suffered his hair to grow, to avoid the expence of having it dressed ; this of course became the fashion. My uncle, the Conde Villa Flor, did not cut off his, and this singularity was remarked to his majesty, and construed into a symptom of disaffection.—“ Nay, nay,” answered John, “ his hair ought to be privileged, for it grew amid battles ; he was a soldier before I was a king.”

One day when my father was walking with his majesty, a negro asked charity of them : the king gave him two testoons, and inquired how many pounds of meat that money would purchase. The negro told him he did not know, for the butcher cut it by the eye ; and the king had the butcher punished for not selling legally

by weight. A Juiz de Fora presented him a memorial one day, which he put in his breeches pocket without reading it; the minister observed, that his majesty would probably forget the memorial when he changed his breeches. “Never fear that,” said the king, “for the devil take me if I have another pair in the world!”

A law\* is very much wanted to restrict the number of mules in a carriage to a pair; for envy or emulation tempt people to vie with each other in the number they drive; their mode of living in other respects must be answerable to the appearance of their equipage, thus do they live beyond their means of support, and continually involve themselves in debt.

Religious luxury too is an evil which requires to be checked by sumptuary laws. Vast sums are annually expended, by the emulation of different brotherhoods,

\* This law has since been enacted, and except the royal family and foreign ministers, no person is allowed to drive more than two beasts.

in ornamenting their churches. Processions too, and bull-fights, and Romerias, customs that can be productive of no good, and which afford opportunities for infinite evil, ought to be suppressed.

Such is the number of Saints-day, and other holidays, that our peasantry and people are allowed to labour only a third part of the year. Indeed, in their mode of worship the Protestant countries have considerably the advantage. Their church service is celebrated twice on the sabbath-day, and the minister expounds the scriptures to his congregation in a sermon, with running into violent hyperboles, or wresting the texts to support some favourite dogma. This service, which lasts nearly two hours, is heard with reverent attention, whereas we think one half-hour's mass very tedious! On their holy festivals they examine their own hearts and take the sacrament devoutly, after their heretical manner, which we submit to only to satisfy the forms of the church,

and for fear of excommunication. God sanctified the sabbath, and made it a day of rest, because on that seventh day he rested from his labour, after having made this admirable universe with one “ fiat.” He made it for rest, not for indolence, as we abuse it ; but that we should praise his works, and by our unfeigned love and devotion deserve, as far as it is possible to deserve, his infinite mercy.

Pictures of miracles should not be hung up in churches till the fact has been very well examined. The frequency of these, and their unimportance, tend to render the very foundation of our religion suspected, and they lead the ignorant into heavy and superstitious expences. People now make offerings to Mary the most pure, and to the saints, and they believe that these mediators will intercede for them with an earnestness proportioned to the value of the offering. But the sacrifice which God requires of a man is an humble and contrite heart, and he who

gives alms to the poor, and relieves the necessities of his neighbour, he offers the best offering to procure the favour of the saints, and of Mary the most pure.

Our silk manufactories ought to be restored. When I was in London, I saw a Portuguese Jew there, who had carried on one of these manufactories in the country, till driven away by the inquisition : the king offered him a safe conduct and protection if he would return and re-establish it, but he was too wise. “*Credat Judæus Apella.*” Perhaps our want of materials may be alleged against this measure ; but this want must be imputed to our own indolence. Our climate is as good as that of Piedmont or Valencia ; the wines we produce prove this, and of course therefore the mulberry-tree would flourish here. But look at England and Holland, they manufacture silk as well as is done at Lyons, and even fetch the raw materials from China. For their woollen cloths too they are obliged to import

Spanish wool to mix with their own : such is the laborious industry of some, and such the ruinous indolence of others.

On this account I was always of opinion that his majesty ought not to have revoked the prohibition upon foreign cloths in favour of England : but the principal merchant in the woollen line was brother to Don John Methuem, the then Ambassador in Lisbon : and he wrote to his brother, desiring him to state to the minister, that the wines of Portugal, particularly those produced on the Quintas\* of the nobles and Fidalgos, would have a great and secure sale in England, if his majesty would revoke the prohibition upon foreign cloth, so that English cloth might be admitted ; for the Portuguese wines pay a third less duty than the French.

But it was necessary to keep me silent, for I had always opposed such a measure ; and as the English are accustomed to ne-

\* Country estates.

gotiate with money, a mode which saves a great many arguments, he offered me a considerable sum, through Manoel Marquez, to remain silent. I rejected this offer as I ought. I wrote him word, however, that as his majesty seemed inclined to take off the prohibition, he had chosen me to negotiate, for at this time French wines could not enter England, and the great desire the English had to export their cloth, made me hope for more advantageous terms when the parliament met. The treaty, however, was made soon afterwards, peace was established between England and France, and I had no doubt that the English would observe their agreement with them instead of with us; for the French wines now paid one half less duty than the Portuguese, instead of one third more, and of course if the English preferred drinking French wines, they might, now they were cheapest, without affording us cause of complaint, as the pretext for the treaty

wth us was that our wines were one third cheaper : considering this, the vicinity of France, and the goodness, delicacy, and variety of the French wines, it seemed evident to me that our market was spoiled.

I do not say that his majesty ought to have opposed this treaty ; but it appears to me that he had only stipulated to allow the free entry of English cloth, not that he should give up his own manufactories; and still less that his subjects should be obliged to wear English cloth. The English would have no cause to complain if his majesty should order his troops to wear the cloth of the country, particularly if that cloth should be found better on trial than the manufacture of England. I myself once appeared at Paris and London, dressed in Portugueze cloth, and it was every where thought very good ; but this treaty prevented the improvement of our manufactures, and the ruin of the most enterprising directors of them by

the inquisition, destroyed them. Even now, however, if his majesty would wear the produce of the country, his example would produce a great and beneficial effect. In the year 1701, a cheap cloth manufactured in London, of which the complete suit cost only forty shillings, was made fashionable by William III.

I must confess when the Dutch desired that the prohibition upon foreign cloth might be revoked in their favour as well as in that of the English, I supported their request, though the plea of opening a market for our wines existed not in their case. I supported them because the free importation of cloths from Holland would lower the English price, and only the same quantity of money go out of Portugal; for though the market would be better stocked, the consumption would still be the same.

You may perhaps say that if we diminish the sale of English goods, they will on their part diminish that of Portu-

gueze wines. Be it so : weigh well the advantage and the loss ; the establishment of manufactures would benefit all Portugal and her colonies ; the loss of the wine trade would hurt only the wine lands, and these may be converted into arable land, of which the country is in want : besides the English are so accustomed to our wines, which are cheaper than the French, that they would probably still purchase them ; and if they did not, the men who now work in the vineyards are equally able to labour at the plough : but manufactures give bread to those who can work no where else.

But it is observed that all attempts at establishing manufactures must fail, because foreigners can afford to supply us with goods at a cheaper rate : this evil would be daily remedying : besides, by purchasing our own commodities we keep the money in the kingdom, and thus another disadvantage under which Portugal labours may be counteracted, the want of

troops ; for the prince who has money can hire foreign troops.

Our deficiency as a naval power cannot so easily be supplied. We have only our navy, the Brazil ships, and a few that go to, and return, or do not return, from India : it is sailors that Portugal is in want of, and for these she possesses no nursery. It is more with regard to their commerce than to their situation that England and Holland are called maritime powers ; this is assisted by their companies, and trains up seamen for their navy. It is an object of the first importance to restore the state of Brazil ; the most effectual means of accomplishing this would be to establish a company, and for such an undertaking the Jews are of all persons the most fit. Father Antonio Vieira, who is known and admired by all who have read his books (except indeed his last but one, which is full of such fanaticism as cannot be suffered) proposed the forming of an India Company, as a previous step to which it

was necessary to repeal the law for confiscating Jewish property ; this proposal cost him dear : the inquisition deeply remembered it, and afterwards seized and condemned him, more for this than for his heretical opinions.

Such likewise was the opinion of the Conde Ribeira, whom God has ; a man experienced in business, and who had given thought to the subject. The king recalled him from Paris, and appointed me in his place : we met at Orleans, and he communicated to me his project. I told him that it was very good, very useful, and very necessary, but at the same time vast and liberal, and that was enough to secure it the opposition either of envy or of ignorance, according to the laudable custom of our country, from those whom his majesty would consult.

The advantages which the Dutch derive from possessing the Cape of Good Hope are well known. We have the ports of Brazil and of Mozambique, for

vessels going and returning, that might produce us equal advantages, but these are neglected !

Such a company ought to pay for their monopoly, and this they might well afford to do. Andre Alvarez Nogueira, a Jew associated with some English merchants, proposed to me once to arm a ship for the India trade : and he offered, if his Portuguese majesty would suffer him to use his flag, that he might not be treated as an interloper, to sail with a supercargo from Lisbon, call there on his return, and allow the king ten per cent. and if the goods were contraband, sell them elsewhere. I thought his proposal a good one, but it was rejected.

It may be reckoned among the other good effects of such a company, that foreigners would place their money in it ; and though it may be said that they will fear to trust their property to a despotic government, and what is worse, can allege the suppression of the Brazil Company,

in spite of all their services ; yet where the hope of gain is powerful, the fear of contingent danger is weak. I must, however, again observe, that to establish such companies it will be absolutely necessary to tolerate the Jews.

The encouragement of our fisheries is another object of national concern. Two frigates, however, would be wanted to protect them from the Barbary corsairs, and as the people are too poor, too lazy, and too pusillanimous to undertake this, the court ought to begin it. The importance of a nursery for seamen can never be insisted on too strongly. There are coal mines in the neighbourhood of London, and yet, on this account, all the coals consumed in that city are brought from Newcastle.

But the greatest benefit which Portugal could possibly receive would result from declaring Lisbon a free port ; not in the strict and literal meaning of the word, for it is not my wish that his majesty should lose the revenues of the Custom-house ;

yet it is true that this loss might be repaired, and to the advantage of the public. It is the purchaser who pays the duty, and it is possible to collect the same revenue in a less oppressive manner. They who buy must barter or sell : these duties make the goods dearer, less therefore is bought, and consequently less is sold : it follows that the cessation of all duties would be beneficial.

Such a measure would render Lisbon the first port in the world ; it is sufficient for a moment to contemplate its effects where it has taken place. Leghorn is not absolutely a free port, yet as a very trifling duty is laid upon every cargo, without regard to size, the facility of entering goods has rendered it a flourishing city. The duties at Venice have been reduced from fourteen to one per cent. since the year 1736 : and on exports it is less than this : on this account it takes the Lombardy trade from Leghorn. The flourishing port of Genoa is altogether free. Bayona

is free only for natives, or those who marry a native ; foreigners, therefore, who engage in that trade, generally reside there. I remember the member for Bristol, in the English parliament, spoke in praise of the English for enriching themselves abroad, and then returning and buying estates, and enjoying in their own country what they had brought from ours. Dunkirk is free, and to this it owes its opulence. Consider what the example of these ports must prove, and think of the advantages which Lisbon possesses over all of them.

It will therefore be right for His Majesty to erect a large warehouse to receive foreign goods, in a dry situation near Belem, so constructed as at any time to admit of such enlargement as may be necessary. Another must be built with more divisions for cargoes that are liable to spoil, such as all kinds of grains, as is the case at Amsterdam. The advantage which foreigners would derive from having Lisbon a free port, would excite the emulation of

the avarice of the Portugueze, and thus produce a mercantile spirit.

M. Tugere, of St Maloes (whom the king rewarded with the order of Christ, for carrying the Conde de Erecyra to France, after he had been robbed by pirates, near the Isle of Bourbon), offered to make a voyage of discovery if his majesty would employ him. I, however, gave no encouragement to his project. Brazil is the scene for discoveries; by means of the many rivers that communicate with the Maragnon, we ought to penetrate that immense country, a country probably as rich in cochineal and silver mines as the Spanish possessions.

But I have before said that Portugal must not be depopulated to people Brazil; make the inhabitants, then, labour in the cultivation of sugar and tobacco, instead of burying them in the mines. One ship will bring away all the gold and jewels they can dig, but many vessels are neces-

sary for the exportation of these articles of commerce.

There could no ill consequence arise from suffering strangers to enter Brazil. I remember, when I held that station at London, which you so worthily occupy at present, that four thousand persons came at once from the Palatinate to migrate to the English settlements in America. You know the French got permission to go to the Cape of Good Hope, that they might enjoy religious liberty ; there they planted vineyards, and made that wine superior to Tokay, which is sold at so high a price. The Dutch colony of Surinam would have fallen to ruin had it not been for the Jews. None of these various emigrants wish to return to their own country ; and thus would it be in Brazil. The climate is more agreeable, the soil more fertile ; neither could they depart by any vessels but ours. There they would settle and marry, and their children

become good Portuguese and good catholics, just as their fathers were Protestants.

I do not say that we ought to give strangers the privilege of having commercial houses in Brazil, which we refuse to the English and Dutch, notwithstanding it is stipulated for in their treaties. The privilege I speak of is very different in its object; and, indeed, it is absurd to say that the English have no commercial houses in Brazil; for if they have them not openly, they have them under the names of Portuguese who are merely their agents. When I was in London I endeavoured to make the English relinquish this privilege, of which they made no use, lest the French should allege their example to demand the same. The Council of Commerce would have consented, if one Mr. Milner, a man who had enriched himself at Lisbon, had not observed, that though no use was made of it now, there might hereafter; therefore I think we had better not push the matter, lest the

English should immediately exert a privilege which we could not deny. This will apply likewise to the Dutch, who first made the stipulation in their treaty : the English followed their example, more particularly in their marriage settlement of the princess Catharina. On every account we ought to attend to Brazil.

With respect to the internal commerce of Portugal, the want of navigable rivers and consequently of canals, renders good roads more necessary : these should be immediately made ; and a revenue may well be raised for these by means of lotteries and tontines.

My son, I have said these things to you, confiding in your great and virtuous integrity. The plans which I have suggested to you appear necessary to me, to render us more equal with our neighbours, and, I trust, if they accord with your sentiments, that you will attempt to execute them. You should on the first opportunity remind his majesty, that kings to

support their regal character ought to imitate God : that they are the fathers of their people, a title which God himself, the King of Kings, delights in, for we say to him, " Our Father," not " Our King :" and that as that universal Father provides for the preservation, continuance, and subsistence of the species, so ought his majesty to be careful of his subjects welfare : he should particularly take heed that the nobles be not disgraced by improper alliances, or extinct for want of good ones. A good parent endeavours to marry his children well ; so ought the king. It is thus that the king of France has formed such a corps of officers, who are stimulated by every motive of honour or emulation, and who would be invincible, did not God when he pleases order otherwise.

It is not right that the nobles should wed with foreigners : we never hear of the French, or the Germans, or the Spaniards, marrying a Portuguese woman, and yet

we are continually seeking wives among them. Some families indeed keep themselves so pure as on that account to assume the name of puritans. It is somewhat strange that they should adopt the name which the Usurper Oliver Cromwell gave to his infamous sect ; God knows whether they were as pure as they pretended to be ! Sects of religion are often seen, but a sect of families is a novelty.

If any nation ought to be proud of its nobility it is Portugal, when we remember the expulsion of the Moors, their exploits against the Infidels abroad, and against the Spaniards at home. The decline of the country is owing to the decline of the nobility.

Large pensions are annexed to our three orders, but these pensions should decrease in proportion to the estimation and utility of the order. That of Christ was founded when the knights Templar were so barbarously destroyed ; king Pedro prostituted it to such a degree that lord Oxford once

observed, he had never met with a Portuguese who was not of the order of Christ. Diogo de Melo Soza offered the order to my secretary Manoel de Sequeira ; but he answered that such a badge would not be consistent with one who walked through the dirty streets of Lisbon. I have blamed the Conde de Taronca for making his page put on his shoes for him, who wore the order as well as himself. To render it respectable it should be like the Danish order of the Elephant, and the English Garter, limited, and reserved as the reward of great services.

Consider now the import of all that I have said : reflect on the force of Spain, and you will find that our king holds his crown by a very precarious tenure. The conquest of Portugal is but the work of one campaign for Spain. But the best possible plan would be that the king should remove to Brazil, and fix his court at the city of Rio de Janeiro. The soil is rich, the climate delightful, and

the city would soon become more flourishing than Lisbon. There he might extend his commerce, make discoveries in the interior, and take the title of Emperor of the West.

But you ask me what is to become of Portugal. What is Portugal? It is a corner of land divided into three parts, the one barren, one belonging to the church, and the remaining part not even producing grain enough for the inhabitants. Look now at Brazil, and see what is wanting. Salt may be found at Pernambuco, the country will produce wine, and oil may be made from the whale-fishery; true, indeed, we should have no snow to cool our drink, but there are ways enough beside of cooling water.

If America is in want of some things which Europe produces, Europe wants more of the productions of America: whatever America is in need of, industry can there supply; but it is not thus in

Europe. The Divine Providence permits these mutual wants,\* that all nations may communicate with each other, and form themselves into an universal republic.

In contemplating this plan we should remember how widely the gospel might be extended when there would be so many more labourers in the Lord's vineyard : I say the Lord's, for the Tapuyes of Brazil are as much his creatures as the Europeans, though they have for so many ages dwelt in the darkness of idolatry, groaning under the dominion of the devil.

Thus should Brazil become the port of the world : the Europeans would come there for gold and silver, and jewels, and

\* The original words are, “A divina providencia permittio esta mesma reciproca falta de certos generos en hum e outro hemisferio, para que as nazões se comunicassem e se formassem a sociedade da Republica universal,

whatever productions might be raised, nor when the ports were open to them, would they ever think of conquering the country. You say that Portugal must then be governed by a viceroy, that he would be less careful of the state, that the nobility would be less willing to serve under him, and that Portugal would thus be added to Spain. To this I reply, let the powers of Europe guarantee Portugal to his majesty ; this they will do for their own interests ; and if Spain attacks Portugal, let her expect reprisals on the side of Paraguay and the Rio de Prata. You will think me an old dotard ; but which is best, to live in security or in constant fear ? Portugal wants Brazil, but Brazil does not want Portugal.

Thus have I given you my sentiments. They may be deemed by some impracticable, romantic, and little orthodox ; but all things appear impracticable to

those who will not put them in practice, romantic to those who will not reason, and heretical to the ignorant and the interested.

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On this paper it may be observed, that these plans which the government and ministry of that time had not inclination, or power, or courage to adopt, the Marquis of Pombal afterwards did, and by doing it acquired that character for a consummate statesman which he possesses. He expelled the Jesuites, planned the suppression of all the monastic orders, and reduced the power of the inquisition. He published the law respecting the New Christians, and the Pragmatica, or Sump-tuary Law of Portugal. He encouraged manufactories, and the silk manufactory in particular, rooted out the vines from the lands capable of bearing corn, and established trading companies. In short, he executed all the plans laid down in

this paper, except making the military orders respectable, and Lisbon a free port; both of which were reserved for the present reign and present ministry.

FINIS.

## TABLE OF DISTANCES.

	Leagues		Leagues
<b>From Coruña to</b>		<b>From Madrid to</b>	
Betanzos.....	$3\frac{1}{4}$	Mostoles.....	3
Gr. tero .....	5	Naval Cormero .....	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Bamosde .....	2	Casarubios .....	2
Ravadi .....	2	Santa Cruz .....	3
Lugo .....	2	Chrismunda .....	1
St. Juan de Corbo....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Maqueda.....	1
Marillas .....	3	Santa Olalla .....	1
Lugares .....	3	Bravo .....	2
Cistro .....	2	Puente del Averche ..	3
Herreñas.....	$3\frac{1}{2}$	Talaveyra de la Reyna	1
Villa Franca .....	$3\frac{1}{4}$	Venta de Peralbanegas	4
Cabralos .....	1	Torrilva .....	1
Ponferrada.....	3	Calzada de Oropesa ..	$2\frac{1}{2}$
St. Miguel de las Due- nas .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Naval Moral .....	4
Beniflre.....	$2\frac{1}{2}$	Almiraz .....	3
Manzanares .....	3	Venta Nueva .....	1
Astorga .....	4	Las Casas del Puerto ..	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Beneza .....	4	Xirayzejo .....	2
Puente de B. sanabria.....	3	Traxillo .....	4
Benevente .....	$3\frac{1}{2}$	Puerto de Santa Cruz ..	3
Villalpando .....	3	Mujblas .....	3
Villar de Frades .....	4	San Pedro .....	5
Vega del Tero .....	2	Merida .....	2
Vega de Viladecoucos ..	1	Lobon .....	3
Tordesillas .....	2	Talaveyra la Real .....	2
Reada .....	2	Badajoz .....	3
Medina del Campo .....	2	Eivas .....	3
Artequines .....	3	Venta de Ponte .....	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Arribato .....	3	Estremos .....	2
Espinosa .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$	Venda do Daupie .....	3
Labajos .....	4	Arroyolos .....	3
Villa Castim .....	2	Montemor .....	$3\frac{1}{2}$
Funia San Rafael .....	3	Venda de Silveiras .....	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Gadarrama .....	2	Vendas Novas .....	2
Escarial to the right ..	1	Venda de Pegoes .....	3
Lis Rosas .....	4	Ardlaya .....	$4\frac{1}{2}$
Madrid .....	3	Aldea Guenga .....	$\frac{1}{2}$

Lisbon is separated from Aldea Gallega by the Tagus. The distance is about 12 miles.

The league is four English miles.





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